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ISSUE 104 MAY 1987

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer, Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER

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Back cover: A highlight of the 1986 Mr.
Drummer Contest was a tantasy performance by Mr. San Francisco Leather JimEd Thompson and pain star Chris Burns, Photo by Robert Pruzan.

4 OFF THE TOP

Paper solution, Sandmutopia, DungeonMaster and Mr. Drummer.

5 MALECALL

7 STEVE COLE

Model, leatherman and intense stud.

12 DRUMMER DADDIES

The long-awaited return, complete with photos and letters.

16 SKIP'S CIGAR

A Drummer Daddy story you won't soon forget.

18 TOUGH SHIT

Kick a kitty where it hurts, sodomy laws and Mr. Nude South Florida.

20 ANOTHER'S BURNING by Fim Barrus

When a desire burns deep, firemen know just what to do.

24 TAFT TICKLE TORTURE by Russ Miller

Being tormented by a squad of Marines isn't luney; but then it could be ...

26 ROUGH STUFF by Scott Tucker

International Mr. Leather takes on the world...get 'em!

27 MR. DRUMMER 1987

Regional contests, information, Drummerboys and travel.

31 DREAMS OF NIGHTMARES by Jared Scott

What would you do if your wildest fantasies came true?

36 THE SOFA THAT ATE ATLANTA by Steve Evans
How does all that stuff get under the cushions of the sofa?

38 FOOTBALL

A photo review of Scorpion Productions' fetish film.

43 REPORT

The poop on the Pope, gay money, and a wedding invitation.

44 BOUND FOR GLORY by Mason Powell

The conglusion: Our hero is tortured happily ever after.

51 ELECTROTORTURE/ELECTROPLEASURE by Fledermaus
Getting a charge out of direct and alternating current. A real shocker!

59 SADO ISLAND Part V by Mikal Bales

Von Sado's slave has been violated, and boy is he pissed.

62 LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD/EUROPEAN LEATHER NOTES
We've expanded the section to keep up with the leather news.

66 MID-ATLANTIC LEATHER WEEKEND AND CONTEST The Certaurs MC throw one hell-of a party!

69 DRUMMEDIA

The Pink Triangle, Mr. Drummer videos and raving about Rage.

73 LEATHER NOTEBOOK by Larry Townsend

75 DRUM by Bill Ward

78 DEAR SIR!

104 TOUGH CUSTOMERS

106 PRESS RELEASE by Cavelo

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DRUMMER DRUMMER FORUM, DRUMMER DALOIS, DRUMSTON, DEAR SIR, DRUM TOUGH CUSTOMERS, DRUMSTON, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, LEATHER RUTORT, MALECALL GETTING OF IN PASS. ING. TOUGH SHIT AND DRUMMER WILN are legistered frademorks of Desmodus Inc.

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OFF THE TOP

by FLEDERMAUS

The what, why and how of paper

What's on it, and how it gets arranged, are continually changing. As you can see from this issue and from the previous one, we are experimenting with papers. The reaction to the paper used in the Texas issue, Drummer 103, has been good-but the bulk and weight of that issue blew our shipping budget through the roof. This issue is printed on the same quality paper of a slightly lighter weight.

You have also, no doubt, noticed changes in contents. We are trying to keep the level of fiction and photo spreads high while increasing the amount of leather news and events coverage and nonfiction presentations. The "Electrotorture/Electropleasure" article in this issue is the first of a series of basic how-to pieces that will cover a broad area of safe and sane, yet exciting and kinky erotic play. Other new ideas, and new incarnations of old ideas, will be appearing 500n.

You have probably also noted several design changes in the magazine. These too will be evolving. On all of these subjects we value your input-your likes and dislikes, comments and suggestions. Let us hear from you.

DungeonMaster

Believe it or not, Dungeon-Master 32 was published the second week of March and

has been distributed. If you should have gotten one and didn't, let us know. If you want to see a sample of the new DungeonMaster, order one for \$4.

Sandmutopia Supply Co. Catalog

Bound into the center of this issue you will find a segment of the Sandmutopia Supply Co. Catalog. Please note that this is not taking pages away from the magazine. In fact, the normal 100page issue has been increased to 108 pages, so you are actually getting four extra pages of magazines because of the four-page catalog, You will often see notes after book reviews and elsewhere among articles pointing out things we sell at SSCo. I want to emphasize that I do not mention. things in Drummer, Dungeon-Master, or other magazines just because we sell them. However, if I think it is worthy to mention in one of our magazines, I also try to make them available through our catalog.

The Search for Mr. Drummer

After the announcement went forth regarding our purchase of Drummer, I received many solicited and unsolicited comments. One of the very common ones regarded the "unending search for Mr. Drummer." I agree that the hype on this has in the past

been overblown. However, I think that leather "beauty" contests do have a justifiable and useful place in our scene and are particularly appropriate for a magazine like Drummer. My close contact in recent years with both International Mr. Leather and the Mr. Drummer contest, as well as marginal contact with International Ms Leather and several local contests, has emphasized the value of these events. For the participants the contests can be exciting adventures. Not only are they meeting new people and experiencing new situations, but often they are for the first time presenting the leather side of their sexuality publicly-not by standing among the throng of black-leather-garbed men in a bar but by literally stepping into the spotlight, on stage and saying to a large audience, "This is what I am,"

Too often the stereotypes are hard to dispel: "Beautiful but dumb," "Body by God, mind by Mattel." Sure, many gorgeous hunks are dumb, so are many trolls. A great many beautiful leathermen are intelligent, witty, personable, etc. The equation of physical beauty and mindlessness is mainly sour grapes spread by those without the physiqueor the intestinal fortitude—to get up on that stage themselves. A somewhat more valid criticism of the contests has been indicated by such remarks as "Naugahyde Queen" or "Mr. Borrowed Leather." It is true that many men who are not really "into" leather dress up in costume and enter the contests. But it is harder and harder for them to win, and hopefully they will learn a bit about "real" leather from the experience.

Conversely, the title gives the winner a degree of recognition, a platform from which to speak, a visibility, that in the best of circumstances can do a great deal for promotion of leather lifestyles among those who are curious but apprehensive and among those who are just plain uninformed. Patrick Toner and Scott Tucker are just two men who have used their titles to expand the frontiers of understanding and acceptance.

The sequences of contests leading up to the Mr. Drummer finals is an excellent selection process, Everyone who competes here in 5an Francisco has won at least one title elsewhere. Local and/or regional panels of judges have selected him to represent their lifestyle to the rest of the world. In San Francisco in June we will choose Mr. Drummer 1987 from among this group of winners. The audience poll will count in the vote along with the panel of distinguished judges. Be there to enjoy the spectacle and cast your ballot.

- Eledermaus

CAUTION: Every decision a person topics, its main purpose is to entertain! sex and safe-and-sane play activities. she is willing to accept. Some avoid meant for entertainment only.

makes, including the decision to get out. Works of fiction presented in this However, Desmodus Inc., its officers and of bed in the morning, has some degree magazines are just that-fiction! They stockholders, the editors and staif of of risk associated with it. We strongly are not in any way intended to suggest or Drummer, columnists, authors, actists believe that each competent adult must describe activities that anyone should- and other contributors to this set for themselves the level of risk he or or often could-actually do. They are publication and other organs of

educate its readers on a wide variety of deviate from generally recognized safe- Desmodus Inc. products.

Desmodus Inc. cannot be held crossing streets in heavy traffic—others. In other than fictional pieces we will responsible for accidents, in uries of stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. emphasize safe sex with respect to other misfortunes that result from However, to intelligently confront and contagious diseases and safe and sane proper or improper application of accept risk, a person must understand behavior with respect to all activities, and information imparted or ideas generated the dangers. While Drummer hopes to will try to point out all activities which by materials in Drummer, or from other

MALECALL

DRUMMERMAN ILLUSTRATION by BILL WARD

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO DRUMMER MALECALL PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1114

ELEMENTAL ELUCIDATION

I hope that you do not use any more of that horrible tripe like "Chorus for a Psalm." I don't know what Jason Klein thinks he is trying to prove, but his diatribe with all the pseudo-psychological nonsense is ridiculous for Drummer. He might get away with it if he wrote for the Advocate. No one reads it anyway.

When it comes to having to look every word up in a dictionary, then trying to puzzle what the fuck the queen is trying to sound intelligent about is nothing more than a pain in the ass.

Drummer is supposed to be a jack-off mag, not some place for some ribbon clerk to attempt to prove she knows every fucking multisyllable in the Shrink's Handbook.

The "dichotomously polygenetic response pattern" etc. is nonsense enough, but when he says "My bone refused to rage and spill" for a simple "I couldn't get it off," I think it's the height of something...

Remember what Polonious said in Hamlet...Brevity is the soul of wit! Leave the porn writing to the artists and let the egglicials write for Psychology Today.

D.B.

Address Unknown Ed.: Granted that some of the psychological jargon may have been out of the range of the average reader, but I do not believe that Jason was attempting to be witty. His writings usually revealed insights into his own personality and have found favorable responses from readers in early issues of Mach, Drummer and DungeonMaster,

Recently we received an inquiry from a frustrated reader who had read stories in early Drummers by Jason Klein, excerpted from his novel-in-progress, Bugs, but could not find the book listed anywhere. The novel, unfortunately, has remained unfinished due to Jason Klein's untimely death. A great loss to the gay literary world.

For more information and "insight" on Jason and the short story "Chorus for a Psalm," read on. —IET

JASON REMEMBERED

I wanted to comment on your publication of Jason Klein's "Chorus for a Psalm" in Drummer 100. I think your readers might appreciate some background on the piece and the record needs a little bit of correction, since it wasn't, actually, the first publication of that story. Jason fived in San Francisco and I lived in New York before we moved together to Portland, Maine, about seven years ago. During the time before our decision to live together, we actively courted by writing S&M stories to each other. Those pieces weren't just our pledges, they were also ways that we had to goad one another to new heights in S&M, something we each were anxious to experience together.

One sequence of our literary love affair began with a piece I'd written, but had withheld from publication because I was frightened I'd plagiarized it, if not legally, then by echoing someone else's voice. This bothered me terribly. At least if I knew the inspiration for the story. I could publish it in good faith; but not knowing presented a barrier to me. Finally, I sent the story to Jason, It was the original draft of "I Once Had a Master," which was later published in Drummer and which I eventually used to set the tone and give a name to a collection of my stories.

"Silly Lord," he wrote back, "it's a psalm."

And, in fact, Fimmediately realized I'd unconsciously picked up on the rhythms of the 23rd Psalm, which, to me, had always had intense S&M tones to it.

That all led Jason to write the piece you've reprinted in Drummer 100 and that's the source of its title. I went on to respond with a story. "Letter to Jason." We always felt those three pieces were a triptych of sorts, a trio that formed a whole, a sort of literary manifestation of our own relationship. They were published as a set in the "Polysexuality" issue of Semiotexice) in 1981.

In those days, lason, and I foolishly thought that we could write well enough that we would eventually be accepted as "real" writers, even if we did insist on S&M as our field; we had to, it was our primary passion. The recognition from Semiotext(e) was our first, and —it would prove—the only evidence that our aspirations might be realistic. Jason was therefore inordinately happy and proud of that publication in a literary journal, one reason I feel a need to correct the impression that "Chorus for a Psalm" hadn't been in print before.

Those stories and our move to Maine weren't the end of our affair. While our isolated life together went quite well, lason felt communally outcast here. It wasn't just that he couldn't respond to life in New England, my home region. He wasn't, we finally agreed, finished with life in the gay ghettos, something we both realized i'd tired of. So, very unhappily, we agreed to part. Jason returned to San Francisco in the midst of promises between us that we would continue our relationship in some form, certainly with our writing.

But that wasn't to be. Within a very short time after reaching California, lason died as the result of an accident at home. This was before the full impact of AIDS and I was devastated; I wasn't yet used to having men younger than myself die before me.

lason's stories have all had a fasting life, something I'm very pleased with. I'm glad he'll have this one more shot at being read and appreciated by men into leather and S&At, men he loved as a community and who he respected tremendously as social and sexual explorers without peers.

Telling you and your readers all of this is a kind of exorcism for me, since I've actually never even been able to write anything about lason since he died. I hope it's meaningful to at least some of you who read this letter. And I thank Drummer for the stimulus and the opportunity to finally speak his name in public, with warm memory.

John Preston Portland, ME

TICKLING TORTURE

I've enjoyed your many hot issues covering a variety of erotic fantasies and scenes but have yet to find one covering my favorite: bondage and tickling. For that matter, there hasn't been a lot to be found in any gay magazine or video. Perhaps it's too specialized an interest, but for anyone who has tried it, it can be just as intense and wild as any heavier scene. I've turned many a macho, hunky, otherwise stoic stud into a pleading, hysterically laughing, squirming, sweating victim with my tickling techniques on the sides, stomach, armpits, balls, and especially, the feet. Many guys don't know what a fantastic orgasm can be induced through a combination of restraint and tickling torture.

Since it's hard to find other guys into this scene on a casual basis, I'm hoping interested readers of Drummer might share some of their experiences or con-

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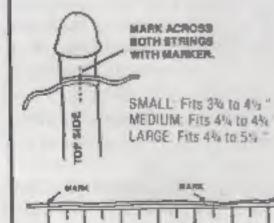
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tacts. Also, if anyone knows of any hot videos or literature that focus on tickling as a major part of the action, I'd appreclate the leads. I've been collecting material on my own and would like to exchange. Hopefully, some stories or illustrations on this subject will appear in Drummer soon.

> K.L. Los Angeles, CA

DEADLINE DILEMMA

The main problem with the Leather Bulletin Board is the out-of-date information that often appears, but that's not a problem of the LBB as much as it is of Drummer's failure to spotlight the deadlines necessary to give everyone a headsup-pardon the expression.

I'd suggest that you use a boldface preface to the LBB that repeats deadline information that may appear elsewhere (and be lost on the "PR" people in the clubs who really need a lot of help in

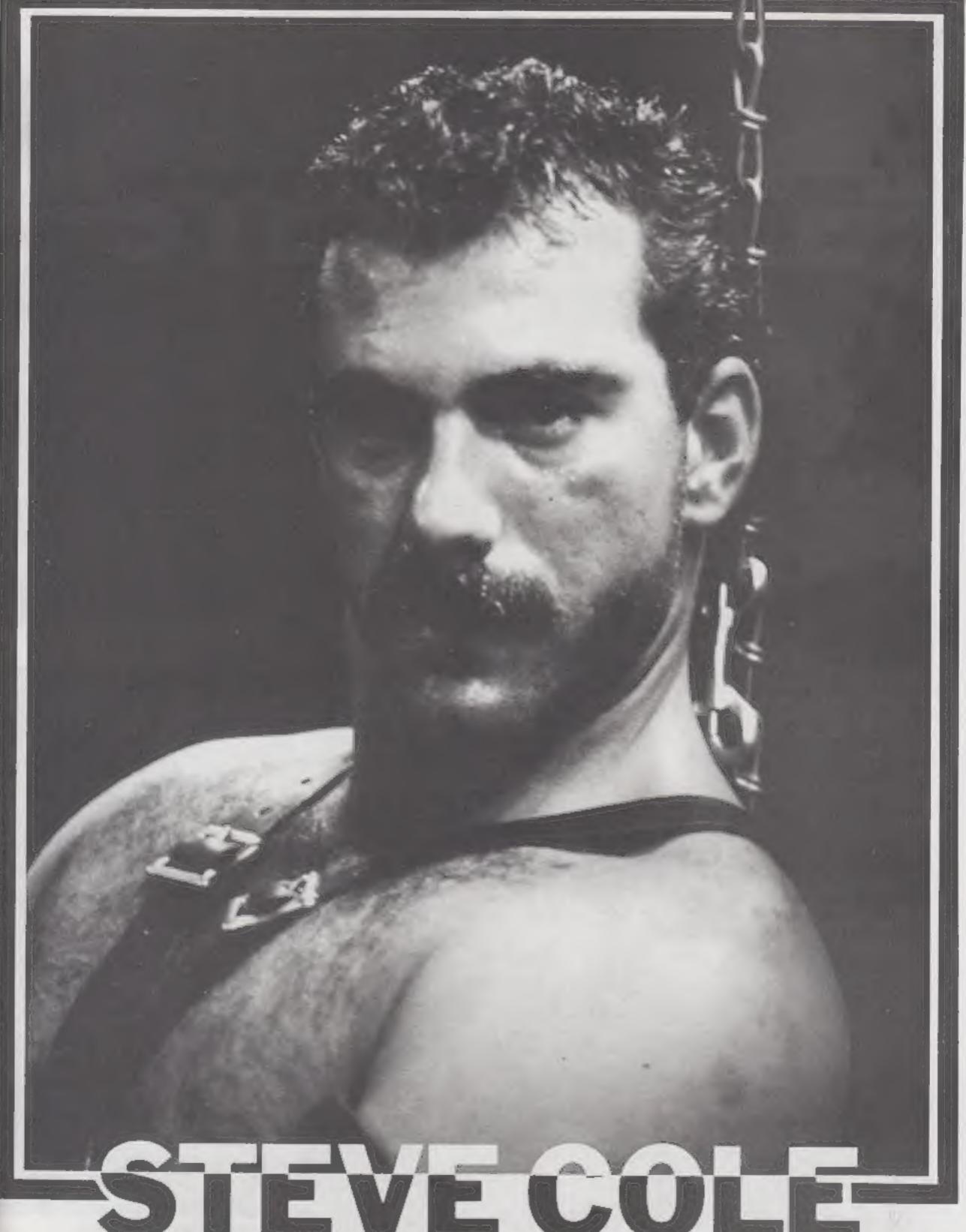
understanding deadlines).

A few comments on issue 102 of Drummer: HOT rear cover, Good Off The Top layout. Pruzan's photos on Scott Tucker were well done. Funny article by Hoddy Allen, Mr. Leather New York: montages always appear high-school-yearbook amateurish. Preston's "The Training of a Master" (nice play on words) was superbly crafted. "Brawling Bikers" certainly was a welcome addition for still another subsegment of your readership. Rowberry's "SMTV" was well done. "Mameluke" by O'Rourke is good, but the sacrilegious genre plucks my aireadybruised Catholic upbringing, reading it was like forcing myself to nod appreciatively to my Japanese hosts while swallowing an octopus eyeball. "Bound for Glory," holds up nicely. Townsend's Notebook is never to be missed, of course. Scott Answer, HOT! Saturic look at fantasy phone sex, written by Jack Edwards, cracked me up-good! Dear Sir is looking better with the addition of cartoons-nice touch.

J.C. Greeneville, TN

Ed.: You have hit upon one of my pet peeves. Our publisher, Tony DeBlase, and I have personal relationships with many of the leather clubs and organizations around the country and Europe but certainly not all. The deadline for publication is the fifth of each month-but the information must reach us a month (at least) ahead of when the event is scheduled. If it is put in the month it is to happen, most people won't read about it until it has already taken place.

The best way to ensure that your club/ organization event is published is to send Drummer a copy of upcoming schedules as soon as they are available—include us on your mailing list.



EVECU

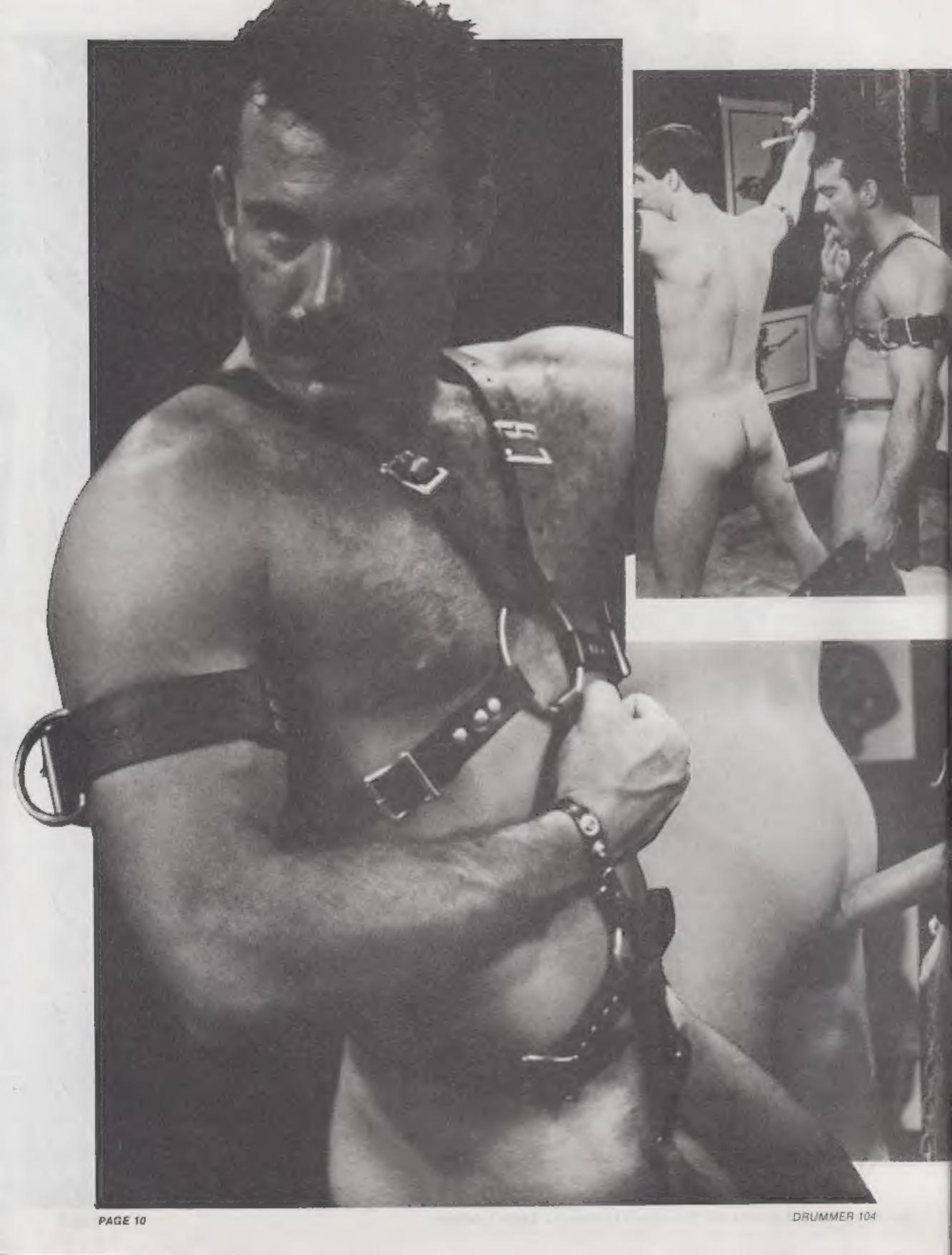
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PHOTOS BY JIM MOSS

PAGE 7

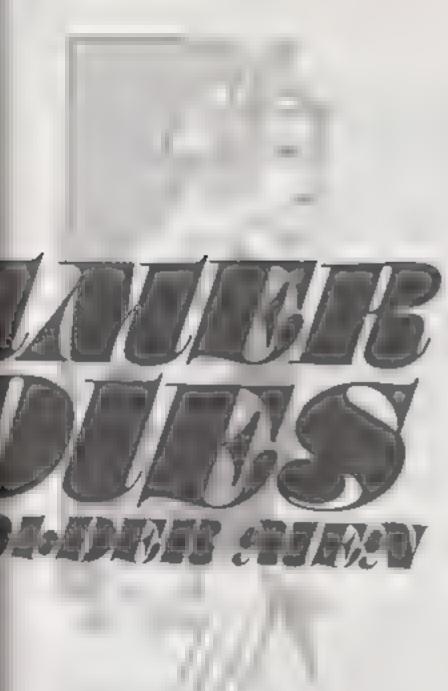












DADDY DAN

It's been a long time since I have written to Drummer Daddies, and Lapologize for that You published my story about my daddy and my real dad in Drummer 82, Volume 10, (8ringing Out Dad) and a lot has happened since then so I want to get back to you and bring you up to date. I know I promised to write as soon as we got together that Sunday afternoon, but things happen and I didn t find time, I hope you can make sense out. of this if you are not familiar with the

original story

Terry arrived on time and was looking real good could tell he was nervous in anticipation waiting to meet Bill (my real dad) Daddy Dan was the only one who was relaxed. I was a bundle of nerves. My dad arrived and Terry and I served beers to the men. After a few beers, my Daddy Dan had to piss and he snapped his fingers and pointed to his crotch I whispered to him, "Not in front of my dad." That was a mistake. He yanked me off the couch by my hair, ordered my Levr's oil and my ass in the air. Off came his belt and I got lifteen lashes on my ass. It happened so fast, I didn't even realize the blows were coming I tooked to my Dad Bill to see his reaction and found a wide grin. Not only was my assibeet red, but a so my face

Naturally I thanked Daddy Dan for my whipping as he had humi lated me in front of my Dad Bill. To add more to it, he yelled, "Now tell me you won't drink my golden water, piss breath "Believe me 1 drank. This only stirred my Dad Bill on who had his cock in Terry's mouth and was pissing

After a few more beers, my Dad Bill decided it was time to warm up Terry's ass

with his belt. He really laid some heavy leather on Terry's ass. Of course, he thanked Bill properly for each blow ferry and I were naked and the men stripped down for some servicing. My Daddy Dan gave Bill a black leather cockting and it made his cock look bigger than ever. He looked great in it and it turned him on. Then my daddy fucked me while Dad Bill fucked Terry. Then we boys licked the men's cocks clean

More beer and more piss drinking, and I blew Daddy Dan as Terry blew my dad. I was wondering if I was going to get a chance to suck my father's cock, but I knew better than to ask. My time came sooner than I thought. The next night my Dad Bill came over alone and he wanted some action. My Daddy Dan said, "You

want the man's cock, boy?

"Yes Sir," I said. After begging my Dad Bill properly for his cock, I fell to my knees and sucked my father's big cock into my throat as Daddy Dan helped me along by using his belt on my ass. At first I was very embarrassed and humiliated by doing this with my real-life dad, but betore the evening was over, I got that out of my mind. Before my dad went home, I had eaten out his asshole, sucked his toes, got his load down my throat and his cock up my ass

That turned out to be the best night of my lite. My ass and back was beaten by both those daddies and I got all the piss I could drink. I was a very grateful and lucky boy. All the barriers were down and the closet doors were wide open. My Daddy Bill had the time of his life and he paid my Daddy Dan a great compliment by saying that I gave great head and that my fuck-hole was better than my mom's PUSSY

Since that time Terry has moved in with Daddy Bill as his boy and they get along very well. Terry does not work and stays home to take care of Daddy Bill's house and all his needs. Terry tells me that his Daddy really works him over every night and he loves it. They come over once a week so that us boys have the privilege of servicing each other's daddies

I never call my father Dad anymore I always address him as "Sir," Just as 1 do with my Daddy Dan's other daddy/master friends. I don't feel that I have lost a tlesh and blood father, but that I gained a daildy/master. Terry and Lare really two very lucky boys to have daddies as strict and demanding as ours. The punishment and discipline is severe, but the fringe benefits and the rewards can't be beat Some other boys don't have it this good from what I have heard. Daddy Bill keeps Terry shaved from the head to his toes and he looks beautiful. Daddy Bill took him to a tattoo parlor and on his right ass check is a heart. Under it, it says, "My heart belongs to Daddy." This Xmas Daddy is going to have his tits pierced

Well, Drummer, and your readers, I

hope you can use this as a follow-up to my first letter. Please, please, please don't ever stop the magazine or the articles on Drummer Daddies. It gives our daddies as well as the sons a lot of pleasare and also it gives our daddies new ideas on how to keep sometimes unruly and disobedient boys in line. Our daddies can't be with us every minute of the day to supervise us and as young boys we can suce get into a lot of trouble when we are a one

> Jym C, Huntington Park, CA

MASTER/DADDY

I am a 19-year-old college sophomore attending the University of Caufornia, Long Beach. I am live feet two inchesta I weigh 110 pounds, (obviously, very slender), long shoulder-length blood hair, blue eyes and clean shaven. I spend a lot of time at the beach either just laying out in the sun or swimming. Looking at all the hot men around me realty gets me going. I have wanted a Master for some time now, but being the shy and quiet type. I have had to make due with fantasies. Until recently. Some time ago I spotted the following ad in a local gay publication, Frontiers, II read

Hot Latin MASTER seeks BOY! Boy to be trained in S&M B&D,TT.C&BT VA shavting, spanking, humiliation, 48-hour sexual marathous. Must be submissive slender, smooth, small tight bull hot last Master will reach his Boy at kinds of Nasty Little Tricks. Biond hair blue eyed boys get Special High Intensity Training

I read the ad three or four times and decided that I would respond. Everything in the ad had always been exciting to me even though I have never really experienced them. I wrote my answer to my potential Master several times, before deciding that I finally got my response worded just right. I mailed it and waited

The letter was very descriptive, in it my Master said that he would accept me for training if I were to give myself totally to him, obey every command and perform as directed. If I accept his conditions, I was to call him and he would give me further instructions. I called, stated who I was, and that I agree to his conditions. My Master instructed me to be at his place on a certain date and plan to stay for four hours. I was given the address, told to be on time, and to wear ONLY the following items: Light Jeans, tank top, socks and shoes, no underwear. My Master asked me if I understood. After a deep breath, I said yes, and my Master told me that he would be expecting me. Then he was gone

The day of my first meeting with my Master, I really took the time to prepare myself for him. I bathed myself very well, I douched, got a wash and trim at the hair stylist, went home and waited for the

time I would leave.

HOUR AND MANUEL HOLD HOUSE, S.

At the appropriate time, I arrived, rang the bea and my Master appeared wearing a pair of taded, skin light jeans, nothing else. He to dime to come in, then he closed the door. He then ordered me to strip and stand on a stool he had in the middle of the foom. While on the stool, he examined my body. He ran his hands up my thighs and grabbed one of my buns in his vise-like grip. He then ran his fingernal over my hippies and caressed them, causing them to stand up firm and eager for more attention. He then took my bails in his hand and slowly, while looking at my facial reaction, squeezed them. I could teel the pressure and began to moan, at the same time my cock began to swell and become rock hard My Master smiled and said nothing.

He to dime to step down and as I did he put a pair of handcuffs on my wrists and secured them behind my back. He then tied a piece of rope around my balls and led me to his bedroom. He told me to kneel on the bed with my knees wide apart. He then fied my ankles to the corners of the bed and pushed me forward. I fell on my face with my assisticking up in the air.

Next, he greased up my ass and just tke that shoved his cock up my ass, I screamed and tried to get away but it was no use.

That was my introduction to a series of training my Master had in store for me. That was two months ago, I have learned to accept the pain my Master inflicts on me. He even had a couple of his buddles over one night and I was brought to perform

My Master likes my body nice and shiny with oil and sits me on his lap facing him with my legs spread wide on either side of his thighs white rubbing the oil on my body. He loves to pour oil over my shaved public area and slip his finger up my ass, teasing me and making me squirm on his sap

I do whatever my Master teils me and accept the pain he inflicts, but I must say my favorite is when my Master ties my wrists behind my back and I am on my knees between my Master's thighs with his hands clasped behind his head. He te is me to make love to his body with my tongue, to follow his tan line again and again and to pay special attention to his tits, cock and balls. When my Master asks, "Do you love your Daddy?" I go wild with excitement and use my hot tongue to make my Master feel great. My Master is demanding and very insatiable, but after the pain he inflicts on my body, my Master always takes me in his arms.

Master a ofly as repestive nung pathe cock department; but he knows how to control me and use me for his pleasure. It her lam pleasing his my because well as his leels great. Some of my happiest times is when my Master puts weighted timelamps on my happies, a weighted ball stretcher on my balls and puts me on my hands and knees and puts his cock deep up my ass, holds onto my hips and fucks me long, slow and deep Then he says, "Love your Daddy?"

What can I say but, "Yes, Daddy, yes!"

My Master knows what I need and want and he knows how to use that need to his advantage. Do I mind? Not in the least. After all, when I offer my body to my Master for his pleasure, it pleases us both.

Jason Long Beach, CA

TAILOR-MADE DADDY

Thank you for Drummer and especially for Drummer Daddies. You have opened my eyes to a world that exists and which I knew nothing about but have lived and had many guilty nightmares about

Buying Drummer magazine was the greatest things that has happened to me in years. Many of the things that you publish have happened to me and in ignorance, my guilt has built up to the point of suicide at times.

I loved my father secretly and from atar ever since I can remember. But he was never close to me, so I stood away thinking that was what he wanted. I loved my lather,

I didn't know why, but he stimulated me. His being an athlete and myself with no interest in sports was probably the reason he was never close to me. He was popular with men and women and my mother adored him. We never had a father-and-son relationship, I could never get close enough to him.

I hated gym and did not participate in athletics, just getting a passing grade in gym. Realizing I wasn't popular, I retreated into books and getting good grades. At school other boys would use me by copying my homework, then later would pass me in the hallway without a nod.

In many ways I think my father detested me because I could not follow in his footsteps. My marks went up, my popularity with my fellow students went down. I retreated more and more from people.

Graduation from school was more of a graduation into life. My mother took me to a clothing store that did tailoring to have a suit made. The tailor was very busy

and since my mother would not keep my tather waiting, told the store owner to have my suit litted and gave me money to get home on the bus

I had been masturbating for a long time. About my wet dreams (at the time, thought I had a disease) and my constant erections, I could not talk to anyone concerning male sex. Confused wasn't the word, I was near a breakdown.

As the tailor measured me, he touched my groin and I jumped. He seemed amused by this He repeated this touch and I said nothing thinking this was what was supposed to happen.

The store was closing and atterlocking up, the tailor came back and by this time I had an exection. When he touched my grown area again, my crection got begger than ever

Betweel realized what was going on, he had my pents in his mouth and the rest is purious. Ehad not protested, and after the act, which I adored he sucked my halls and rectain

Atterward, he to dime to go mio the store and pick out a sything twanted and it was mine. He was astonished when a said I didn't want anything, but instead asked him to take his shirt off and let me feel his chest. He did, and I had my first smell of male armpits, the feel of hair on someone's chest and sucking his mpp es-

I was in paradise and he seemed happy but nervous. This ten or litteen minute nervous attait was to repeat, and for at least eight months we placed. A ways at the store and making a date before leaving for the next week.

The tailor was sixty years or dior more but I loved this harry-chested guy and could barely wait tol I was held in his arms and we kissed.

Then it happened. One day his partner came in while we were busy in our act of love. They screamed at each other and I rushed out of the store. I could not stop trembling for at least an hour and I never returned to the store.

Daddy's Boy

NO STOPPING DADDY

When I first met my daddy, I was 22 years old and had never been fisted. That was two years ago. Since then, Daddy has turned me into a gigantic tuck hole to be used by him and his triends, just as he told me he would.

My training for this started with long sessions with my assim the air. Daddy was patient but firm. Every Saturday night for six months he worked on my hote. He opened it deeper and wider each week with his huge arm. I wondered it my hole would ever stop getting bigger. At the

kisses me and loves me

end of the six months Daddy was fisting me to his elbow

He then told me I was going to take the rest of his arm. I didn't think it was possible. But on our one-year anniversary Daddy was easily listing me with his entire arm, it was on our anniversary that Daddy told me I was ready to meet his friends

For the past year now, Daddy has ten to twenty of his friends come over on Saturday night. I am ordered on top of a table in the center of the room on my hands and knees, ass high in the air and my huge hole opened with anticipation

Daddy and his friends then take turns reaching inside me with their arms. With each of these parties, my hole has continued to get larger and deeper. I can now easily handle two arms at a time.

Sometimes Daddy will have everyone double-fist me for hours until my hole is stretched beyond belief. Then he lets them step up one at a time and stuff something into my hole to try to till it. Some bring dirty jockstraps and shove them deep into my gut. Others use eather belts or bike chains.

Sometimes they will open me up and use my hole that never closes anymore, as a toilet, drinking beer and pissing in me for the rest of the night, then fisting the piss deep into me with their arms. I can still feel my whole growing and I don't know when it will stop, but Daddy says it is not big enough for him yet I just want my hole to get bigger so that Daddy and his friends have a good time at their parties.

Todd 5 Omaha, NE

DADDY'S DICK

I am 21 years old, that s why my daddy told me I could write to you now, since I am old enough for you to publish my story without getting in trouble.

I met my daddy a few years ago when I was living in the gay ghetto. We met one night at the glory holes. I was walking around the floor of the glory holes, past doors of wooden booths, watching men going in and out. Finally, I went into one and could hardly believe my eyes. The biggest dick I we ever seen was sticking out of one of those holes, bigger than litte, and I went over and took ahold of it.

After stroking it for a while I tried putting it in my mouth. It was so big, I could barely get the head in, but I kept trying After a while, the man bent down and whispered something through the hole I could see that he had a real nice body, hairy chest, big pecs, big muscular legs and arms. He said that he would come around to my booth and for me to let him in. He then pulled up his pants and walked around to meet me.

After I let him in, I just stood there and stared, I couldn't believe what a gorgeous man he was; in his early 30s, tall

with dark hair and very handsome. But the size of his dick was what was incredible. He told me to be a good boy and get down and suck on his dick. I did, and I thought the massive size of it would almost choke me, but then he put both of his hands on the back of my head and pushed my head down on it.

I kept gagging and gasping for breath, but he gave me time to relax and ease onto it. It felt so good having his big dick down my throat that I stayed down on the floor on my knees and sucked on him for nearly an hour. Then he pushed my head down between his legs and made me lick his balls then his ass. I was really hungry to eat out his asshole, so he bent over, his pants all the way down around his ankles and I licked and sucked out his asshole, pushing my tongue as far into his butt as I could, and he was loving every minute of it

I couldn't seem to get enough of eating his ass and sucking his balls, but soon daddy wet his fingers with some spit and started pushing them up into my ass. I squirmed because at that time I had not been fucked a lot. My ass was very tight, and I was getting the idea that Daddy wanted to fuck me. There was no grease, so when I had his dick real wet and slick from sucking on it, he pushed me down and made me grab my ankles. He spit on his dick some more, then started easing it up into me, but I was groaning and begging him not to

'Please, Daddy, please, I can't take your big dick,"

He finally got the whole thing in me fill never know how. I was bent over in the small wooden booth, while he plunged his big daddy meat in and out of me, ramining me up against the wooden door, while other men watched from the other glory holes around the sides of the booth. Pretty soon, it felt so good I was moaning and begging him to luck me some more with his big pole.

knew it was time for him to shoot his load, so I braced myself. He flinched as he shot a hoge wad of sticky cum into invasshole. It telt warm and good and towed around the sides of his dick until it was running down my leg. I shot at the same. Time, and there was cum everywhere.

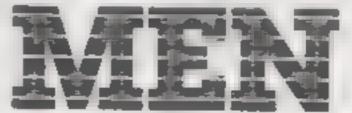
Afterwards, we got our clothes on and Daddy got me out of there and took me to his place. I have never been the same since, and Daddy tucks me whenever he teels like it. He's fucked me in some of the weirdest places, in the backyard, the alley, we even have public sex sometimes at the beach or at the park. I never get tired of taking his big dick up my ass and sometimes daddy lets other men tuck me, too. But that is another hole story

Bill J. Houston, TX



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A DE SERVICIONE HARIA HARIAN SKIP'S

CIGAR

Several months ago, business took me out of state, where I decided to stay the night with an old friend. Chuck is about my own age (42) and about ten years ago he and I were much more than friends. Back then, Chuck started getting into

S&M and tried to get pretty rough with me. That, along with some other things caused us to each go our separate ways Anyway, after all these years I thought it would be good to see him again

The minute 1 got off the plane, the sight of him stirred up some prefty strong old feelings. He was still in good shape,

still good-looking, and the grey hair at his temples and in his thick moustache made him look even better. Standing next to him was a young guy of about college age. He was a good-looking kid, about itwenty one, blond, athletically built. His name was Skip.

Skip, it seems, was living with Chuck

while he attended college nearby. Chuck introduced him to me as his "son."

Though I've been out of things for a while, I was familiar with the daddy/son thing through Drummer. I was real envious of Chuck; still in shape, still fucking, and having a piece of ass like Skip around the house. I could hardly take my eyes off that kid

Skip carried my bags, drove us home and cooked up a terrific dinner. He did everything Chuck told him to do. He was well behaved, but he also had a good gift for conversation, seemed interested and smiled and laughed. He even teased his "dad," He was just like a real son.

Everything was going smoothly until after dinner. Skip makes a dynamite martim, and Chuck and I were in the living room going over old times as Skip did the dishes. Finally, Chuck offered me a cigar. I said, "Sure."

"Skipt Come here"

The kid dropped what he was doing and came into the room

'Have you got a cigar for Mr. Thomas?"

There was a long pause; Skip lowered his head and said, "Yes, sir."

"Chuck turned to me and said," Kick his ass an' he'll give you a cigar."

"What?"

KICK IT, HARD "

I protested, but the kid bent down in front of me and grabbed his ankles, waiting for a kick. I thought it was a joke, so I gave it a light kick.

"HARDER."

I kicked it again, harder this time.
"HARDER! KICK IT GOOD 'N'
HARD!"

Skip was still waiting. I stood up, took a step back and planted a good kick on the kid siass.

Slowly he stood up and unfastened his jeans. He dropped them to his knees. He bent over again. I noticed a long string hanging out of his ass. He grunted, like he was trying to shit. Slowly, I could see his crack open to reveal the end of a long cigar tube that was attached to the piece of string. He was not altowed to touch the string. When the tube was about half-way out, he reached back with his hands and opened it. Out came a fine Cuban cigar, warm to the touch from where it had been baking all day.

Chuck inserted a fresh digar into the tube and the kild pushed it back in again. The long string made sure it didn't get lost in there. I couldn't believe it!

All of a sudden, Chuck demanded, "Light It."

Skip removed his jeans completely. He went into the kitchen and returned with a box of kitchen matches. He took a match and stuck it into the head of his dick, which was rock hard by this time. The match went in just far enough to hold it. He got close to me and placed his

dick with the match in it as close to my face as he could. You better believe I felt a twinge or two in my own dick with this stud-kid standing buck-assed naked a foot from my face. He struck a match on the side of the box and touched the flame to the match in his dick. I was to tight the cigar off his dick, then blow out the match—hopefully before it burned him.

Chuck warned him, "You better make sure it lights on the first try. If it don't—you're going to get the paddle."

My first concern was the kid's dick; my second was his ass. I knew Chuck meant it about giving that kid the paddle. As soon as he transfered the flame, I started sucking on that cigar. There were about three or four seconds of flames on the head of that match before it hit the head of his dick. I drew on it as hard as I could



Finally, I got scared and blew out the match.

Unfortunately, I blew it out a little too soon. The cigar didn't hold the flame. Chuck turned to Skip and shouted, "GET THE PADDLE."

Instantly, the kid ran out of the room and returned with a thick, wooden paddie. I protested, "Come on, Chuck Don't paddle the kid. It was my fault—I blew out the match

Bend over

The kid was naked from the waist down. He grabbed his dick and balls in both his hands and bent over. Chuck took the paddle and gave that kid a smack across the ass that was so hard I couldn't believe my eyes. Then another one. Then another. Five licks in all Skip

had tears in his eyes afterwards, not to mention a bright, flaming-red ass.

Chuck handed him the paddle to replace. He walked over to me, and with tears running down both cheeks and a cry in his voice, he said, "I'm sorry, sir."

The whole scene made me sick. I decided to call it an early evening and went up to my room. I walked past Chuck without a word. I was grateful I would be leaving first thing the next mothing. What Chuck and this kid were into was none of my business, I know; but a spanking is one thing. This beating could only be described as bruta.

I hated what Chuck had become, and I felt sorry for the kid, who probably

depended on him financially.

That night I finally got to sleep. I couldn't get the sight of that kid getting that beating from Chuck out of my mind I remembered the tears in his eyes and the look of satisfaction on Chuck's face as the paddle landed.

I guess it was about two in the morning. A loud noise awoke me up out of a dead sleep. I heard it again coming from their room next to mine. I knew that noise: it was the paddle again. A

tlesh. I shut my eyes, thinking of the kid getting his ass beat again. I covered my head with the pillow as I counted the heavy licks. I counted about six or seven, some of which were accompanied by a

I flew into a rage and threw off the covers. If Chuck was busting this kid's butt for my benefit, I was going to put a stop to it once and for all. Just as I approached the door, the paddle landed again. There was another roud yell. I threw open the door.

roud yelp of pain.

I watched the paddle land again. The kid stood there with the paddle in his hands. Chuck was across the bed—face down—his hands tied behind his back with a leather cord. He was heaving with sobs, crying into a pillow. His ass was bright red. The kid wasn't finished He gave him two or three more good ones.

I backed out of the door and shut it. As I lay in bed, I heard the sounds of them fucking It turned me on so much that I grabbed hold of my own meat and started beating off. As I pulled on my own rod, I could hear the occasional smack from the paddle, followed by the sounds of two men, a "dad" and his 'son," fucking with everything they had

I didn't sleep much the rest of the

Anonymous

Do you have your own Daddy/son story to tell? Don't just sit there jerking off, get off your butt and write it down, then send it to: Drummer Daddies, PO Box 11314. San Francisco, CA 94101-1314 When you see your story in print you'll be glad you sent it in

TOUGH SHIT

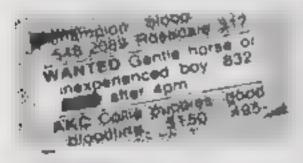
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WHO PAID FOR THIS?

Believe what you wish, but it is true. D.F. Petersen and O. Carrier, Jr. completed a study in 1972 titled (get this) Afferent Neural Responses to Mechanical Distortion of the Testis of the Cat. And if the title alone is not enough to rattie your cage, the following is an excerpt from the work.

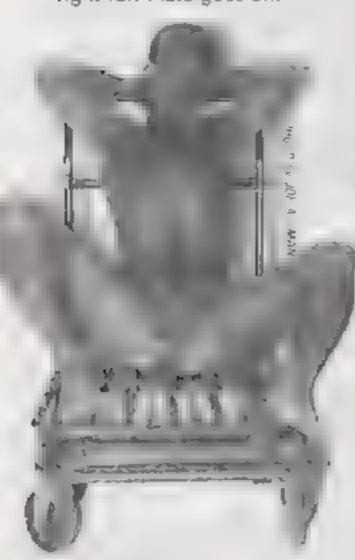
",,,compression in lightly anaesthetized cats indicated a pseudoaffective pain-like response to distortion of the testis," (Do tell!) "A glancing blow to the testicle produced a burst of activity,"

I could have told them that ...and without kicking a cat in the balls.



UP-FRONT ADVERTISING

A Drummer reader sent us this clipping from a local Indiana paper. The search for the right fun-mate goes on.



MR. NUDE SOUTH FLORIDA

The Crub Body Center in Miami heid its second annual Mr. Nude South Florida Con-



IS IT IN YET?

Before you ask that question—better ask what state you're in first. Only twentyfive states in the U.S. have no sodomy laws on the books. Twenty have laws covering both heterosexual and homosexual sodomy. Five have laws pertaining to homosexual sodomy only Check the map, there may be a quiz later in your life.

test and the winner turned out to be none other than Zane Blair, our very own Mr. New England Drummer 1986. Zane was wintering in Florida and has since turned up in his native Maine. (Zane gets around.) We can't think of a better choice.

SAFE-SEX TRIVIA

Condoms and condom advertising have become such a big issue recently that we have been inundated with little-known facts concerning the little sex symbol.

There is no record of who actually invented the condom, but credit is given to Gabriel Fallopius, an Italian anatomist for whom the Fallopian tubes are named. He developed a linen condom in 1564 as a sateguard against veneral disease. The linen condom was held in place by a colored ribbon tied securely.

During the Roaring Twenties in Chicago, Al Capone considered but rejected the idea of muscling in on the condom business. His rival, Murder Inc., did manage to extort a dollar for every gross produced and firebombed factories of those who refused to pay up. It must be remembered that this was an era in which condoms were the only way one could protect oneself from syphilis

SITTING ON THE EVIDENCE

According to the LK's Specrator. Secretary of State George Shultz has been covering his backside for more than diplomatic reasons. Shultz allegedly has a tattoo of a tiger on his left flank. Rumos has it that it was acquired as a student at Princeton, where the mascot is a tiger. Shultz and the State Department have backed away from revealing whether this story is true or not

JUST GOOD HEALTHY FUN!

The JO Buddies have produced a pamphlet called "How To Have A Hot JO Party in Your Own Mome." They have included such items as who to invite (and who not to invite), music, decor, food, and toys your guests might enjoy. The photos of previous JO Buddies parties in the pamphlet are real eye-openers. Indispensable information for planning a fun, safe party Copies are available from JO Buddies, 1150 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94103 for \$2 a copy, plus 50¢ mailing fee

SEXY SENIORS

A newsletter complete with personal ads for men over sixty has recently come to our attention. Called "Super Sixty," the organization is celebrating its second anniversary. It is not a commercial venture, simply a contact group for seniors who are seeking friends or companionship for a copy, send \$1 and a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Box 103, 606 West Barry St., Chicago, II 60657

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CNE FIRE BURNS OUT ANOTHER'S BURNING. ONE PAIN IS LESSON'D BY ANOTHER'S ANGUISH.

-Shakespeare, ROMEO AND JULIET

DTHER'S BURNIN

here's a virtual explosion of wetly curled blazing-red ass-half that surrounds his tightly defined pussy of a shit-hore. There is an art to the way in which this dense. forest of distinct y rank male public hair seems to flame itself up arrogantly from the soft center of his almost brown, sightly pink, anal lips -the center of his pussy is the center of his soul. And it there is anything that symbolizes the fact that this is an explosive fiery man, it is the way in which the nside of his ass seems to braze not only with the inherent sublime beauty of the male animal, but this is a man whose pussy will suck your cock up into his bowels, setting your meat on fire if not your heart, if not your love, if not your passion. Oh, always your passion. Passion is the least of his gifts

The man is beyond hor

He is not complicated and he does not hide behind a sense of insecure sophistication. This is the only man alive that I would even consider sucking out any and all accumulated sperm from the confines of his shit-hole, regardless of just who the man was who had ejaculated into him Just give it to me. I have gobbled sperm out of his hole many times—thick, shitsperm. Honey tipe from the source. No other man even comes close. But then no other man I have ever met has his sense of masculine strength His reddened sense of smoldering sexuality. His fire...

Whether he's facking me in the mouth or sitting on my face this is the one man in the universe who absolutely sets my dick ablaze. I could orgasm and cum and beat off and squirt jismtuck fresh from my balls for the next one-thousand years; it wou do't matter. This is one fire that wonit go out. Not for love Not for money. Not for fuck. And not for the life of me. My who e being burns with him, For him, Because of him. And, damn, often enough in spile of him. My need for him is so ntense that when we fack in the shower, I ll swear the drops of water sizzle into steam when they touch us. There is a tempest, a raying storm of cum and suck and tender testicles and hardened twisted tits and dripping piss holes and smell and sweat and honesty between us. The tire just blazes. It is more powerful than either one of us could ever be

This is a fire that has a ble of its own

religites the notes to be really not work not see men to other working-class men are frequently as emotion a ly basic and grounded as they are obstinately honest. There are strong, masculine, unmoveable unions between such men that pledge, connect, sometimes shackle working-class souls together beyond the surreal macho braggadocio of male pride Real male pride is not surface stuff. Male pride in this part of reality this small corner of the universe, serves as the foundation upon which ail men and their brothers rest. All men are judged here. Male prode is where it all begins. Firefighting is not tor the weak-male or female. Firefighters are a breed unto themselves. Most men, if they are really men, will at some ripe point in the r lives find themselves measuring themselves in relation to where each individual stands in the eyes of the men he lives with and loves. Even if love itself is never quoted or given its defined due among such men they do love one another. It happens, it was meant to happen. That love assumes a bill on different forms; it is everything from respect when and where respect is warranted, to the lush, deeply forbidden taste of another man's hog sperming, ejaculating into your eager mouth. The concepts of love and hard male pride are absolutely

Such men do not make the psychological jump to physical sex tightly. Here sexual connecting is assweet as it is rare. Often it is beautifully violent. It is unusual only in that it is not common

but it is hardly unknown. When it exists, when such basic men meet on such a basic level, that merging of force and personality and tear and tlesh can be as passionate and as prophetic as it is inevitably abandoned. When such males express their love and their need for one another in a sexual relationship each male abandons himself to the physical nurturing and the needs of the other. Completely, There is little here that is postmodern or ambivalent. If such a man loves you you will know it because you'll feel it all the way into who you are

There will be no uncertainty

No middle ground. No maybe. When I first met Michael there was no doubt as to who and what he was, Irish and basic And extraordinarily beautiful, All that red hair, A working-class lad with the buck-boy work-muscle body to prove it. A burst of male-red chest hair nudges its way out from the top of his shirts—it sort of blooms. I wanted to suck on his freckled neck 1 could see that I was going to have a hard time, to say nothing about having a hard cock, in terms of keeping my hands out of his pants and my cock out of his suckable frish shithole. I wanted to fist it, to feel up into his bowels, to fuck this bucklittle Irish pig with my tongue. My tongue wanted to crawl up into his bloody pussy and eat it until he either shit or screamed.

His eyes were beautiful and soft

Michael says that I am a glutton for trouble (he is that) and danger (he is that as well). In reality what I am a glutton for is my Irish Michael. In the rough, In the raw, I'll take him any way I can get him. Danger is just another working-class boy in love with another jockstrap working-class lives-down-the-alley male with his nuts thick between his sweaty legs. And his name is trouble. Beer in the altey, take it up the ass, fuck whatever walks along trouble. There is no way to remove oneself from their realm when you fight fire with anything and everything Sometimes you fight fire with fire. One eventually consumes the other. Or like men equally matched in combat, both go out, You have to be more than a little bit crazy to do this—fight tires. To let-kee doing this. Most of us working-class rock-in'eroll male idiots who tight fires for a living like what we do very much. We live with it. With the lear of it. And too frequently we live for it. She becomes your mistress—fire, A whore, You hate her, Aithough you can see her beauty because it's obvious. You want deeply to tuck the hell out of her—its—ass and you piss on it, it drinks, sucks down your pure male piss, gags and dies

You walk away and laugh. She has exhausted you

Only it is never usually that easy, now, is it? It ten good to tuck that ass, there is a connection between fuck and fire. And piss drinking piss. Some of the best farefighters I know are some of the best piss drinkers in South Boston. And South Boston is a working-class bad-ass piss drinker's get-on-your-knees-boy delight. South Boston is a working-class place that virtually reeks with the erotic stench of generations of working Irish pass. If we Irish know how to do anything well, we know how to

take a great big wet piss.

Fighting fire has a certain sensibility to it that convinces one that if lite is to be lived, it is to be lived only fully when one lives it on the edge. Having to be constantly ready to confront, at a moment's notice, a beast who possesses the potential of being bigger and a whole lot badder than just about anything this side of the destructive limits of total nuclear war. The end. Most of the men who right fires come to belive that when the end really does come, and it will, that it will come in the form of tire. When you fight these monsters, particularly the big, out-of control ones, you reach the human point of evolvement where you respect fire in much the same way you respect a potent enemy Even if you do not respect his ability to harm you. The being and

his—trouble—get separated Respect is the basis without which there would be no reason nor sanity to civilization. There would be no civilization. One way or another it would burn.

It and man would cease to exist. Putting out fires isn't about just putting out a fire somewhere, probably the ghetto, and saving a garage, a shooting gallery, or a condemned, probably abondoned building filled with homeless squatters. The sad. And the broken. Fighting fire is about fighting the end. The end of everything because fire is the ultimate bitch that will eventually, one way or another, someday get to us and burn us. The end

You pay homage to that kind of power. While this isn't the most intellectual job in the world, a firefighter cannot be dumb or he won't last a week. This is the kind of job that can demand everything from you. Everything it wants your sweat. Your muscle. Your determination. Often your courage. And always your awe.

It if wants your life baday enough, it will take it.

You have to confront a blazing, swirling, burning holocaust in order to appreciate the fact that fire is the kind of malevolent beast who shows no moral qualms in the taking down of anything and everything it touches with its cuntips, because that is its purpose it has but one. To rage and to destroy. Those who've never tried putting such a creature—out—might intuit that something as mindlessly inanimate or as unconscious as a fire would not exhibit personality characteristics. Your intuition would be misinformed. Each and every fire has a distinct personality. Some are put out quickly with little damage or destruction. Others scream at you as they feed on themselves, sustaining life on their own self-created energy. The trick is in the firting and the fighting with that kind of danger. You always seem to be walking around stark-raving naked on the cold steel edges of death itself

There is a certain intrigue with firefighting. It gets into your blood. There are those, however, who were born to it. It's who they are. There is a challenge to the dilemma of risk. These are South Boston working-class boys who define themselves through the eyes of such challenge. Irish Boston is one of those old urbanized places that takes the threat of fire seriously. Over the past three hundred years, big parts of it have burned down to the fucking ground more times than history wants to remember. It used to be that most fires were accidents, somebody's horse kicked over a lantern, and 40,000 homes, filled to the rafters with the bloody likes of the Irish, burned themselves into oblivion over the course of four hours, it was get out or die. A lot of people died. Today a fire is more likely to be the result of vendetta or arson. Today, the older parts of South Boston are still susceptible to fire. They're primarily made from wood. And the wood is ancient. Boston is one of those places that burns quickly when it burns. Furiously, Maybe it's because Boston is trish and the trish are quick-hot to temper,

The Irish do not rise to temper well. If you look into the center of any Irishman's eyes, you'll not likely miss the fire that rages in his ancient soul. I keep telling myself that I should never have looked into his greyish-blue eyes. Eyes that are as demanding of me as they are darkly sexual. The man's eyes Hash when he laughs.

Michael is dangerous

You know," he said to me once shortly after we became overs, "I like them."

"You like what?" I asked

"Fighting them I like the fighting. Sometimes, sure, it'll make your blood run. A man would have to be a fool to say that a building on fire, falling down all around you, isn't a scary thing to confront. But I like them It's me against something. I'm at my best when I'm out there and the whole world is falling apart and I m fighting it. When it's all over, I kind of feel like a dragon slayer. Am I making any kind of sense?"

"No."

"You don't understand."

"I do understand. What I understand is that it's always

dangerous."

"You love it, too," he said. "Maybe you love it more than I do, eh?" And he laughed, tilting his head with his reddish hair back, his eyes flashing the way they do when he laughs. "I ve seen you. You love the whole thing. Every minute of it, from the instant the bell goes off in the station house to the wind in your face as you cling to the sides of the truck. You love the fact, Sean, that you live half of your lite in a firehouse toft with a dozen other men. Admit it, And the other half of your life you live with me so I can fuck that pretty little ass you ve got. You love that, too."

"I can take it or leave it, Michael."

"I rar ?

It was my turn to laugh. "If you want a piece of it, you're going to have to earn it."

That was the night Michael fucked me so damn hard with his thick blue-veined cock that I could not walk the next day Which suited Michael just fine, thank you. He had me where he wanted me. And the next day he put me on my back in our bed and fucked me in my mouth, My mouth was his pussy. With that big pink pig, he royally gutted out my throat. And his balls ejaculated a nice thick ooze of lover jism. I gagged. Not that he was done with me. Not by a long shot. That was the time he had to plow out my ripe little hole of a shitter after he fucked my face. He gave it everything he had. He wanted to cum in my ass. It was as if he were putting out a fire. And I was the fire, fuck me, do it. Fuck my ass. Certainly, my straining gasping asshole burned and bled with that enraged piece of meat goring me out. There was nothing half way about it because there is nothing half way about Michael. He grunted out another load of his sweet juice into my wet shitcunt, he called me his cunt-Again and again, Michael kissed me, pushing his hungry tongue around inside my mouth. He looked directly into my eyes. Into who I am.

I am his cunt

He fucks his pig-cunt's working-class pigshit-hole like an animal—cumming—into me, forcing my legs apart; fuck me, pigdaddy, just fuck the shit out of this fuckpig's ass. And then he lets me eat out his own sweaty shithole. Sticking my tongue into Michael's bowels, eating his rank shitbrown sexual essence, until he sperms still another strained drip of syrup all over his masculine belly.

I love him. It's not easy, Nothing good is every easy.

I first met Michael when we were in the department's training program—raw recruits. It was a lot like being in the military. Only in the military you never really know for sure whether or not you'll actually see action. Firefighters know that they will see action. The top brass in the department is extremely serious about training you to expect and to be able to deal with the worst. Fighting fire is not be be underestimated. Afterward you thank them for it. For the discipline. But when you are going through it for the first time, you wonder if you will live through the first day. The training is not for those who would prefer a desk job, pushing paper, pencils, and souls, something less involved. Most of Boston's bluecollar firefighters hall from hearty stock. Many of these hairy urchins are lads whose fathers once fought fires in this place. We happen to be a proud of here in Boston and our history is rich in tradition. We really do have a dog at the station who is our mascot. We really do slide down a breass pole when the alarm sounds. We really do take spit-and-polish seriously. Our station house gleams with it. We really do put our lives on the line every day. You won't find any fern-chic gym-muscles among us. You will find Irish horse muscle. You will find Irish horse sweat. You will find jockstraps and the smell of rubber

You will find cum stains.

You will find the occasional group perk-off. It happens, it happens because among such innocents, these beautiful ripe young men, it is natural and unavoidable and rigorously righteous. It doesn't get talked about. But it happens. And anyone who says that it never happens, simply isn't in touch with what

the most and experience is a laboration are bluecular et's-all-have-a beer boys, Strapping Boston and basic. For Christ's sake they drink stout. The fact that a few times we've all puted out our about to-explode boners and jerekd off + cumming together-doesn't mean for one instant that any one of us is less of a man for having reneved that pressure. These are men who share danger, trouble, trust, death, and fire. These are men who have seen their brothers on the pot, in the shower; we have very few secrets from each other. Or illusions, These are men who work and drink and fuck and jack-off and hope

So it the brass is asleep may be a small group, the insomniacs, maybe three or four of us, will pull it out. Stroke, Stare, Dare, Knowing smiles. Cum, baby. I want to see the milk cum out of the end of your rigid dick. Onto black rubber boots. Perhaps a few quiet moans in the dark. Somebody licks it. Somebody kneels Somebody sucks. More smiles. Embarrassment. A touch. Someone's hand softly touches your shoulder. We're all

Ir ends here And then back to bed ...

Michael and I shared a barracks during training. Michael was impossible to miss with all that red hair. We were feamed up and I soon learned that I could not have been assigned a better partner. We made it through carrying those hoses up those impossibly high ladders. We made it through learning that when you think you can't go another inch, you can, And then some. We made it through ten-mile runs which started at four in the morning. We made it through dress inspections. We made it through chemical fires, electrical fires, and nuclear accident driks. No brave man among men ever hopes he has to fight one of those

We work five days on and then we're five days off. When Michael and I decided after training that we wanted to share an apartment, it wasn't considered to be all that unusual a thing Nobody cared. We had grown close in more ways than one. Toward the very end of the training program (as luck would have it). I fucked up during a drill. After months of this shit, I couldn't believe I did what I did. I attached the wrong kind of hose to the wrong kind of hydrant pipe. If it had been an actual fire, whoever had been holding onto that hose would have had o handle more pressure than would have been possible. The hose would have gone haywire. It was a stupid mistake. There was crap to pay. I should have known better. I was assigned one big dirty fire engine, a bucket, a bagful of rags, a can of wax, and one night in which to spit-clean that bad-ass red mama into a flawless state. She had to shine. It was a shit job that was going to last the night

I remember being somewhat less than amused at the time. It was three in the morning. "Need any help, asshole?" I looked 44 [7]

Do I look ke I need help?

"Is the Pope a Catho ic? Does a bear shit in the woods?"

"Thanks, Michael "

Let's get down to business, "he said. "First we take care of this,..." Michael ever so slowly massaged his bulging crotch. "...and then we take care of the truck" I kneeled and unzipped him. Leased his engorged prece of fuckmeat out and tasted the tip, sliding my tongue over his piss slit. Michael grabbed the back of my head and shoved my face down onto his erect cock. "Eat me," he whispered. And his pig plowed in and out of my throat until it creamed a good-sized honest wad of scum into my mouthcust. It was a beginning, the beginning of my burning desire for him, for the rank male scent of his curled red public hair shoving itself into my face as he fucks me in the mouth. It was the beginning. It would not be the end

The bonds between us are stronger than even the taste of his cum in my mouth. The bonds between us cannot be dismissed or erased. We'd been tighting fires for about a year when we got called out on a five alarm. It was a bad one. A warehouse in South Boston was burrong. It turned out to be one of those toxic. chemical fires that one hears about, the kind you dread having to face. They are particularly unpredictable. And strong, You pour the wrong chemical on one of those and the situation can

get a lot worse versus a lot better. You wrest e with it. You make an evil kind of love to its sordid madness. You tease it. You almost nuture it. You hold it in your hands. You caress it. You cum in its mouth. There is a battle for life, it gasps, it clings to you, it smolders, and eventually it becomes a memory

You piss on the destruction. You walk away and laugh. You don't always know why you laugh after a fire. Perhaps it is only the moment. The trony of symbolically cumming in someone else. And you laugh You have conquered it. You have urinated on it. You own it. It likes the fact that it has been urinated on. That it has received your waste from your overripe belly. You have pissed down its throat. Smoldering, it dances and disappears. To rubble. To nothing. Like the pain you feel raw on the piss-end of your eager dick. Fighting fire is a very intense, enigmatic, glorious pig-shitfuck. You cum in it . You urinate on

it. And you win

South Boston was burning and South Boston was chock-ful of toxic-awesome-chemical smoke. Somehow I thought I was right behind Michael and the primary hose team when in fact I was lost. It had me. I could hear the flames laugh. The burning room I was in began to spin. My mask filled with a caustic smell that wanted to tear the insides of my lungs out with its trapped-cat claws. My lungs were on fire. I wanted to scream. The next thing I knew was that my skin was literally melting on my face. But Michael-it had to be Michael-was puiling me out. I remember him ripping off my helmet, laying me on the pavement, half screaming at me to live. To breathe, I wanted to. I tried. But he was fading; my lungs wanted to bleed everytime my chest moved. My chest was full of blood. I was covered with third-degree burns. Bone-deep burns. In the hospital they literally kept me on a wet-bed of ice. There were surgeries, And grafts. I have scars.

They are mine, I earned them.

There were some touch-and-go weeks that turned into touch-and-go months. The irony is that I couldn't stand for anyone or anything to touch me. The pain was intense, I became addicted to morphine, then Demoral, I could barely move because of the inhuman pain from the burns. I became infected. It wasn't pretty. But I healed. Michael was there. Beside me. It meant everything. They had to carry him home once because no one could get him to leave. For anything When I shook from the morphine shuffle, a rather notoriously sweaty dance, Michael was there to hold me. Someone had to hold me. Pain or no pain. I needed to be held.

The day I came home he had a spotless apartment ready to greet me, to welcome me with its familiarity. There were freshly cut flowers. From such a man. There was also a pile of laundry, about twelve feet high, sprinkled liberally with stained shorts jocks, socks and anything else he had used to cum in. He had missed me. He did everything for me He waited on me hand and foot. Except for the laundry. He still refuses to even learn. Why bother? The son-of-a-bitch has me I only owe him my life I worship sucking on his asshole. Why would I ever in a million years complain about his rank-dirty, really extremely filthy laundry? I wouldn't and I don't. I crave sniffing the magnificent shit-whipes he leaves in his dirty underwear. When I jerk off, I put one smelly pair to my face and another one to my dick. I smell his grunty male smells in one and cum in the other

The day I returned to work, I was greeted with an awful lot of glad-to-see-you-back stuff from my friends. They knew that nothing could keep me away from it. And them, Scars or no scars. That first day back was a slow day; it would not be a slow night. Those knowing smiles. Those subliminal low moans in the dark, 5ix of us-rock hard. Show me your cock. Stroke Stare Dare

Touch it

Suck me. I want to see your sperm—cumming, Someone laughs softly. Someone kneels, Curiosity, Taste, These are working-class life-on-the-edge men. Boston and basic. I ought to know I am one.

And I love one...

TAFT TICKLE TORTURE

by Russ Miller

Though it's been several years, I've never forgotten a particular incident from my boot camp days involving a certain. Sergeant Taft and a couple of Marines at Camp Pendleton. Though not exactly similar to most of your other Drummer articles, I think it warrants being repeated.

Sgt. Taft was one gorgeous hunk of a Marine, the kind you see in the movies. Jall, blond, muscular, extremely handsome, commanding and masculine. He was also a son-of-a-bitch to be under. A heartiess drilimaster, he would put us through hours of excruciating exercises, from running miles and miles to marching endless formations to doing hundreds of pushups, situps, etc. I now understand why he needed to toughen us up, but I'm sure the bastard got off on making us miserable. For not only could he dish out orders, but he would pace alongside with us, barking orders, never tiring while running us into the ground.

"You pussies better move! Move! Move!" He'd ho ier even as we crawled through mud and barbed wire. "You got to take anything I give!"

Tough as Sgt. Taft was on us, he was just as tough on himself. He could outwrestle, outbox, outrun, outswim, and simply outperform anyone else in our group. Invulnerable to pain, immune to just about any type of physical punishment, the man seemed to have no weaknesses.

Except for one,

noticed it one Saturday night at a bar in Oceanside frequented by the base Sgt. Taft was a little tipsy and the barmaid was flirting with him. Though everyone else was busy shooting pool, getting drunk, and making noise, I saw the barmaid playfully poke his ribs. Sgt. Taft let out a squeal and grabbed her hands, then went back to nuzzling her breasts. But I stored what I saw for a later date.

By the end of the fifth week, Sgt. Taft was driving us harder than ever, probably knowing we'd all be shipping out soon. But not before a few of us had our chance to "show our gratitude."

PLEASE. NO MORE LICENTEDO. I CAN'T TAKE IT ... PLEASE ... JESUS ... STOP, STOP IT, GUYS ... I'LL BE GOOD: I PROMISE ... I'LL SUCK YOUR DICKS . ANYTHING UNLY FOR GOD'S SAKE - STOP & GASE STOP TICKLING ME !!. HA-HA-HA-HA-HHH) AGN-K. JA- YEA CHRIST, LISTEN TO THE SARGE SQUEAL ... JUST LIKE A STUCK PIG!! YEAH ... THE That weekend, it was a rowdy Saturday

The Lite Is No. NO MORE ...

That weekend, it was a rowdy Saturday night as usual in the bar. A few of us bought several rounds, including some for the Sarge. One by one, a few Marines took off until the Sarge and I were alone in the corner

"Sarge," I whispered, "There's a new babe up from San Diego at the motel near the Capri. Let's go check her out She's in number seven

Sergeant Taft was not only high on the drinks but feeling game for a lay, so we both took off for the motel. So unsuspecting was he that he didn't sense anything suspicious when I explained that I

FEET ARE DRIVING 'IM A
UP THE FUCKIN' WALL

had set this up earlier and that we were expected. A short knock, and we entered the dim room.

Immediately, seven Marines jumped the Sarge and wrest ed him onto the bed. The rounds of drinks had worked their effect as the confused Sergeant Tatt struggled futilely. However, he became more like the drillmaster we knew once.



we started stripping off his uniform and tying him spread-eagle to the bed. In seconds, his naked, muscular body was twisting against the ropes

"Faggots! What's this shit you're pulling?!" he raged

"Sarge, you've been wearing our asses out and we wanted to repay you."

"Fuckheads! Grunts! Let me go now or

planned our revenge thoroughly and were beginning to enjoy the role reversals, and what we planned would leave no marks, no clues, and no case. I opened a drawer and pulled out several feathers and passed them out. The Sarge suddenly stopped yelling, but started to struggle even harder to escape

"We know you're tough. But this you aren't going to be ready for '

"Wait, you're not going to...oh, no...no, please

Suddenly the virile, macho Sergeant

Talt was sweating and speaking in a low, hushed voice. We had discovered the one thing he couldn't handle.

I approached his helplessly bound feet and started lightly stroking his left foot Even before I got close, he tried to pull away, his eyes huge with nervous anticipation. As I pulled the feather between his toes, he bit his lip and tried to keep his composure. But it didn't last long. Within minutes, he was giggling uncontrollably, twisting to get away. I turned the feather around and used the quill end on his soles. At this, he lost total control and started laughing hysterically, begging me to stop. By now all of us had advanced and were all over him, using feathers and fingers on his feet, armpits, stomach, and balls. The Sarge howled with laughter, helplessly squirming against the ropes. The more we tickled his sensitive body the harder he laughed and pleaded

"Stop! Ha! Ha! Please! Aaahh! Ha! Ha! I can't take it. No. Ha! Ha! Please, no more!" he shrieked in between bursts of uncontrollable laughter

For the next half hour we tortured the Sarge until he was drenched in sweat and aching from laughter. He was hyperticklish everywhere, but his size 13 feet had to be the most sensitive part. When a couple of us ganged up and took turns working on his soles, making circular patterns with our fingers and working the feathers around his toes, he would just go betserk, arching his back and screaming for mercy. His sides and armpits were also very sensitive and he would roll and twist in his vain attempts to escape our fingers.

Throughout this whole time, we were all getting rock hard, especially as he screamed louder and pleaded more intensely. Finally, one Marine shot his load, then spread his cum on the Sarge's dick and started to jerk him off slowly. Within seconds, Sergeant Taft was going crazy, his giant cock stiff and throbbing, ready to shoot. As we all attacked his soles, armpits and ribs once again, he let out a scream and came in giant spurts all over himself and the bed. I couldn't hold back any longer and came for unending minutes

After we all recovered, and swore the Sarge to secrecy on penalty of continuing the tickle torture, we untied his drenched and exhausted body and abandoned the room

Sergeant Taft still ran our asses around for another week before we all moved on to our active duty posts. He never acted like anything happened, and probably didn't want word of it to get out anyway. But just before I shipped out to Singapore, I caught him asone in his office and handed him a feather. He smiled somewhat sheepishly, took it, and winked

"Dismissed. And don't get yourself killed, cocksucker."

ROUGH STUFF

by SCOTT TUCKER



A WORLD TO WIN

"Get AIDS and die," said the anonymous caller before hanging up. My lover and I had been watching Reagan's performance of his State of the Union Address, and after the folksy finale we speculated about who the caller with the woman's voice might have been, My lover and I are both public gay activists, and we were not shocked nor surprised to receive such a call. The message happened to be blatant, private and anonymous in this case, but the same message is delivered by many public figures in somewhat subtler terms. I don't wish to rouse panic by claiming that full-fledged fascism is looming before us, but we had better face the fact that many of our fellow citizens are feeling vengeful and murderous.

As we all know, various religious figures have welcomed the AIDS epidemic as The Wrath of God. This can't be dismissed only as the faith of fanatics, since this faith resembles the "common sense" of many citizens: gay people play with fire and get burned. As long as AIDS was viewed as "the gay plague," many government officials dragged their feet when funds for medical care and research were sought. Now it is known that AIDS predominantly afflicts straight folks in places like Haiti and Zaire, but racism and distance diminishes that suffering for Americans, Whether those with AIDS are abroad or at home, their lives are balanced in the scales of many preachers and politicians and are found to have little weight and worth. Which people are most afflicted with AIDS? Biacks, drug users, prostitutes and gays. And whose lives are most expendable?

Do blacks deserve to die of sickle-cell anemia, or do Jews deserve to die of Tay-Sachs syndrome? Only outright rac-

ists would answer yes, but respected barbarians have voiced similar views about gays. I don't speak of preachers here, but of politicians like Patrick Buchanan, a syndicated columnist who was until recently a White House official. Buchanan greeted AIDS as just punishment for gay vice, and gleefully predicted "the wholesale destruction and scattering of the 'gay communities' of America within several years." Buchanan dreams of a Final Solution to the Gay Problem, but knows viruses must serve instead of bullets if we are to maintain a degree of democracy.

In the March 2 issue of Insight magazine, John Podhoretz editorialized on AID5 and wept alligator tears for "the tragedy that only promiscuity can bring," Podhoretz asks this rhetorical question: "Should teenagers ignore AIDS, consider it merely an adment affecting male homosexuals and people stupid enough to inject drugs in their arms?" Think twice about that word "merely" | Podhoretz sees the bright moral lining to the dark cloud of AIDS, and he answers his own question by stating that adults should use AIDS to terrorize youth into sexual abstinence. Instead of sexual education, he proposes sterner moral lessons. Having sex won t be a crime, he concludes. "It will be a sin, which is worse." AIDS, Podhoretz strongly suggests, proves that the wages of sin is death.

Turning this medical crisis into a moral melodrama will not prevent the transmission of AIDS to straight folks in Alaska and Alabama, even if the moralists cast gays, drug users, and Africans into the outer darkness. There is, in fact, a moral dimension to this crisis in health, but if there is going to be a moral crusade, let it be magnanimous rather

than mean spirited. The mixal we should draw is that it. one's life is expendable and this must transiate musi per sonal ammitment to public to cerua' wat aus in this chi reand ountry some gay Deop & Part will district and discost to a process That can be been the long to is all pox pay from Our OWN Systems But when 5 means more thin this a thit established par a ners more than ad . 1 - 4 ing votes Po meals tak rag responsity to the end a orld we to les of n t

The Ir spa, when we condens vice o a metica Ar some of h one of us a real are a nosis of A. Seria i as a seri ACT TO LAC A TO TEST Even twe ven a a to at our backs 4111 dying we store of cho own self mit at AIDS w compel us to 1 grant end even if our leaf et sacc ourselves had back to find the course to activities as gay people, co os os ou tending that we are above Out over six it. If the straight would be in 57 us only in an accor 经 . > then we remain a fields. citizens That sa 60 60 abstract humai one nore gay co woman Tiannah Ar i pointed out that you resist defamation 'fin terms it the identity that is under at tack." She was writing especially about Jews under the Nazis but her words a new to gays today: "Those who reject such identifications on the part of a hostile world may [🕣 wonderfully superior to the world, but superiority is then truly no longer of this world, at is the superiority of a more or less well-equipped cloud cuckoo land

Down on this earth we have a world to win. I've said before

in refectant to view A DS is a hiessing in disguise, but t is if there is all dosome good if i mikes us face certain s um s in cality, The Nov. 26 sour of a farare Herald of / was we arried this front-, age he or a er "AID\$ May Kill 1 M r Aricans in Ten tea . A c dieg to the writer the cost of treating 10 American AIDS patients at stoot . 5 \$ 0 000 each is gener of eventire annual Late Lat Za & s largest hos-, tack o sequently, AIDS victims in coort admitted, but are sent home on he unufated." Za e saint ir country and far away, but all ere at home we lack many execute social and me ficursors. In far those with AIDS is will The link of huanity betwier. Africans and Americans with A DS must not be broken and we should exinitie our own economic sys-- n carefuny, Our government spends astronomical sins of money on weaponry of all kinds, far beyond legititive needs of detense and s it we ack hospices in many r major cities for those are living with AIDS and ro other means of support. If it were not for the criminal exploitation and rander us, it would resour we could allord decent and cole for all our cluzens, give substant al medica. 2 to others in the world

Reagan, Buchanan, Podhorate and their colleagues en- stage us to count our plessings—and to toss the unbussed our of our ateboat and otal the storm. In the cloud--cuckoo-land of our dreams, a l s smooth salong, and I myself a alc write all my Drummer tumns about anything but positics I'm well aware that International Mr. Leather is expected to be universally amiable, but I am what I am and I won't let the bastards win without a fight.



he 1986 Mr Drummer Contest was a heady experience. I had just arrived in San Francisco as the soon-to-be owner of Drummer, et al. My job was to observe and learn all I could prior to actually taking over in late August. The contest weekend was Andy's and my first public exposure to our new roles. The enthusiastic support voiced by virtually everyone we met was exciting, and the continual presence of a swarm of gorgeous hunks made it even better.

Naturally it was also, a period of frequently thinking, "When I get to do it my way..." Well this year we do get to do it more my way! Many of the best aspects from the past will be kept (Among these; all contestants have /participated in regional eliminations. The fantasy section, unique to the Mr. Drummer contest, will definitely continue—and this year it will be presented on a stage where everyone can see

Itmed Thompson and Chris Burns, whose spectacular "Road Warriors Apache Dance was a contestinigh point ast year will be back with something new. (Their performance has been treated to MEN's special effects to give a truly show-stopping sequence in the

1986 Mr. Drummer Contest video. Their segment alone is worth the price of the tape! The photos on this and the next two pages were lifted directly from the video by MEN.) We also have several entertaining surprises planned, including possibly a precision whip drill team.

Some of the changes include: A new location. Club DV8 is somewhat smaller than the Trocadero but provides a better stage and greater control over the sound system. There will NOT be long disco breaks during the contest, but everyone is invited to stay after (the contestshould be over, between 12 and 12:30) to party and meet the contestants. Audience ballots will be an important part of the selection process but not the only one. There will also be a panel of judges including well-known and respected leathermen from around the country

We have also encouraged a travel agent to put together an economical package that will make it more convenient for leathermen from around the country to attend. The weekend starts Thursday, June 25 with an appearance of the Mr. Drummer contestants at the San Francisco Eagle's monthly Bare Chest contest. The Mr. Drummer Contest itself

will begin at 9 P.M. at DV8 (the name says it all!) and will be followed by a leather dance.

It's Gay Pride weekend in San Francisco and there are dozens of events for gays going on all across the city. The 87 Classics, a gay body-building contest, will be held the afternoon and evening of Saturday, June 27. Gay body-builders from all over California and other parts of the country will compete in this fundraising event to benefit the Gay Games. For those into bodies, this is one of the events of the year.

Sunday, June 28, the largest Gay Pride parade in the country will wind its way from the Financia. District to Civic Center Plaza in front of San Francisco's magnificent City Hall. Mr. Drummer 1987 and the other Mr. Drummer contestants will ride on San Francisco Eagle's South of Market float along with many other leather titleholders and the hottest leathermen in the city

Join Drummer, the South of Market leathermen and your gay brothers and sisters in San Francisco for The Weekend 1987!

-A.FD

MR. MIDWEST DRUMMER CONTEST: May 9, Saturday Distribution; LOCATION: The Dock, 602 W Pete Rose Way, Cincinnati, Ohio SPONSORING ORGANIZATION. The Dock CONTACT: Dale Dessinger (513) 241-5623 PRIZES. Round-trip airfare to San Francisco, hotel accommodations, trophy, leather NOTE LOCALISMON PROPERTY DE MR, NORTHWEST DRUMMER CONTEST: May 17, Sunday LOCATION: Sparks, 1114 Howell St., Seattle, Washington

held at The 501 in Indianapolis, Tradewinds in Columbus, The Dock in Cincinnati and The Eagle in Michigan. Contact local bars for dates

MR. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER

CONTEST: June 5, Friday LOCATIONs for Friedric Fagle, 398 12th St., San Francisco
California
SPONSORING ORGANIZATION
San Francisco Eagle
CONTACT Terry Thompson
(415) 626-0880
NOTE: Information on prozes
and industry of appear in next

MOTE. Mr. Northwest Drummer Stan Ray, along with his Drummerboys, will perform. Representatives from the Northwest U.S. and Canada will be contestants

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DRUMMER 104

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he further Matt Sull van drove into the area, the greater became his sense of being swallowed. The dark looming warehouses and smaller industrial buildings lay dormant and still as it seeping, as it waiting.

It was a part of the city held never seen before except from a Islance from the freeway wooking down on it from the road seeing its old brick streets with grimy heavy equipment pounding no sily hrough the area, he had wondered who would work down there, let alone venture into the battiezone, at night "Battlezone," that's what the newspapers and TV were calling the old industrial area. Everyone had heard about it and every-

ne consciously stayed away. It was non-thirty, but his his

It was nine-thirty, pitch black cold and drizzling. The few sireethights which worked castig domy shadows. He missed his Porsche and its sure for tedness, it could get him back to safety have you but just in case, he diborrowed his brother's beat up ford, saying he had to have something. His brother hade to bjected, grateful for the use of the Porsche for tonight's date.

McGraff Alley He stopped and parked the Ford McGraff and Seve It enth. Taking a deep breath he pushed the door open. All about was silence and those things which lurk in arkness. He barely not see the color the rain. He opened the trunk and emotied his pockets retaining only the trunk key.

He wondered if he should stand in the center of the ancient freet and jac off. He suddenly had an incredible urge to strip out of his clothes and goles boring. Climb through the ruined broadings, in the cold and wet iscraping his cock on steel and concrete and shagging his sac as he clambored over barbed wire-topped tences. The thought made him shudder and he resisted his instincts. He found a place near a building to hide the key.

He wondered why the place had a reputation for violence ere was no one around. Rapes image ngs mainings, the 1 strict's credo the saw why hearly every violing was male, what woman in her right mind would venture into such a place? He voncered what was the attraction of the place at hight that a tyone would be here to be assaulted.

He waiked north on Seventeenth Turning every few steps to pok at the car, to check behind himse (

Someone's comin. Cet ready. Stockman crouched down whind the low brick wall pulling Rieger and Walker with him. He hated hights like this he hated being damp and cold.

Stockman aised sightly to look over the wall, then dropped with Any second, he scomin'. The three of them sat, with their backs against the brick, barely breathing, waiting, listening, Footsteps sounded in the gloom; rubber soles on dirty pavement. A gritty sound. They looked down along the wall,

loward the street and tocused on a far off street, ght in the next block. The light tickered out for a second, then was back as someone waiked between them and it.

Now Stock nan hissed. They rose to a crown and to-lo-lowed the war toward the street then stood and ran after him.

What the Standard went down hards meeting about pected force of the three men. They role for its glass and scuttled until Sulivan was pinced on his back.

By e, by e. Stack man said as he drove his ist into the barely seen face.

Reger strongest of the three slung Schools inplically easily over his should it and followed the other two Liwerd nedeserted rangetd. The vast expanse of rishing track was appropriately diminghts. The only relief from the Gatess was a targe control tower and the dark shalles of a half-fozion, I and oned box case. The three men by passed two of the case and made their way toward the one located a most dayld contern the yard.

Stockman unlocked the padlock and pushed the well alled door silently open. Ricger heaved his bullet inside their embed in 1st owed by the others. The align loors. I shut and was locked from the cliside.

He's coming around. Rieger said in the total darkness, sensing the change in Sullivan's breathing.

"Cet started. Stockman said as he telt his way toward the lanterns and the kerosene heater. By their meric haitlin the irst one. Sull van had bee a stripped inscriptions to the stose I maipre. By the time held lit and our carrying a titth with him, Warker had supped the face hood over Sullivan's face and began applying layers of duct tape, drawing tot ghter sealing every opening except the nose and ever covering every inch of the cheap eatherette. Stockman set his lantern down and brigan tagging on the hood just as Sullivan began moraning. Sat stie Jihat i was secure, he nod ted to his companions. Walker's piped the eyestis crosed as Rieger handcutted. The van's worst behind him and to a chain anchored in the wail.

The three menin ethodically stripped out of their cothes chilling in the could appress sine legible kerosenchat not yet teeing its effects. Each went to a chest and began puring outher gear.

Rieger tall and muscular pulled on a tull body harness which perfectly accentuated his physique. He wrapped a studged six inchibalt stretcher around his long sac, making the diumitight sacsking stem in the warm right. The counting built to the harness forced his shall into semierecition its veins slanding out on the hardened skin. He stipped on two studged bicep straps and a half-hood over his face then walked to where Sullivan was struggling to rouse himself.

Walker, the small est of the three, looking almost out of place amidst his muscular companions, pulled on a chest harness which further defined his well-developed pecs and his straight shoulders. He conched a belt around his slender waist then began fitting an arm-sized two-headed dildo into another strap. He snapped one end of the strap onto the belt just below his navel, shoved his cock and balls through a built-in cockring, then impatiently forced half the dildo up his ass and fastened the other end of the strap to the belt in back, locking the monster in place. He pulled on a half-hood then walked to Su livan, the exposed half of the dildo looking like a short thirding. He sat on the floor, oblivious to the shaft snaked up inside him.

They ooked at Stockman who had nearly tinished putting on his chrome-steel uniform. A chrome band encircled his neck and one bicep. A bright chain draped between his two tits. He wore a chrome cockring, wide ballband and a ring which encircled the base of his cock. Another ring was fitted onto his cock just behind the glans. Running from the base ring and glans ring, on the underside of his prick, was a rod which became a two-edged horizontally oriented knife which extended six inches beyond his cockhead. Two small chrome study pierced his cockhead looking like eyes. He pulled on the half-hood and moved toward Sull van.

"Let's see what we got, get him to his feet," Stockman ordered. Rieger and Walker grabbed Sulfivan under the armpits and hauled him up. He staggered but finally stood. He struggled against his bonds and a muttled cry came through the hood "Nice," Stockman said, stepping closer and running his fingers lightly across Sulfivan's chest. "I like fuckin' with good-ookin' men." He reached down and wrapped his hand around Sulfivan's cock and balls, tugging roughly downward. Sulfivan screamed into the hood. Stockman twisted the gonads and squeezed. "A handful; lot of heft, I like that. Get the trapeze," he said to no one.

Rieger went to the wall and picked up a padded barrel. A chain ran through it. Standing on a stool he hooked each end of the chain to ceiling hooks suspending the barrel just below waist level. Stockman nooded to the two and they unlocked Sullivan's handcuffs then picked him up and draped him over the curved padded surface, locking his wrists to his ankles.

"Go ahead," Stockman said to Rieger, "warm him up" Rieger smiled and stepped behind the vulnerable upraised ass, his cock in hand, ready.

'Wait a minute, fasten his balis down...keep it from swingin' too much." Sullivan bucked and screamed when Walker grabbed his nuts in one hand, clamping a steel ball band around the sac and running a chain from it to the floor. Stockman moved forward and pushed on Sullivan's ass. The trapeze swing forward but was stopped as the chain snapped tight. Sullivan screamed again "Okay," Stockman said to Rieger.

Rieger stepped up to the conveniently positioned hole. He grabbed Su livan's tensed asscheeks and drove his shaft pasi the lips and completely into the defenseless guts. He pulled out no more than an inch, then slammed himself against the ass again. Stockman and Waiker moved to either side of the trapeze and began moving it for Rieger who remained motionless as the ass sid on and off his rigid pole. With each swing, the chain around Su livan's balls drew tight, punctuating each thrust with a muffled scream.

Rieger stepped back suddenly, putting his bulk out of the hole. His cock bobbed erratically, glistening with ass jism "That's it," he said, breathing hard, "I don't want to cum yet He's tight, though, like a fuckin' virgin." Stockmansmiled at the pronouncement. He gestured for Walker to take a turn.

Walker stepped into position. He cupped the twin mounds of assistesh and rubbed his hands over them lovingly. "Hard as a rock and smooth as a stone," he said. He moved his hands closer and closer to the center then spread the cheeks roughly exposing the nugget. He knelt and planted his face in the crack, driving his tongue into the tight warmth. His tongue flew in and

out of the hole until he suddenly pressed in even closer and wrapped his lips around Sullivan's backlips in a desperate kiss. Stockman poked Rieger in the ribs and gestured to Sull van's cock which strained against the barre

Walker stood and inserted two fingers from each hand into the ass, forcing the hole wide open. Sullivan squirmed and moaned in response, but his cock remained stiff as a board "He's clean," Walker announced, "he's ready Probably been waitin' for us," he laughed. He aimed his pole toward the target then leaned forward, watching it disappear into the tight hole alongside his four fingers. "Yeah, yeah! Tight as a drum," He rocked in and out, the rubber cock hanging out of his ass, whipping back and forth wildly. He came quickly, pulling out to dump half his load on Sullivan's asscheeks and bent forward to lap up his jism.

Stockman stepped forward "Undo the eyes," he ordered Walker, who stooped and removed the eye flaps. Sky-b use eyes, filled with terror, glared out at them upside down. Stockman stepped back so Sullivan could see him. Stockman's cock was hard, the knite extending from it he distraight out "I'd fuck you now," Stockman said, looking into the eyes, 'but that'd end it too quick." He stepped forward and grazed the underbelly of Sullivan's cock with the sharp point, 'Ever seen a cockless man?" Stockman asked, watching the point move slowly from side to side on the shart. "Or someone with no balls?" He rolled the barrel toward him, lowering Sullivan's nuts, then running the point across the thin, drum-tight flesh Sullivan's eyes widened and he stopped breathing as the sharp blade hovered near his sex. Stockman stepped back

"Get him down."

Sullivan was taken off the barrel and raised onto a crude multipositional table at one end of the car, Individual sections could be raised or lowered or removed. He was a d on his stomach, his cock and balls forced through a round hole. His chin rested on one edge and his legs were strapped wide apart; his arms strapped down along his sides and his head was strapped rigidly in place. Rieger stepped forward and forced his large cock into Sullivan's mouth, held open by pegs inserted between his jaws. Rieger ignored Sullivan's gagging and retching and drove his prick deep down the vulnerable throat until he could feel the spastic constrictions working to force the obstruction out. He threw his head back and let the violent retchings work on his cock. He withdrew and let Sullivan breathe then rammed himself down the throat again. Stockman was under the table. He grabbed Sultivan's cock and balls and slipped a tope round them and began coiling it around and around the base, creating a coil too big to fit back through the hole. He tied the rope off. He lay on the floor and reached up and wrapped his hands around the tethered organs and pulled until he raised himself off the floor. Sullivan tried to scream but only succeeded in gagging even more to the pleasure of Rieger's implanted shaft

Walker climbed onto the table and sank his shaft down into the exposed ass. He forced a finger in beside his shaft and felt himself inside Sullivan's guts, felt his cockflesh sliding in and out of the tightness. He forced in a tinger from his other hand and stretched the hole wider as he drove himself into it feeling his tiesh slide along the skin of his fingers and Sullivan's slippery tightness.

Rieger came with a holier. Cum pumped into Su livan's throat, gagging him even more. Walker came again in the ass. He pulled his still-drooling cock out but kept his fingers in the opened gut mouth, stretching it wide. He leaned forward and sucked his jism out.

"I think he's ready," Walker said to Stockman as the three stood back looking at Sullivan as he tay quivering on the table.

"Not yet," Stockman said, looking at a sheet of paper pinned to the wall. Following his instructions, Sudivan was horsted up by his wrists and ankles until he was doubled over. His ass was aimed straight down toward the table. Stockman removed the knite from his cock and he and Rieger climbed onto the table.





and lay on their backs, ass-to-ass, their legs intertwined. Their cocks were pressed together into one huge double shaft. Walker winched Sullivan down until his ass brushed against the double head. He screamed at the buik of what he felt pressing into him. Stockman hodded and Walker turned the crank slowly. They watched as their twin shafts forced their way into

Sul Ivan's rightness.

"Oh, shit!" Rieger hissed as he watched the ass envelope them both. Su livan's muffled screams and moans were ignored as he was lowered completely onto the huge bulk. His ass grazed their sex hair, their shalts completely disappeared. Walker moved forward and placed a hand on each of Sulfivan's asscheeks. He rotated Sullivan on the swivel in the chain, slowly at first as Stockman and Rieger moaned their satisfaction. Their cocks tried to twist around one another like the stripes on a barber pole. Walker turned Sullivan faster, Lubricating ass-jism drooled down onto the dual shaft to nest in sex hair, some of it flung outward onto stomachs or chests as Walker spun Sullivan taster and faster. Sullivan's ass spasmed against the impossible sensations and in minutes both Stockman and Rieger came, their jism adding more lubrication and drooling down to join the ass-juice in their wiry hair. Sulfivan came too, his syrup was tlung in a circle around them

Watker cranked Sultivan up off the twin shafts, Sollivan was laid over the table, his feet on the floor, his chest and arms strapped down. Rieger stood behind him. He quickly removed the six-inch bal shaft and massaged his nuts for a second before he stepped closer and began pushing his lank sac into Sullivan's ass. When most of the sac was inside, he kneaded a ball forward and pressed, grimacing, until it popped in. He forced the other one in, then slapped the ass with his hands until he felt it tense up, grabbing onto his nots and holding them fast. "He's got a grip like a fuckin turtle." He tried tugging his nuts free and was satisfied that it couldn't be done easily. He worked on his cock until it was semisolid, then bent it and aimed its head toward the small opening. Using both hands, he worked the head past the ips, then watched as the organ straightened itself, driving its ength into the ass to lay atop his imprisoned balls. He leaned forward until none of his sex-flesh was visible, all of it engulfed

by the groping lips

"Okay," he said, motioning to Stockman, Stockman unfas-Tened Sut Ivan. Rieger reached forward and pulled him upright. Su livan stood, his cock solid, Rieger fused to him at the ass. Su livan took a step forward but was stopped by the tug in his ass. He leaned forward and was suspended by Rieger's gonads. Rieger reached in front of Sullivan and wrapped his hand around Sul Ivan's cock and began working on it as if it were his own, as it his own had punctured through Sullivan. He played with Su livan's nuts with his other hand, as if they were his own, then ran his hand up Suffivan's stomach and chest, feeling and squeezing and tweaking the fits as if they were his own. Sufficient came suddenly, a stitled gasp of release emerging from the hood. His ass clamped light around Rieger's cock and balls, causing Reger to let out a pained cry. The two joined men carefully kneit, then lay down. Sullivan on his stomach, Rieger on top of him. Rieger rotated then knelt again, pulling Sullivan's trunk up with him. Rieger stood, pulling Sullivan's legs up. until Sull van's neck and shoulders were all that was on the floor. Ho ding him by the legs, Rieger began pumping himself n and out of the ass, his bads limiting his stroke. At the instant he came, Rieger released his grip and Sulfivan fell heavily to the thoor, Rieger's gonads snapping paintully free. Rieger cried out, ho ding his bads as his cock spewed jism wildly around the car,

Before Sullivan could move or recover from the shock of pulling the huge bulk of flesh through his asshole, Walker sat behind him, scooting his ass toward Sullivan's target, aiming the huge dildo which hung out of his ass at the tortured lips. The atex head made contact and Sullivan moaned again. Walker abbed his ass forward and watched the rubber head drive against the lips, spreading them. Sullivan cried out through the

hood as the incredible shaft drove up into him. Waker moved in slowly until the exposed shaft was completely planted down Sullivan's guts. They sat for a second, ass-to-ass, their lips meeting in a wide-open kiss as they each choked on the eighteeninch ersatz prick. Walker reveled in the sensation and raised himself slightly so he could swing his ass forward and back, driving his third leg in and out of Sullivan and deeper into himself Walker's sensitive ass sent the necessary messages and his cock erupted on its own, showering his stomach and chest and face with his own jism. He collapsed onto his back, still joined, as his cock drained itself. After a minute he got up, quickly, tearing the latex monster out of Sullivan's guts

Walker looked up and saw Rieger and Stockman looking down at him. They'd already changed and were wearing street

dothes:

We got one more tonight," Stockman reminded him, Walker nodded and quickly stripped off his uniform and dressed. Stockman put out the lamps and slid the door open. Rieger picked up Suffivan and the three took him back where they'd found him. They tossed him on the ground, naked and still wearing the taped-on hood, and disappeared into the night

Suitivan lay there, stunned, his body screaming unfamiliar screams, as aches and sensations he'd never experienced overpowered him, immobilized him. He'd been ravaged and territied and thanked God that it was over, that he was alive. After a while he got to his feet. He tried removing the hood but couldn't, not without a knife or scissors. The drizzle had turned to a hard-driving rain and he shivered as he headed toward his cat

Had it been worth the money? he asked himself. They had been good. They'd done everything according to instruction. And yet he felt...unfulfilled. It was like being in a play; you know what's going to happen. Maybe next time he'd make his instructions less precise...

You see what I see?" Sullivan spun around at the unexpected voice in the dim light he saw several boys...men...he couldn't tell. A gang. The collars of their dark, ackets turned up against the driving rain. They were across the street, but on seeing him they began crossing, coming toward him.

"Must be a queer out takin' a stroll," one of them chided. They moved closer: Sullivan froze, terrified. There were six of them, dressed in leather and jeans. They sauntered closer, laughing, making obscene suggestions. He found his courage and boited, running down the street away from the menace. He heard their lootsteps behind him, running after him. He saw his car in the next brock and ignored the pain in his lungs and his legs and ran straight out for it. Suddenly he was on the ground, his skin screaming in agony as he skidded across the dirty, wet pavement. He was pinned, boots pressed down on his wrists and ankles. He looked up into leering faces and watched as one of the men unzipped his pants. The others to lowed suit and he was looking up at six pricks aimed down at him. The piss splashed against his skin, screaming against his cuts and scratches. He screamed and heard them laugh and watched helplessly as they knelt down, their hands grabbing at him.

Stockman, Rieger and Walker crouched behind the low brick wall

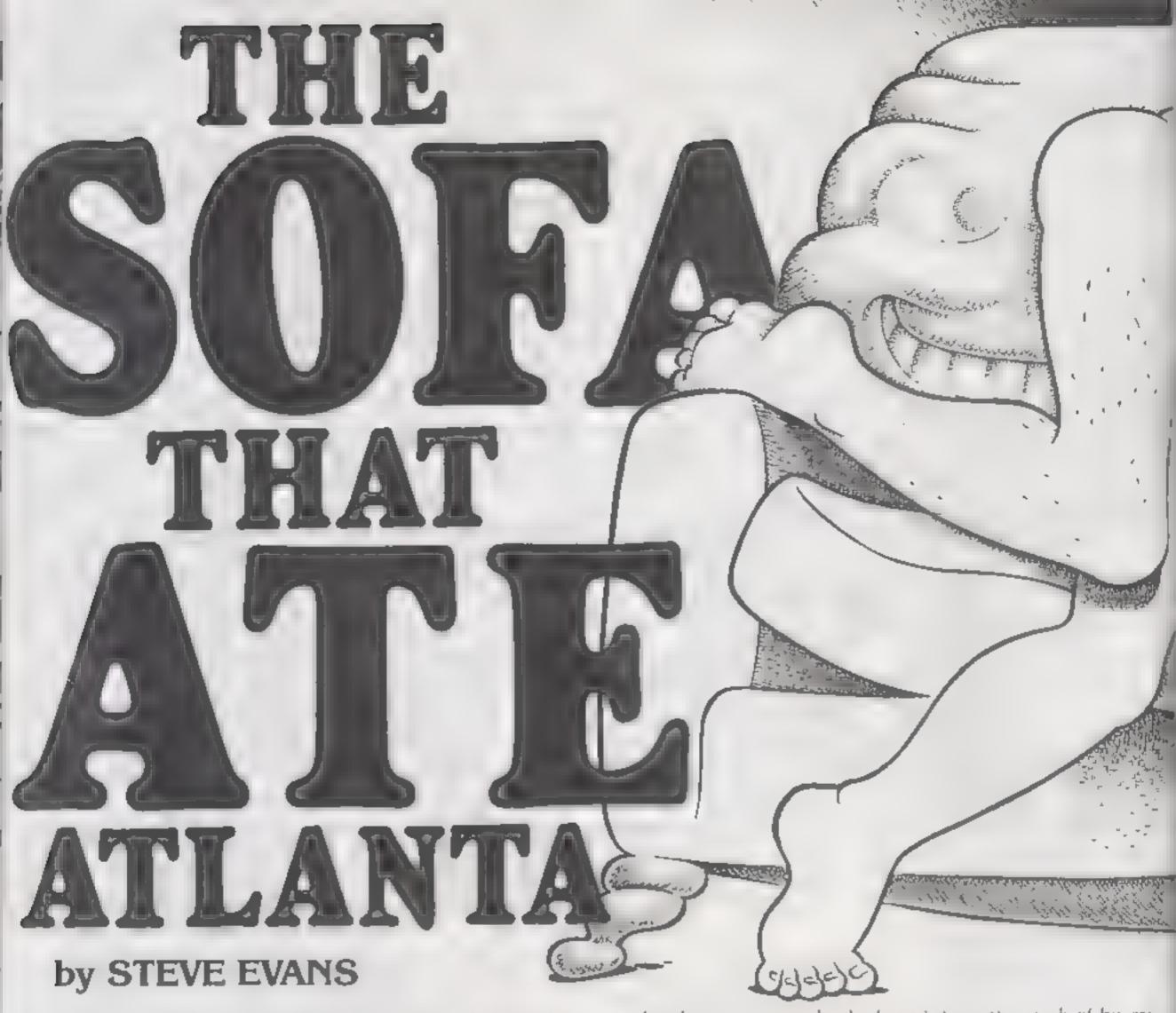
Wonder how Sullivan's dom'," Rieger asked itily as they waited

"Don't worry about Sulavan, worry about this next guy,"
"Tony and his guys should be giving him the theil of his life."

"Tony and his guys should be giving him the thrill of his life bout now."

"He paid for a rape, he gets a rape. First what he asked for, then what he really wants. Everybody's happy. C'mon, keep quet! The customer's about here."

They stated at the streetlight in the next block and saw it blink out for an instant as someone passed between it and them, and then they moved forward, ready.



Chuck walked into the living room, naked, still drying his back from the quick shower he had just grabbed. The weather had been a bitch, in the nineties for the last two weeks. The fan blowing in the corner was more a crutch for the psyche than

any physical good it did

Chuck lit a half-smoked joint that was in the ashtray and threw the damp towel at his cat who had been sitting in the doorway to the kitchen complaining about something. He ooked around the room taking another hit from the digarette Something really needed to be done to this apartment. After the breakup he hadn't ended up with shit. Even the sofa was a hand-me-down, three times removed, that had seen better days. The problem was that the sofa was the most comfortable prece in the room. He spent more time with tricks on it than in the bedroom. With the wear and tear it had received before he got it, he was sure it had seen a lot of action before it came to live with him.

Chuck sprawled out on the sota and finished his smoke. He fished a couple of throw pillows out from between the cushions and flopped over onto his stomach. Pulling one leg up and pushing his crotch down into the sofa's cushions he found a comfortable position. He was aware of the warm air being half-hearted y pushed over him and then he felt the cat walk down his back and curl up at his feet. Thoughts of hot, hunky men worked their way through his brain. He could feel their

hands moving over his body and down the crack of his ass. Chuck ground his crotch into the cushions as he felt a hot mouth slowly working its way down his cork. He worked his hips to the rhythm initiated by the hot throat. The men were trying to say something but he couldn't understand them. Their words sounded like cries of animals, no not like an mals, like cals, cats meawing.

Chuck opened his eyes and scanned the view of the apartment that was directly in front of him. He was very much aware of the erection he was laving on. He could still hear the cat but couldn't see it. Chuck swung his legs of the edge of the sola and sat up. He looked down between his legs and his cock was pointing straight up at him. "Fine friend you are. Where were you last night when I needed you?" Chuck looked around the room and then noticed the two eyes and two ears sticking up between the end cushion and the arm of the sola. "Dainn dumb cat." Chuck pulled the cushion up and the cat shot out of there like black lightning, up the stairs and across the patio." Damn cat is such a candy-ass that even a sola could beat him one on one.

With the cushion up. Chuck noticed the corner of a magazine sticking up between the back of the sofa and the bottom. He pulled it out and said to himself, "So that's where you went." It was one of his favorite jack off magazines. He had looked for it a couple of times; he was sure Andrew had taken it, Chuck



stid his hand down between the back of the sofa and the bottom. He came up with a quarter a dime and a good-size pinch of gerner. He looked at the intibetween his tingers and rolled it around. Gerner —damn, he liked the sound of that word. Not one person in a hundred knew what the intithat you get in the bottom of your pockets or in folds of cloth was called.

Chuck was on his knees in front of the sofa pulling the ushions off. He stuck his hand down along the back and tarted to bring out the hauf. When he finished and had put the ushions back in piace, he sat down and looked over his find acked on the coffee table. There were seven quarters, four times, three nickels, six dollars in bills, two gold chains air ing a queaky mouse that belonged to the cat, a membership card to he baths made out to a person he didn't know a plastic id from a Crisco can, air ing of keys, three trick towels another throw allow, and a leather cockring. Not bad, he had a real little money maker here. Not only was the sofa comfortable, it could all for itself as well. Chuck snapped on the cockring and started leafing through the fuck magazine with one hand.

Chuck and his trick got to the apartment sometime after dhight. He did the introduction to the cat and headed off to he kitchen to get a couple of beers. Returning to the living om. Chuck came up behind his knight for the night and put is arms around him. The guy took one of the beers out of

Chuck's hands and turned to face him. Their tongues attacked each other's mouths with all the sexual rage they fett in their cocks. Chuck pulled away saying "Just a second." Taking the beer out of the other guy's hand, he bent over the back of the sofa to put the cans of beer on the coffee table. Chuck's hot attle ass sticking up in the air was too much to resist. Chuck felt the guy's arms come around his chest and his hands slide down to his well-worn, Levr-encased crotch. The guy's equally well-worn crotch was grinding into Chuck's ass. The gyrations got rougher and just when things were getting interesting, there was a crash as the left rear feg of the sofa snapped off from the weight of the two hunky bodies. The sofa banged to the floor leaving the two men hanging over the back of the sofa like two rag dolls thrown there by some kid.

"Fuck!" was all Chuck said before he looked at the other gui and started laughing

"I'm sorry I broke it."

Don't worry, now I can take the brick out from, under the other end "

They both stripped out of their jeans and T-shirts and seriously started working on each other's bodies. Chuck had his ass on the arm of the sofa with his legs wrapped around the guy's waist. He could feel the head of the guy's cock pressing against him trying to gain access. Chuck slid his hips forward to help in the quest. He arched his back and then leaned forward

burying his tongue into that hot, waiting mouth. They fucked their way over the arm of the sofa and across two sofa cushions When they both reached their climaxes, Chuck was halfway off the sofa on the other end from where they started and the other one had his knees wedged between the cushions adding better

leverage to his thrusts.

Chuck fest their bodies slam together and they both slid back onto the sofa in each other's arms. Chuck laid there in the warm glow that he got after a really good fuck and iistened to the even breathing of his fuck buddy. He watched a drop of sweat work its way under the fine gold chain and down through the maze of fine go d hairs that covered the chest next to his. He watched a drop of sweat on his own chest work its way down and join others where their bodies touched. Chuck thought to himself. "I'm all for the romance, but laying here sweating like a pig doesn't cut it." He worked his arm out from under and edged off the sofa leaving his knight to his own dreams

Chuck was up at the crack of noon and looked out toward the living room. The two pair of boots were still on the floor behind the sofa. He took a quick shower and came into the living room with just a towel on. He didn't want to be too obvious, but on the other hand, no sense in being overdressed. He walked toward the sofathinking of a sexy way to wake up his date. As he got to the end of the sofa, he realized that there was no one there. Chuck looked behind the sofa to see if the boots were still there and then waiked toward the patio. Finding it empty except for the cat doing indecent things to itself, he came back into the living room. As he headed back toward the kitchen to make some cotiee, he noticed something white sticking up between two of the cushions. It was a T-shirt. He turned it right side out and read the words printed on the front

TREE TRAILS ATLANTA

That was the shirt the guy was wearing last night. Chuck left a chill run up his spine and he didn't like it. He jammed his hand down the back of the sofa and fished around. When he pulled his hand out, there was a fine gold chain wrapped around his fingers. He again put his hand down in the void and this time he brought out a wallet. He flipped the wallet open and saw a driver's license. The picture on the license was of his trick. He looked at the name: Robert Grant Thomas. No one leaves without his waitet. Not only his wallet, but his boots, too. Chuck got up and started pacing. The cat walked in from the patio and headed toward the sofa. He stopped short and his back went up. and he hissed, making a wide circle around that area

Chuck found himself staring at the sofa. He was cold and sweating at the same time. His towel had fallen off and he felt very vulnerable standing there naked. He started toward his bedroom to put on something. He stopped in mid-exit and turned back toward the sola screaming, "You ate my trick! You lousy fucking sofa, you are him!" Chuck was standing in the same spot with his arms wrapped around himself, shaking, when the knock at the door startled the shit out of him

Chuck was numb when he went to the door. As he opened the door, there stood his knight in just his jeans

Hi! You always answer the door with nothing on? Bet you

give the Fuller Brush man something to think about

Chuck looked down at himself and started to laugh "Where n the hell have you been?" Bob came into the apartment shutting the door behind him

"Well, sometime last night I woke up and it was so lucking hot in here I went out to get some air. I didn't want to wake you Anyway, the door locked behind me, so I went up on the root and I guess I tell asieep. Hope you're not mad. By the way, who were you talking with when I knocked at the door?

Chuck smiled at him, "No one, just the call Why don't you grab a shower and we'll go out and get something to eat

Bon dropped his jeans and threw them over the back of the sofa. Chuck watched his pretty ass disappear into the bathroom. He reached down and ran his hand over the taded blue. material. Fine. That explains what happened to him, but where. are my Jeans and Tishirt? Oh tuck, who cares Chuck reached down and picked up his towel as he headed for the shower

FOOT

Foot fanciers unite! The feel of a man's hands slowly massaging your tired feet. The smell of we l-worn athletic socks as your tongue slides between wigging toes. Licking the soles as your man moans in pleasure. then nibbling on his instep, Sucking each toe white you and he stroke your meat

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OUT OF THE THEATRICAL CLOSET

A drama historian in New York has uncovered a longlorgotten history of lesbian and gay roles on the American stage. Kater Curtin, who himself worked as an actor for many years, has discovered over 100 Broadway and off-Broadway productions from the '20s through the '50s that portrayed gay men and lesbians. Many faced attack from critics, producers, theater Owners, police and politicians. but were often surprisingly successful in spite of attempts at censorship.

Curtin's research will be presented in We Can Always Call Them Bulgarians: The emergence of lesbians and gay men on the American stage, published by Aiyson Publications, \$20 postpaid, by mail from Alyson Publications, 40 Plympton St., Boston, MA 02118

MAKE LOVE, NOT AIDS

So reads a new ad in the Swiss newspaper, Sonntagsblick. It is just one of severainventive ads submitted after the Office Federal de la Sante (federal Health Department) in Bern started a nationwide campaign of AiDS prevention

Other ads were not as subtie. One introduces Pope John Paul II hoisting a pack of rubbers and stating, "Fifth commandment: Thou shalt not kill!" And another got straight to the point, eventualy, with an official styled death announcement which read, 'Get rid of those damned rubbers! They are terrible! Hard to buy, boring to use. Offensive to you and your partner, and really frustrating. Rubbers destroy your sexual pleasure. Sure, they are the only way to prevent AIDS, but that's not enough reason to use them. Sincerely," and it is signed "DEATH," flourishing a scythe with "AIDS" printed on ıl.

Another agency submitted an ad which shows a row of Swiss soldiers with white blindfolds reading "HTLVnegative," except for one who has a black blindfold with "HTLY-positive" on it. The same treatment is given a row of children in cradles. The slogan reads, "Are you sure normal citizens don't need to know about AIDS?"

WE'RE ALL INVITED TO THE RECEPTION

Formal recognition by the organizers of the National March on Washington was recently made for couples 1 largest demonstration in his tory for lesbian and gary of is As part of the sportured events, a mass wedding for lesbian and gay couples will take place

Eleven regional commit tees, hundreds of local groups and numerous national organ izations are already organizing for information, contact the office of the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights, PO Box 1876, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10013-0323

CONDOM CONNOISSEURS

Student organizers at Stanford distributed 500 free condom samplers, which included lubricated and unlubricated varieties, smooth and ribbed, and exotic pink and brack rubbers, as part of a Great Condom Rating Contest. The giveaway on February 17 and 18 was part of the kickoff of National Condom Week at the university. The contest was coordinated by Ken Ruebush of the Stanford AIDS Education Project with the support of the Stanford administration.

The only kicker was that contestants were asked to fill out and return a questionnaire

on the various condoms as February 20 Considering that each packet of samples contained at least sn a ne ne and only two days to complete testing, that meant it i knots and willing partners. We have received no re an ar ar fit to the results of the survey

LUBRICANT STUDIES

The place core ce Alusan Isoc tro dea diseases in him premited the issuid Tie, donozzaol + pired for Cants since 19 viiii lests 1 own that non manual 9 km > Jue AIDS vires intirations march on Oct. 11 will be the response was that it is the against the APS was and achieved a 101 - I flyeth in 30 sevent are all no records to the lengthe Notific a continued Tellas it ed by this k encyte 1 hi Heijes - " to I say age to to are a set and all the comments n 1 or a ter sace testing as not been could alted on el erite HIV o ilicaes Sim planting screen there is marate tob end to dar to permi with mil

to it did a the , the testi a compila vetesti, it Ludrase (1 claga nst a p) product containing news, nol-9 (ForPlay) was cond. 4 to determine which for has the strongest antibact a effects. Using three communibacteria-Coli, Salmone a and Proteus—a leading inde pendent laboratory's test sults showed that Lubracey killed all three end as ta to seconds while he privar OLYTO 9 based, Tell Took over twenty-four hours

MASS CANCELLATION

The Archbishop of San francisco announced that a papal Mass sheduled to be celebrated by Pope John Paul II at St. Mary's Cathedgal when he visits San Francisco

lember his bie i cancered No reason was given for the the in hit it it is no remait . cles on the Popes is in the gay and hingay papers in the B , Area it is abvocas that of Color of the threat of dem sign stause line character of me

Fi R Fort Cromes, an in-Kay I f at I my promate to it top of to the Pape and sale age for the three types coling AIDS and a seast is unbolley-I titles to contenta about Arrica in addition, his posi-... on ibgrition, birth contoo he at I halion of wo pen to a property chief occ la , stance , e . l ints skila p, i. legges (h staniv a dadiname

A papal Mass is still on the 'agre a schedule, to be held at C. of esteck Park Gay and less et true natif la strepa . e e e tice in the ton ban ed there 17 0 dl 101 h y 25d 11/dtors the Box Area

MONEY TALKS

Ing 1 5 No var I sorly keeper recently covered a in, about the power of the Partir K. Ascandarar sin there withobetover Banks n Constant the Indeal B server System is no latert carence some blaths rad THE S ET GAY S IT SHOW the come of homercua. Trefed however r i h i is were not deand not re inel them to

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Your bis can only be stamped on the let sice of the from the proper to be in complaner with blaw keep up the good work'

BOUND FOR

CONCLUSION: The Ultin

ven as the last of the semen spurted and dripped from Gonar's big prick, they dragged the others in and fastened them to the wooden X-frames, spread-eagle as he was, facing the hideous huge idol of the veiled Dworkrimian. The orange light from the tripods flickered over their ravaged bodies and the smel of their blood and sweat added sharply to the chamber's reek of death and horror. The High Priest let go of Gonar's cock and wiped the jism from his hand across Gonar's face.

"Now, your Holiness," the High Priest said to the High Prophetess, "we shall exterminate the last of our opposition in Jhent, thereby beginning our conquest of the rest of the world

for the Dwork,"

"More even than you know," the Prophetess responded. "These captives are enough to enact a powerful sacrifice. Their death agonies should be sufficient to open the gates of eternity and et Dworkrim an come into our world as an actual, physical presence."

'What?' asked Lady Lharna from where she hung, her usual composure broken by her circumstance. "Have you never

managed a pastry nine captives before?"

Never nine of such it ustrious provenance," the Prophetess answered cooly, "Never nine leaders of armies, heads of cities, champ ons of anguish. Never so many who have worshiped so many false gods. As you die, each of you, you shall renounce by name every one of the gods you have called upon. And with that renunciation those gods shall weaken, and the lines of power by which Dworkrimian travels be established in all the lands where those gods are given due. The Dwork is already inexorable, but its movement has been slow. With your aid it will be swift. And you will be rewarded for it in the next world if your repentance is sincere."

"Oh, their repentance will be sincere," the High Priest smiled. "Before they die they will regret every moment of their ives and wish only for the succor of rest at Dworkrimian's great

breasts,"

Gonar had seen the idol unveiled, and it was beyond his imagination that he should find any succor at those monstrous dugs. But he was too tired now to cry out, too much in the domain of despair. There seemed to be nothing that he could do Not even his resistance to pain, his ability to escape through the disciplines of Shegri, could avail here. All that was left him was the prospect of honor, dying without renouncing his rightful gods.

He settled the tatters of his mind as best he could, holding central the image that he would not renounce Roghgota, would not renounce Wa-at, who had possessed him and healed him in recent times. Whatever else, the god of his people and the god who had befriended him would retain his loyalty.

"Bring in a circle of nine of our clergy," the Prophetess

instructed

"Need they have any particular qualifications?" the High Priest asked

"None," the Prophetess answered. "They will only stand to receive the powers of Dworkrimian that flow into this world with each small death the captives give the other gods,"

If there were only one true god." Lady Lharna asked, "why would you find it necessary to fight against those who did not

exist?

To Gonar the question seemed so self-evident that it need not be asked. But Lady Lharna was a noblewoman of Rhengfel, and her mind was different from his; she might have some hope some pian yet undefeated. Did she conceive that the Prophetess might be forced to think about her presumptions?



GLORY

ate Bondage



"For the same reason that your false gods fight against the swamp spirits," said the Prophetess. "Those swamp spirits who are in truth no more than demigods who serve the Dwork, even as we do."

There was an intake of breath in the room, and even the High Priest seemed shaken. This, then, was the final revelation. Dworkrimian, beneath a mask of piety, was monarch of the swamp spirits and could no longer deny it. Dworkrimian was the central force of evil in the world, against which all gods fought, against which all religions were allied.

The myths told how in the ancient times the world had been ruled by great monsters, and how then the monsters had been tamed by the swamp spirits: and how then the gods had come into being and vanquished the swamp spirits. This was the proper order of the universe, that generation succeed generation.

But whereas the great monsters had slowly died away under the despotic rule of the swamp spirits, the swamp spirits, under the benevolent rule of the gods, had not given in to the progression of life, but had fought to hold back the tide of time and fix the world forever in their own image. Thus the gods had made bumanking for their allies beings so short-lived that eternity would not seem to them of much importance

Yet the swamp spirits had shown humankind eternity as a bauble and offered the short-lived fleshly men and women the prospect of living forever in a world that never changed, in which the rules were fixed and immutable, and some took the bait, and sided with the swamps against the rules of the gods. They were the ones who now were used to frighten wicked children, for they were thrall to the swamp spirits and they lived forever amidst the slime pits and the decay, eternally struggling for food, naked to the elements, creatures without thought or reason or sense of beauty, though they might crawl amidst the gorgeous flowers of the swamp by day and sleep under the warm decay by moonlight.

It was these elder beings, the swamp spirits, of whom Dworkrimian was the chief, and now they bid for power as never before

Somehow they must be stopped!

The High Priest left the chamber and quickly returned with nine priests and priestesses, all black robed and haggard, some with slashes in their garments testifying to their participation in the battle. Among them was the old woman who had given Gonar soup to eat, and her eyes were wilder than before, her gray hair flown loose in mad whisps, as if she had indulged in some wild rite since he had seen her. Gonar thought sudly that it was such as she, the deranged, the helpless of heart, who would unknowingly betray both gods and humans into the clutches of the ultimate horror. Into a bondage which, if the Prophetess succeeded, would last forever,

—And yet, as he looked at her mad face, Gonar felt a twinge, a disquieting sense of tamiliarity about the woman. There was something...But not he had undoubtedly seen her before when he had offered himself at the temple in order to gain knowledge.

of the missing prince, so long ago

"You nine!" the Prophetess commanded her clergy, "Form a circle here before me".

They did as they were told, linking hands before the Prophetess and the veiled idol,

North propert "they will be a did not be held the

Now, priest," she said. "I will need men to hold the victims of sacrifice while they are dispatched. Bring me your strongest!

The High Priest went forth again and returned with huge, well-muscled benchmen in black robes

'The first shalf be the boy!" the Prophetess said, and Gonar felt his heart stop, forced his eyes from going to fillian or Ketis. 'The one who has already begun his journey by the loss of his balls

Gonar's heart started again: and yet it was unworthy of him, he knew, to tee relief. It was Chebid's kidnaping by the torturers of Rhengfel that had led him to Ketis, that had brought him to the volcano god's attention. How could be care less about Chata's brother?—And yet he did, for Chebid was not his lover.

The muscled priests unbound the dark haired boy with sullen eyes and dragged him across the sanctuary to stand before the Prophetess on her throne, on the other side of the circle of clergy from where Gonar and his friends hung suspended. His body was pierced by only a few arrows, but he had been whipped until he was crisscrossed with bloody wells. There seemed no spirit to him at all

Speak, boy," the Prophetess said. "Tell me what gods you will denounce

I will denounce no gods, for it has been long since I have worshiped any. When I prayed in Rhengiel they did not answer me and my balls were cut off and I was raped and used by any who would use me. The gods abandoned me, so I abandoned them Your god is no better! It it were up to me, I would see them all dead!



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Chebid's words dripped with sarcasm.

Chebid, not cred Chala where she bong, and Gonar felt for her. But he asso understood the boy, knew what the boy felt. He had seen what things had been done, and he had seen by the light of Chebid's behavior at Throm how bitter was the boy's burt.

"Then you come as a pure sacrifice!" the Prophetess crooned. "We are fortunate indeed!"

She stood and turned and raised up her arms to the huge idol. "Oh, Great One who was before the gods trod the Earth under their jeweled feet, hear me and accept this, the first of our sacrifices, that your power may be reestablished upon the face of the World."

She reached her fat hands forward, pale extensions of her flabby arms, and seized the veil that covered the statue. She pulled, and it fell away, revealing the features of Dworkrimian for all to see.

It was as Gonar remembered

Dworkramian was carved from smooth black stone, but it was not a beautiful visage. Huge, corpulant, it squatted over the pit of the dead as if it were shitting on the lives that were made as offerings It. For Dworkrimman was neither male nor female, nor yet the beauty of the androgyne, nor even the mystery of the hermaphrodite. The face was round and covered with warts, like a toad. The shaggy hair was cropped off unevenly, like a wild thing with mange. A malicious grin betrayed ugly teeth, but the close-set, deep eyes held no mirth, only contempt. Great sagging breasts that never nursed life hung above a fat roi of a belly. Betow that, great seedless balls were surmounted by a cock more like that of a cat than that of a human male; it was long and upcurved and tapered, with a head that was barbed. That cock was thick at the base, but it rose up before the idol tailer than a man to where the small, barbed head was not so big as a fist. Behind the balls a vagina opened, as if ready to deliver a chi distraight down to Death

It was a travesty of everything that was good or beautiful in life

Gonar had known, in his heart, the first time he had seen the thing, that it was not a god, but an opponent of gods; had known instinctively that it was allied with the swamp spirits.

"Mount the boy upon it!" the Prophetess commanded. Gonar swallowed, remembering that the High Priest had used this method to kill the boys he chose, that such had been full ar 's intended end until he, Gonar, had rescued the lad and left the High Priest so mounted instead. Better he should have killed the High Priest outright, he thought now, and put an end to at least one evil man, even at the cost of committing plain murder, than for things to have come around as they had.

Cheb d strugg ed, but he was weak, a wounded toy before the strength of the muscled priests. They brought a ladder and raised him up, pulled his legs apart until his asshole was exposed, then lowered him onto the deity's stone cock. Though not so big as a man's fist, the head was large and tore his sphincter as they forced him down on it. When the head was in him they let his arms go but held on to his legs and pulled him down further, forcing the black stone cock further and further up into him, its increasing width ripping him wider and wider apart. His screams echoed from the stone walls of the chamber ike the rip of lightning in a nightmare

Gonar looked at Chala. She had bit through her lip, but she could not look away as her brother was tortured. She would not cry out, but the tears streamed from her eyes.

'Do not kill him," the Prophetess said quietly, and her voice betrayed her subtle lust. "Let him die slowly where he is."

They let Chebid's legs go and he thrashed, tried to reach down to the shaft of the stone prick and lift himself, tried to use his bare feet to push himself up, but it was too late. The blood from his bowels trickled down the black stone obscenely. Though he jerked like a hideous puppet on a stick, he was doomed already to die by the damage that was done.

"Who next?" the High Priest asked, licking his lips with

excitement

"You shall decide," the Prophetess answered, "You have served here well, bringing the King to his knees, delivering a kingdom to the Dwork. What about Gonar, whose life you asked me to spare in battle? What have you planned for him?"

The High Priest turned to face Gonar and the delight and malice upon it was the very personification of a swamp spirit.

"Yes, Gonar," he mumbled. "Something very special, with Your Holiness' permission. But something that I would do myself, while you finish with the others."

"So be it!" the Prophetess said.

The High Priest gestured and two others brought a small wooden platform and placed it before where Gonar hung spread-eagle. Then the High Priest pulled off his robes and stood naked, his long, thin cock already stiff and dripping.

He gestured again and he was handed a ritual knife, a jeweled thing with rubies and emeralds set in the hilt. He stepped up

onto the platform.

"At last, Gonar, at last—you shall serve the Dwork!" he whispered, then he slid the tip of the blade into Gonar's belly. Just slightly, just enough to cut through the skin, the muscle wall, just enough to make a slit, a verticle hole

Gonar gasped, but he would not cry out. The pain was not even as intense as that of the arrows that still pierced his flesh.

The High Priest handed the dagger to an acolyte, then he took his long prick in his hand, aimed it and pushed it into the incision he had made in Gonar's belly. Their bod es came in contact as he thrust all the way in.

Gonar moved his head quickly, tried to catch the High Priest's throat in his teeth; but the High Priest was too quick. The evil man pulled his upper body back just enough, then, laughing

monstrously, he began to fuck into Gonar's guts.

Gonar could not help himself, and he began to struggle. This only made the High Priest more excited. He twisted his hips, rammed the long cock in at angles, punished Gonar's intestines as once he had punished them through the anus. Gonar began to moan, then to cry, then to scream

The Prophetess stepped into the circle of clergy, turned and

lifted her arms again to her deity.

"Come, Dworkrimian, ruler from before time! Come and restore your rule upon the World! Take this blood for your sacrifice! Take this pain for your conveyance! Come! Come!"

A deep humming sound filled the room, a sound like locusts swarming toward fields of wheat. The flames in the lamps and upon the tripods flared up, it was as if a foul wind blew up and out of the pit beneath the idol

"No! No!" Gonar heard someone screaming, even through the sound of his own screaming and that of the dying Chebid.

But another voice of fear was of little consequence. The pain in his belly as the High Priest fucked him was brutat. Gonar was dimly aware that the great black stone idol was glowing, that the carven flesh seemed to be softening, that its dark stone color was paling to grey. He saw as through a mist that the Prophetess was also beginning to glow, that she seemed to be vibrating with some unnatural energy.

But that, too, was inconsequential. In his pain Gonar knew that it was time for him to die. The cock that thrust with n him meant his end, an end of infection if not present and immediate death. He moved swiftly in the corridors of his mind, to the one door that he had never yet opened, the one that led beyond his mind, beyond the world. He opened it, saw within the light of shrines and prepared to step through. His spirit he commended to the keeping of his gods, to Roghgota and to Wa at; for though they might not now be able to help him, they were still his gods. If he could will his own death now, white still he was theirs, then it might do some small good

Norem-at's voice cut through the maelstrom of screaming, the priest of the volcano god crying out at last, despairing incantation, a plea for his god to come and stop what was happening; but it was of no avail. The terrible vision grew clearer in Gonar's eyes, the horror of his own pain and death

becoming insignificant before the terrifying reality that Dwork-

rimian was answering the Prophetess' call

The statue moved. Its eyes opened, its mouth twitched, revealing more of its ugly teeth. The long cock on which Chebid was impaled twitched, drawing an even more anguished scream from the dying boy. Then one huge hand came up from the statue's side, wrapped around Chebid and forced him downward all the way. The monstrous barbed cock pushed out through his lower chest, blood spurting; then gobs of discolored semen throbbed from the evil prick, and Chebid ceased to scream.

There was a crash like thunder, a sound that hammered the ears, and Dworkrimian stood. It stood from its eternal squat, pulled the boy's spent body of its cock, and hurled the empty husk of him down into the pit beneath where it stood. It looked around hungrily with the idiot grin of unleashed chaos.

The High Priest Jerked, and Gonar felt sperm squirt into his

beily from the long, pulsing cock

But he felt something else, something like a rock suddenly

present in his innards.

"Mighly Dworkrimian!" the Prophetess crowed. "You are here, and the world is yours!"

The High Priest's body went tense, and he looked up at

Gonar's face, puzzlement in his eyes

"Not quite!" proclaimed another voice, a voice that Gonar recognized; and the old woman, the old mad priestess with grey hair, stood straight up and dropped her hands from the

circle and stepped back

The world seemed to rush, like a field fire fanned by hot winds. The rock in Gonar's belly grew hot, then it was a fire. A presence he knew well spread out from the glowing rock and tilled his veins. He felt something rush out of the door that he had opened in his mind, felt himself swept aside, made small, as the god Wa-at came into him, possessed him. The doorway to his death slammed shut.

The Prophetess turned to face the old woman, and her hair stood on end in the still air, like a nest of writhing snakes. She reached her fat hands out, as if to grasp at the throat of the old

woman

The old woman's hand shot up in a ritual gesture of power, and the Prophetess recled, as if struck. Dimly, from the part of his mind where Gonar was still allowed to dwell, he recognized the old woman. She was the Queen of Jhent; she who had come to him once disguised as a beggar woman. She shook her head and the grey of her hair seemed to slough off, like dust, and she stood tall and red-haired once again. But now she was not a mere queen, she was a priestess; and not of Dworkrimian!

"Unnn," the High Priest moaned, and he tried to pull back, to withdraw his spent cock from Gonar's open belly, but it was too

are.

Gonar felt his arms more powerful than those of any living man. His biceps contracted and the bonds that held his wrists snapped. He pulled in his thighs and his legs also were free. His arms wrapped around the High Priest and embraced him, forced the long, thin cock back in.

And Gonar felt his body begin to glow with the burning red

heat of lava

"Aaaanhhonnon!" the High Priest screamed

Dworkrimian stared down at the Prophetess, looked over at the Queen of Jhent, then reached out, as if to seize the Queen in one buge hand and crush her. But as the hand reached, the air above the Queen shimmered, and a vision clothed her of size equal to that of the demon deity. As huge, as fat, but of a surpassing beauty

Gonar recognized the Great Mother of Rwowal, and the

hand of Dworkrimian withdrew as if scalded

The room began to shake, and Wa-at's head, in which Gonar dwest, moved to the side. A vision like the one that overlay the Queen was condensing around Ketis, a vision tall and beautiful and possessing the attributes of both man and woman. It was

the Lover of All, the sublimely beautiful deity of Drenfel. Ketis bonds were snapped as easily as his own had been.

Then, in quick succession other gods appeared, overlaying Lady Lharna, Chala, Fillian; and last Chom.

And the god who came upon Chom was Roghgota, the shining warrior, the god of Therit to whom Gonar had prayed all his life.

He was the golden war chief now, the man beautiful beyond all men, fiercer than the sun of the summer desert, the defender of the homeland, the stern and loving father. His flesh was like burnished gold and his eyes were like twin stars. He was armed with a bow of silver, but his arrows were of fire fletched with flowers. He drew aim at Dworkrimian and spoke, and his voice was like a thousand small bells and a million great bells, ringing from their heights of the sky and the depths of the sea.

"Dworkrimian, once ruler of the springs from which life sprang, you have denied the order of nature and sought to stem the tide of generation. We let you live on out of compassion, in closeness to this world, for it once was yours. But you have abused our charity and now it will be withdrawn. We could not touch you, by our own laws, so long as you stayed between the worlds. But you have trespassed here, and here you cannot escape our justice. Go now, to that realm to which you should have traveled long ago. Trouble these children no more "

The god released his arrow.

Gonar barely noticed that his arms were opening and that the burnt corpse they held, merely brittle ash by now, fell away.

There was a deep swamp to the north of Jhentfel and in it the shattered black and red stones of the Temple of Dworkrimian were sunk. The area where the temple had been built was a place of poverty, so the Queen ordered it leveled.

A lesson had been learned about poverty, and the kind of things that can find their way into life through its despair, so the Queen ordered spacious buildings erected where the poor might be clothed and fed. A more powerful lesson had been learned about poverty in the spirit, so the Queen ordered that temples be built in among the shelters to each of the nine gods who had delivered Jhent from the Dwork. Though the poor might never be more than poor, though their spirits might never mend, they at least would not become the fodder of evil and its doctrines, for they would have access to beauty and such love as the gods could manifest during their reign over the world.

At one side of these temples and dwelling places a small villa was built, so located that one would not come upon it by accident, nor even know of its existence without being told Small shanes to each of the Nine were built within its walls, and lesser priests and priestesses of each desty delegated to serve there, attending to the rites and caring for King Rhanges, whose madness remained.

Prince Hrendel was promised to his people and acclaimed heir to the throne, but he was not yet well and it might be that he would never recover fully from what had happened to him in Molukenor. For this reason the Queen appointed Gonar and Chom as his regents should she die before he fully recovered.

Gonar felt stupid

Who was he to be regent to a prince? What did he know of statecraft?

Chom was not pleased, for it bound him to the throne, a thing no Corsair of Tilesia could find amenable. Yet he was already bound by the love he bore Gonar, and Gonar was a citizen of Jhent. Chom admitted that his love for Gonar had already bound him to the climes, so it was not so bad as it might be.

The arena was reopened and word sent forth to the world that Shegri was once again the sport of Jhent. This pleased the populace, but all allowed that it would be some time before body betting held the fascination it once had. There had been too much torture in deadly earnest for it to be the attraction it

was in time of peace

Gonar found the burned ruins of his house of treasures when he looked for it, but that was not the tragedy it might have been He had kept much of his wealth buried beneath the earthen floor, where fire did not reach it, nor robbers, nor vandals. He was surprised when Chom dug down in one corner of the ruins and retrieved the ruby firestone which had started it all. He was more surprised when Chom pinned the brooch in which the tirestone was set onto his cloak

Lady Lharna returned to Cledata with her mate, the Head Man of the village, and such of their troops as had survived. They took Norem-at with them, and other priests as well that they might imitate Jhenifel in building temples (if somewhat smaller) to the Nine

Chala elected to stay in Jhentfel. With her brother gone and the chieftainship of Cledata secure in Lady Lharna's hands there was no need for a ware hief there in the mountains. The Queen of Jhent made her a general of the armies and invested her with golden laurels. She put up a stone in memory of her brother and dedicated it to Roghgola

As for fillian and ketis-

They have the makings of champions, do they not, Gonar my Gonard 'Chom asked

They do, my Master," Gonar said from where he knelt at Cham's feet

Chum had outfitted a room in the palace, where now they all dwe t, for games. Nearby Prince Hrendel sat entranced, his young cock stiff, as Ketis and Fillian sweated out the ordeal Master Chom had prepared

Hrender was beginning to recover, at least physically, Conar noted. His body was filling out under the regimen of training that Gonar had present of the trackers weights dance swimining in a great pool at the center of the palace grounds. gymnastics under the open sky. He was still prone to lear when the other heast if coda 5 go with watched orients and

masturbated at their accomplishments. He'd certainly have no trouble, if the volume of his ejaculation was any indication, fathering an heir when a princess was found for him.

"Yneeeee!" Ketis yelped as the harness from which he hung let him swing too far downward toward the hot coals over which they were both suspended. He thrashed, then shot up, barely missing contact with the flames.

"Good move!" Chom encouraged, stroking his big dark

prick and rubbing the precum over the head of it.

The harnesses were elaborate, crossing the chest and stomach twice and looping tightly around the thighs at the groin They left the arms and legs free, but fastenings at the knee and ankles were attached to pulleys behind the back so as to give one complete freedom of movement in three dimensions. It was almost like flying, Gonar thought, provided the counterweights were precise. One could leap into the air, bound off walls, sail toward an opponent with no trouble at all. It was a system Chom had seen in a far land for knife fighting, but here it was adapted to Shegri by the simple means of making the floor a pit of hot coals and improvising some rules.

The rules today were very simple. The boy who got his rocks off first was the winner, but he could not touch himself in order to do it. He had to use his opponent's body as sex object, and that without letting the opponent shoot first. It was like a wrestling match for sex, except that you could not really approach your opponent's rear because of the harnesses and

their rigging, at least not in the usual fashion.

Filian bounded off the far wall and sailed in, taking advantage of Ketis' desperate attempt to clear the coals. He grabbed ketis' ankle and yanked, thus spinning Ketis upside down, then he grabbed Ketis by the balls and shoved his cock against Ketis' face

"Suck it!" Fillian yelled, squeezing the big young bails, Gonar felt pride in them, delighted at the way their fully





hard with watching them, but he kept his hands strictly at his sides. It was his Master's right to decide when he would come out.

Ketis wiggled, his red hair sweeping back and forth, and both boys began to descend toward the coals

'Think you can make me? Quick enough?" Ketts asked

fillian had to let go and twist his body hard to keep from touching down and getting burned, and that gave Ketis the advantage. He wiggled again, relaxed, let his counterweights lift him, then reached out and grabbed fillian's cock as he went up. Fillian yowled as he was pulled off course by his dong then grappled for the boy who held him, his blue eyes flashing as sweat flooded them.

Come up here and suck me!' Chom commanded quietly Gonar eagerly climbed to his knees and fastened his mouth on Chom's big cock, sliding his tongue around the foreskin apping up the precum as happily as any cat laps cream. He knew now, for the god had told him in the last seconds before leaving, that Chom could do with him as he would. There would be no more possessions unless they were called for further and further he took the engorged tool down his throat his eyes stinging with the sheer pleasure of it.

From the corner of his vision, Gonar saw Fillian get hold of Ketis' arm and twist. For a moment it became a contest of sheer endurance, a question of whether Fillian could inflict more pain on Ketis by twisting his arm than Ketis could inflict on him by pulling and twisting his hard prick. But Gonar knew better than either boy who must win that exchange, and it was no surprise when Ketis let go the stiff dick and twisted in midair to take the torque off his arm.

Chom reached down and seized the ring through Conar's nipple, began to twist it. Gonar sucked harder, his eyes moving back and forth between the airborn battle and Chom's face Chom's black eyes glittered with pleasure as he watched his charge's wager, as he felt the ministrations of Gonar, his s ave of love. A fine sweat coated his darkly glowing skin, not unlike the golden skin of the god who had possessed him

have been possessed by Roghgota, the god that he, Conar loved more than all others, for one always saw the god in others easier than in oneself. He wondered if perhaps there were some special place in the heart of Chom for Wa-at; but it was not the kind of question one asked of one s master

fillian came in with a daring frontal allack next and with sudden swittness knocked Ketis directly upside down. While the redhead was trying to recover, he grabbed his legs and helped them upright, then rammed his stiff cock between them, right into the soft mass of Ketis' balls.

'Oww1'

With delighted fury the blond youth fucked at his opponent's balls while Ketis hung unbalanced, unable to recover without sending himself head downward onto the coals

That's it! Fuck him! Fuck him!" cried Prince Hrendel, ack

ing madly at his cock as he watched

Chom twisted savagely at the ring through Gonar's tit then forced his face hard down on the huge prick. It began to pulse in Gonar's mouth and he felt himself quiver a lover, the excitement of receiving his master's load a most unbearable.

You shoot it on my balls, you'll lick it of!! "cried Ketis, trying a last-ditch distraction and knowing full well that Fillian would do so happily

the cried Prince Hrendel, and Gonar knew the boy was ummine

Lounnhhh! cried Fillian, and Gonar could almost feel the

sensation of hot cum flooding onto battered balls

Take it!" cried Chom, and the hot, sweet load gouted from his master's prick into Gonar's mouth, and everything was right with the world! for Gonar knew himself now to be in the altimate bondage, which was tove.

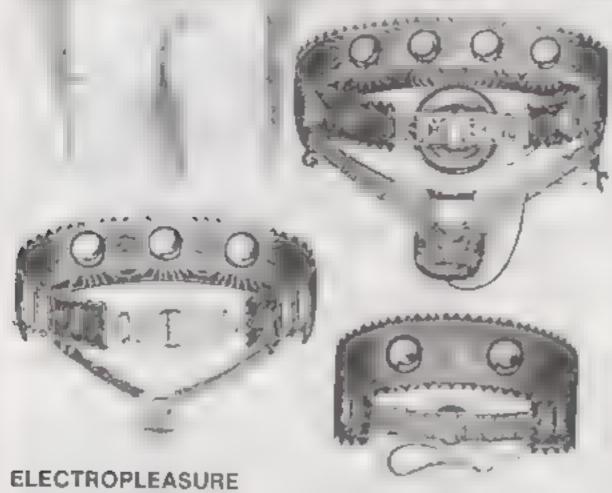
Sandmutopia University TechTalk E1

Electrotorture/Electropleasure

by Fledermaus

First icity a mysterious torce that has no shape, no color, no visit e form. It isn't solid or ilcond or gas. Heat and light we can see an I feel, we want them and need them. They are forms of energy that have been with its since before our ancestors came down from the trees. But except for an occasional crack of ight ring, electricity is new to civilized man.

At the turn of the century, and well into our own, this marveous new form of energy (laminated our buildings, heated our (o. by toasted our bread parmoving pictures and locomotives and it a an early of things. Exerticity was also the "wonder or of the age of this generation of snake oil salesmen created electrical devices that would "Promptly, Absolutely, and Permanently Cure Rheumatism, Lumbago, Siatica, Goul, Kidney Diseases, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Indigestion Constipation, Nervous Exhaustion, Bronchitis, Pulmonary Affections (s.c), Neuralgia, Spinal Weakness, Erver Complaint, Consumption, Asihma, Female Disorders, General and Local Debility, Writer's Cramp, Hysteria, Functional Disorders, Etc., Etc., And this was just the "Long Tested, Never Equalled, Harness' Electropathic Battery Belt, Many others claimed a much longer list, including everything from dandruff to athlete's foot, from ache to gonorrhea, from hypertension to impotency.



It is doubiful that these devices were ever of much medical use. But thousands were purchased and used, most likely because they felt good. Were they still available from Sears, Roebuck & Co. catalog today, I know many men who would gladly strap on a Heidelberg Electric Belt, complete with Electric Sack Suspensory which "encircles the organ, carries, the vitalizing, soothing current direct to these delicate nerves and fibers, strengthens and enlarges this part in a most wonderful manner." The Von Graef Vari-Clamp is another wonderful device I wish I had for the Sandmutopia Supply Company catalog. It would be an instant best seffer!

Electricity can be frightening. Early in this century it was marvelous, magic. Minds were open to the unlimited uses to which it could be put. They were willing to believe it could cure anything and were willing to accept it as a source of pleasure (as much as our ancestors' puritanical background could allow them to accept anything pleasureable). Today, electricity has ost its mystery. It is accepted as an absolute necessity, but it is also feared. About the only way we even see electricity discussed in the common press is related to its cost, or to its ability to kill—the electric chair, a TV antenna against a power line, or a bolt of lightning on a golf course. Electricity kills. It is not something to be played with. This statement is both true and false

Bright sunshine, a lazy day at the beach, lying in the sun; it feels good. Blazing sun, blistering heat, arms and legs tied to stakes, naked body exposed, immobile; it's torture. The difference is the degree and the control. The same is true with electricity. The same man who will writhe in ecstasy at the tingle of electricity to his balls: -current he applies and controls—will quickly scream in agony at an only slightly increased current controlled by someone else.

ELECTROTORTURE

In the real-life torture centers of the world, electricity is in. Electric shock in one form or another is listed as a method of torture used by virtually every country covered by Amnesty International. It is cheap, readily available, easy to use, and most importantly of all, it is effective and, if done correctly, leaves no trace on the victim. Electric torture can be excruciatingly painful. With intense questioning it can force information from a reluctant source. It can make the strongest man writhe in agony and scream his head off. After a couple of "educational" sessions he will cringe at the sight of the wires

hard labor is involved. Swinging a whip, using fists and boots, even squeezing balls, is hard work. With electricity all you have to do is hook him up and throw the switch or turn the crank. The electricity takes his undivided attention. You can sit back and relax, or even go out to lunch; his only thoughts will be of the pain and how to stop it. And when you are finished with him there are no telltale bruises, cuts, confusions, broken bones, etc.

During the Algerian War, when the French in Algers gol desperate and started rounding up men at random for questioning, in hopes of getting some information from someone, anyone, they had shifts of torturers working around the clock interrogating the day's catch. One after the other the prisoners were brought in, stripped, strapped down to a plank and wired to a magneto. Questions were asked and the juice was cranked into their trussed-up bodies. When they were unstrapped and ted back to their cells, the next in line took their place. This was truly an example of "assembly line" torture that would have been physically impossible without the modern efficiency of electricity. Jacobo Timmerman describes similar continual use of electricity in Argentina in his biographical Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number, and each of Amnesty International's annual reports and other publications list many instances.

EROTIC ELECTRICITY

Electricity can give both pain and pleasure, and most devices are adjustable so that they can produce the balance of these that each individual may desire. If all you want is a tingling sensation, you can get it. If your idea of pleasure is a severe, gut-wrenching joit, you can get that too S/M devotees are we I aware that very often pain IS pleasure. But even many of those who wouldn't identify themselves as S/M'ers, can like the stimbolation provided by mild electrical devices.

A friend usually took an intermission in a session by wiring his bottom up to a Relaxacisor and leaving the controls within the bottom's reach. Then the Top would sit back have a beer, and relax for a while. Invariably, when he returned the bottom would have turned the controls all the way up. It is like a good massage, a little feels good, more feels even better, and for everyone there is a time where a lot will be too much

SAFETY

Electricity can be safe sex and safe S/M if you follow a few simple rules. With one exception (which will be discuseed more in detail in the next section) all electro-stimulation devices require two contacts with the body. The current flows between these two contacts following the path of least electrical resistance. The body's nervous system functions because of minute internally generated electrical signals. The main danger from external electrical sources is interference with the body's own electrical signals. The heart's pacemaker is a prime example and is one of the body parts most suceptible to outside interference. So the primary rule of electrical play is never connect the two electrodes so the path between them passes through the chest cavity. This is generally simplified as NEVER ABOVE THE WAIST. Actually there are a few safe ways to play above the waist, (these will be reviewed in DungeonMaster 33) but they are best left to someone experienced in electricity.

Three kinds of power supplies are used. The hand-crank generators or magnetos produce their own current; batteries are a popular source, and the third is line current from a plug in the walf. The latter of these three is definitely the most dangerous. Line current direct from the wall can kill, easily. Anything plugged into the wall must be stepped down through a transformer before it is applied to the body. Any and all equipment must be kept in good repair, but this is particularly true for any electrical toy that plugs into line current. When dealing with line current, use only approved devices in good condition. Don't try do-it-yourself stuff unless you are quite experienced in both electrical wiring and electrical play.

Muscles are controlled by electrical impulses from the nerves. Part of the fun of electrical play is to seize control of those muscles. The Top can make them contract to the bear of his electrical drum. This is a heavy "control" scene enjoyed by many Tops and bottoms. However, take care not to make it too violent, particularly if the bottom is tied down. Violent muscu-

lar contractions against immobilized limbs can tear muscles and tendons, and in extreme cases even break bones!

THE VIOLET WAND

The Violet Wand is unique in many ways. It is the one electrical device that does not require two electrodes and it is the only one that can (by a beginner) safely be used above the waist. It is also the only one of the antique devices still being manufactured by one of the original suppliers



The Violet Wand consists of a control unit that plugs into line current and has a hand piece into which various electrodes may be fitted. Most of the electrodes are glass bulbs that glow with a violet light, thus the name. However, some all-metal electrodes are a so available. The electrode gives off a very high-voltage, very low-amperage charge that jumps from the electrode across a small gap to spark against the skin. It is very much like the static electricity spark you get after walking across dry carpeting and reaching for a door knob. The charge travels over the surface of the skin and does not penetrate the body. Thus, it can be safely used anywhere on the body. (I do recommend keeping it away from the eyes—sparks here can do damage in and of themselves.) The sensation felt is the crackling of the spark against the skin. This can vary considerably with the strength of the spark and the sensitivity of the area at which it is

directed. If the electrode is in direct contact with the skin, there is no spark and no sensation—more on this later

During the '20s and '30s the Violet Wand was touted as one of the marvelous electrical cure-alls. Master High Frequency was one of the several brand names available. Old manuals show dozens of specialized electrodes designed for insertion into each aperture from the nostrils to the anus. (Note, should you find one of these old sets, do not insert the glass electrodes in a body opening. There may not be danger from the electricity, but there is always danger of the glass breaking while inside!) Master High Frequency units are still being manufactured, though today there are no medical claims, in fact the new units have no instructions whatsoever, and from their literature it would be impossible to figure out what they are supposed to do. However, they are marketed by barber and beauty shop equipment suppliers and are intended for scalp massage and treatments.



They can provide a stimulating massage to the scalp and to other parts of the body as well. Unless applied to a very sensitive area, such as the head of the cock, the level of spark with the glass electrodes never really reaches the painful level—but of course the definition of "painful" varies from person to person too. The metal electrodes give a heavier spark.

The ultraviolet radiation produced by these electrodes can, if used extensively in the same area, produce a reddening of the skin not unlike a sunburn, that does not appear until several hours later. Very heavy use can produce a heavy "sunburn" with peeling skin, etc. With the metal electrodes, it is even possible to "brand" the skin; however, this is a technique best left to experts.

I mentioned above that if the electrode is in contact with the skin there will be no spark, and thus no sensation. The charge is traveling over the surface of the skin however, and will discharge somewhere. It is possible for the Top to grasp the electrode (preferably the metal rod) in one hand and use his other hand to discharge sparks directly from his fingertips to his bottom's nipples, cock, etc. This is an unbelievable feeling for both the Top and the bottom. Talk about POWER! The Top does have to be careful, however; I have more than once received an unexpected zap in the ass when I backed too close to some metal object that attracted the spark from my body more strongly than the bottom did!

THE RELAXACISOR

This is the brand name of a series of devices manufactured and marketed up until the early 1960s. All of them were touted primarily as passive exercise machines. You wired yourself up using a series of rubber padlike electrodes and turned the drais. The electrical charges took control of the muscles and "exercised" them, supposedly building muscle tissue and reducing tat. They were removed from the market because of government intervention. I have never heard the details of this and would appreciate information on the exact reasons from anyone who may have the info-

The Relaxacisor is definitely a pleasure device. It can feel very good. And it can be a great 5/M toy, particularly when used on the cock, bails and ass. Even though it was originally intended to be used above the waist, we definitely recommend that it not be used there.

Continued on page 57

SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO

PC Box 11314, Son Francisco, CA 94101-1314 (415) 864-3456

ELECTROTORTURE/ELECTROPLEASURE

Static stimulation the Violet Wand magnetos electrified cockrings and other shocking techniques

WalkMaster

The WaxMaster is made in Taiwan for muscle stimulation, it's the size of a smail transistor radio (21/x5"x1") and is powered by a 9-voit battery. There are two control dials, one for intensity of electrical stimulation and one for the frequency of the pulse. The unit comes with three double leads. which can be used individually or together One lead has a permanently attached pad with both contacts built in The others terminate in a pair of banana plugs intended for *insert on into two sets of small electrocontact pads. Also included are two elastic bandages for securing the pads to the desired location. If you wish to use contacts other than the pads provided all gator clips are available of Radio Shack that will accept the banana plugs and can then be attached to whatever you wish. Jse the WalkMaster with a friend or by yourself Use it in the playroom, the bedroom, or get wired up, slip it in a pocket and go off for a wak, to a bar to the opera or wherever

BT E1 WALKMA \$74 95 (250)



FLECTRICAL SOURCES



The Music Box

The Music Box is manufactured by Lafargewerks. You can plug it into the headphone outlet on your stereo or portable cassette prover and put in a tape. Two pairs of leads with alligator clips are available for attachment to your subject. Play the tape and whoever you have wired up will actually "feel" the music you are playing. The Music Box has a valume control a jack to receive an earphone plug, a built-in amplifier and battery (9-volt), and on/off switch for longer battery ife Make him dance to your tune BT E1 MUSICB \$115.00 (2.50)

SPARKER ELECTRODE

Much shorter and gives a heavier jobs Held in the air, the sparks radiate from the tip. Not recommended for "electric fingers."

BT E3 VWME3F \$20.00 (.50)

CHROME ELECTRODE

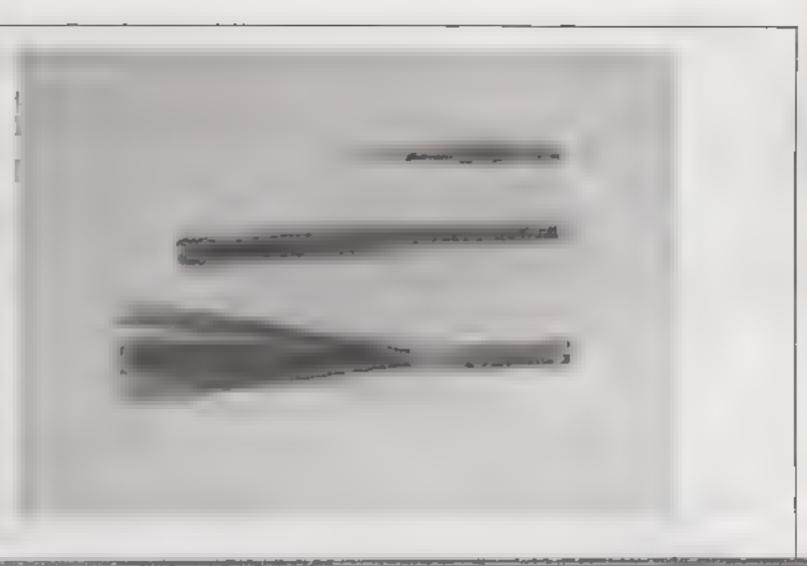
A Lafargewerks product made of chrome-plated copper. Hold for an "electric fingers" scene, or to "write" on skin (prolonged use causes a mild sunburn-like result; works for temporary branding).

81 E3 VWME1C \$25.00

FAN BRUSH ELECTRODE

A fan-shaped array of thin metal wires.
Similar effect to glass rake but much heavier sparks.

87 E3 VWME3F \$32.50



VIII TARRES



Master High-Frequency Unit

The Violet Wand, officially known as the "Master High-Frequency Unit" is a device used by barbers and beauticians to stimulate the skin, it can be very effectively used for the same purpose by Tops. The glass electrodes glow purple when in use and sparks jump from the electrode to the skin surface (fantastic in a darkened room). This is one electrical device that is safe for use above the waist since the charge travels across the surface of the skin rather than through the body. CAUTION: Keep the bulb away from the eyes.) For an even more interesting scene the Top can grip the electrode firmly in one hand and use the other hand to stimulate the bottom. The charge will across the Top's body (he won't feel it) and tiny sparks will jump from his fingers to the bottom's cock, tits, etc. Electric fingers!

Two types of wands are available. The regular unit is entirely contained in the hand held unit. This type should not be used for more than ten minutes at a time without allowing it to cool. The heavy-duty unit has a transformer box and extra-long cord and may be used for longer periods of time without resting between applications.

BT E3 VWREG1 \$144.95 (\$2.50)

regular w/disk electrode

BT E3 VWREG3 \$179.95 (\$2.50)

regular w/3 glass electrodes

BT E3 VWHUD1 \$174.95 (\$3.50)

heavy duty w/disk electrode

BI E3 VWHVD3 \$229.95 (\$3.50)

heavy duty w/3 glass electrodes

Regular Unit Shown at Left



Violet Wand Electrodes Glass Electrodes

Three styles of glass electrodes are available. #1 is a disc shape, #2 a long slender rod, and #3 a rake or comb shape. The disk is the basic electrode and comes with each un title rod gives the strongest zap of the glass electrodes and the rake gives the gentiest, since it can be spread over several tips and a greater area

BI E3 VWGE1D glass electrode #1, disk \$22.50

BT E3 VWGE2R glass electrode #2, rod \$22,50

BT E3 VWGE3C

glass electrode #3, rake \$22.50

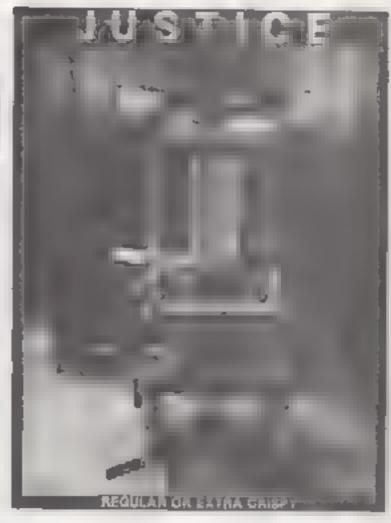
ELECTRICAL ACICESSORIES



CHROME BUTT PLUG

Handmade by a Chicago craftsman of copper fittings appropriately shaped then chrome electroplated. It has a loop for easy electrode attachment and is hollow so it can be filled with water for weight or hot/cold sensations – stopper it with a small cork (not included).

87 E2 BPCHRO 552.75



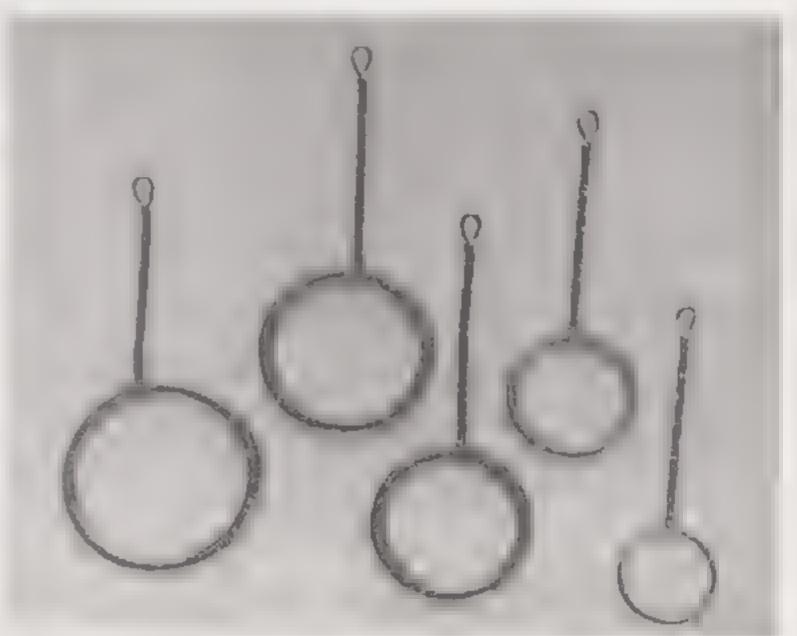
17"x22" black and white photo

NV PS ELECCH S4 95

Caution: The basic rule in using electrical stimu ation toys of any sort is that the two contacts must not be attached so that current running between them passes through the chest cavity Usually that is simpled to NO CONTACTS ABOVE THE WAIST Observe this rule

An Electrified Cockring Set has been

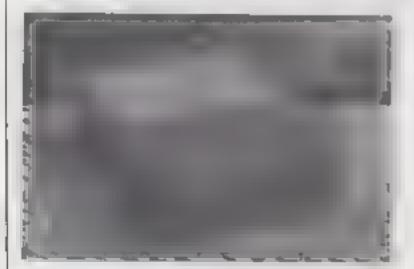
designed and executed by Lafargewerks. The set includes five steelrings with inside diameters of 2" 1 , 1 11/4" and 1". Each ring has a length of electrical wire securely attached and each wire terminates in a loop for easy connection of an all gator clip Attempting to put an aligator clip directly onto a cacking can be difficult and usually leads to a "hot" spot that can be annaying. These rings a leviate the problem. Lafarge recommends using one in the normal cockring position and another as the second contact just behind the head of the cock. Use your imagination BT E2 CRINGS \$22.50



ALL ITEMS IN THIS CATALOG ARE SOLD AS NOVELTIES ONLY

COPPER MESH WRAP

A 5' long roll of copper "stocking knif" 5" wide (10" if slit down one side). It makes a great contact for the Walk-Master, handcrank generator or other sources. Wrap large areas, line a pair of shorts, etc. BT E2 COPMES \$7.95





Stock Prod

The Stock Prod is one of the most effective control devices made Excellent for conditioning your animal to behave the way you want him to There is nothing erotic about a joit from this device, just a quick pointui zop that he will want to avoid having repeated. This model takes three C cells and gives a jolt that is painful without knocking him over the way some larger units can BT E1 3CPROD \$24.95



Electrode Retaining Straps

the waist, along the ass etc.

BT E2 CONROP \$5.00

CONDUCTIVE ROPE

A little over 6' of wire-mesh rope with

insulation inside (In a former incama-

tion, this was an oven door gasket.) Tie

a length wherever you want around

The Electrode Retaining Straps are black nylon web straps 1/2" wide and about 22" long. Each has a steel buckle and black rubber, 42" x 11/2" pad that can be positioned anywhere along the length of the strap They are excellent for holding Chare Boys. WalkMaster pads or whatever electrodes you prefer firmly against the sole of the foot the ankles, knee or wherever you desire. You get a set of four

BT E2 STRAPS \$5.00

ALL FIEMS IN THIS CATALOG ARE SOLD AS NOVELTIES ONLY

built on the same design as our wooden version, and it works effec-

The Copper Minnesota Bakcrusher is

Copper Minnesola Ballcrusher

tively for putting agonizing pressure on the balls. But being made of copper, it is also excellent for hooking your a igotor of ps to for electrical genitorture

BT E2 CMINBC \$15.00

SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

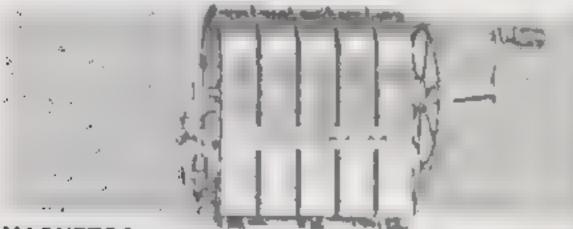
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Cred † Card # Exp. Date		Credit card holders may order by phone: (415) 864-3456 Make check or money order to: Desmodus, Inc.		
Signature (1 am ev	er 21 years of age)	(Allow three weeks for processing of personal checks) (For orders outside the U.S. contact us for details.)		

continued from page 52

"ANTIQUE" DEVICES

Violet Wands, Relaxacisors and several other less commonly encountered "medical" devices, such as the "Flectreat," can be found at resale shops, yard sales, flea markets and the like Prices for the same object can range from as little as a few dollars to several hundreds of dollars, depending upon how much the seller knows about the device and the demand for them. While some of these devices, including a few models of Relaxacisors, are battery operated, most operate on line current. The buyer must be able to evaluate the condition of the machine, and test out its operation before he hooks himself, or anyone else, up to it. I urge you to buy line current antiques only from a reputable dealer who will vouch for its operation, or, if you do get a flea-market bargain, get a competent electronics man to check it out before you use it. Battery-operated devices are less of a problem and you should be able to try them out for yourself



MAGNETOS

Hand-crank generators were mainly used to ring telephones, or to crank-start engines. These generators are tightly wrapped wire coils that are mounted to rotate inside a magnetic field. The main sources are starters from antique autos and tractors and bed-ringers from hand-crank telephones. Those from autos are quite rare and very expensive. Those from hand-crank telephones go for about \$100, when they can be found. Small "pepper-pot" models, so named because they are about the size and shape of a kitchen pepper grinder, come from army tield telephones. They can still be purchased from large electrical suppliers that also deal in surplus materials and are usually priced anywhere from \$12 to \$25.

Unless equipped with a rheostat there is little produced by a magneto that can be called pleasurable. This is definitely a torture device. Because the current is produced by repeatedly entering and breaking the magnetic field it is impossible to turn the crank both smoothly and slowly. The current generated by turning it smoothly and quickly is definitely more than most people find pleasurable, particularly with anything larger than a pepper pot. To turn a magneto into a more versatile play device we recommend wiring a rheostat in line so that even when being cranked at high speed, you can start out giving only a tingle of electricity. The varying glow from the filament of a small clear 5- or 10-watt bulb wired into the circuit will give you a good gauge of the amount of current you are transmitting

If you are really into electrotorture, particularly for interrogation scenes, a magneto is a must-have device

STOCK PRODS

Even more than magnetos, stock prods are definitely not electropleasure devices. Designed to control large cattle or attack dogs, these devices deliver a shock that has all the subtlety of a good swift kick. With a rheostat, even a magneto can begin lightly and build up in intensity. A stock prod has two settings—on and off,

Most prods use "C" size batteries. The smallest use two or three ceas. These are well within the endurance range of most 5/M'ers and can be very effective tools in the hands of a good Top. They should be used to control behavior, or as punishment, in the same way a tiding crop would be used. Larger prods, with up to seven cells, give a sudden and heavy jolt. They should be used only on large muscle masses, such as the ass and

thighs. They can feel like a kick from a horse. Definitely heavy duty equipment. It is possible to cut the kick in any of these by replacing one or more batteries with aluminum foil-wrapped pieces of wooden dowel.

MODERN "RELAXACISORS"

Relaxacisor-like devices are still being manufactured in the Orient and are widely marketed there and in Europe. I have seen them in shops in France and Italy and have seen ones purchased in Taiwan. Hong Kong and Korea There are also very expensive (\$350+) devices for passive exercise advertised in the Advocate and other gay publications and, in certain large cities, there are "health" centers that have large console models where patrons can go to be wired up for sessions. These modern devices can be used in the same way as the antique Relaxacisor, and some of them have more interesting retinements.

The modern "Relaxacisor" I know best is what I call the WalkMaster, it is a battery-operated (9-voit), pocket-sized unit that delivers the same kind of pulsing action put out by a small Relaxacisor. It is not nearly as powerful as a full-sized antique model operating on line current, but it has two great advantages: It has variable pulse speed, a feature lacking on almost all of the antiques, and it is totally portable. While there are some battery-operated antiques, the batteries don't come from the local drugstore and the units are still rather cumbersome, at best only as small as a small briefcase. The WalkMaster is truly portable. You can wire up, turn on, slip it into a pocket and go for a stroll, shopping, to the opera, to visit mother, or whatever. No one will suspect anything except for the happy grin.

As I mentioned above, many other similar devices are available outside this country. I am trying to obtain as many examples as possible and will report on them in future editions of this publication.

MADE-FOR-PLAY DEVICES

Dozens of kinds of electrotosture/electropleasure devices have been designed and manufactured in home workshops over the years. I have had little experience with most of these and cannot speak with authority about them. Generally they are not for novices to play with. You should gain experience with the kinds of toys I have described above before attempting unsupervised experimentation with homemade devices. However, there are two items that I have offered for sale through the Sandmutopia Supply Company and about which I can speak with some knowledge. The Brown (later Brack) Box was a Relaxacisor-like device that operated on a 6-volt lantern battery. It was between a WalkMaster and a Relaxacisor in strength and had several advantages over a Relaxacisor in portability and variety of sensations that could be produced. Unfortunately, I do not have a current source for this device and cannot, at present, offer it

The Lafarge music box is a device that operates like a light organ. Its jack plugs into the headphone out et on your stereo and its leads give a pulse in time to and proportional to the intensity of the music you are playing. Though now in its second incarnation, this device is still not operating with the strength and versatility I would like. But, for the right kind of music—generally loud and staccato—it gives a sensation that is impossible to find elsewhere.

HOOKING HIM UP— WHAT TO USE ON THE OTHER END

So far I have talked primarily about the source of the electricity. But it will not provide the sensations you desire unless you deliver it to its intended recipient. This subject is irrelevant for violet wands and for stock prods. These latter devices have two short metal electrodes on the business end that are meant to be pressed directly against the skin. It is possible to attach a ligator clamps to these and wire them to other types of electrodes—such as those described below—but I don't know why anyone would want to

The epidermal layer of the skin has a relatively high resistance to electricity. This resistance is diminished greatly by the presence of an electrolytic solution; liquid with dissolved salts. Some of the best such solutions are human saliva, sweat and urine. Glycerin with dissolved salt is the solution preferred by the medical profession for EKG and similar machines; this has the advantage of not evaporating as quickly as water. Make your own solution from water and table salt, Vaseline and table salt, your urine or your bottom's, or buy a bottle of EKG solution at the drug store or hospital supply shop

Relaxacisors, WalkMasters and many similar devices come equipped with rubber pads that include conductive rubber surfaces and have sockets to receive banana plugs. Just plug in the leads, apply a conductive solution to the pad and strap it in place. These pads work very nicely for stimulation of muscles in the ass, leg and abdomen. However, they are awkward to use

on more interesting contact points.

Conductive rubber is generally not available for you to custom shape electrodes. Copper and aluminum are the two best conductors and the metals of choice for electrodes, though steel and most any other metal will also work. To wrap around large areas, use strips of aluminum foil, copper mesh, or other metal strips. Copper scouring pads are great as electrodes for the assisteets or inside the thighs, or try lining a jockstrap with one! One friend has lined the inside of a hard-cup jock with copper pennies, each wired to leads. Use your imagination



Most cockrings are too large to accommodate average-sized a ligator clamps, and it is almost impossible to put an alligator clamp on a cockring without having a part of the clamp itself touching the skin—a situation that will result in a distracting 'hot-spot' where the clamp touches. However, steel rings modified for indirect attachment are available. Or you can make variously shaped electrodes for the cock and/or bails from copper wire. Brillo recently began marketing carded three-packs of small, donut-shaped, brass scouring pads that are marvelously elastic and will stretch to go around all sorts of interesting places.

The height of electropleasure comes from stimulation to the prostate. Electrodes in the crack of the ass and at the base of the cock will reach this area, but if you really want to pinpoint the stimu ation, probes that center at least one of these passages are better. It you want to extend the shocking experience internally you must find a metal electrode that you can connect to and that it is safe to push into the anus or urethra. The common anal probe used to be an aluminum cigar tube cleaned of any paint and attached to some kind of base to keep it from slipping all the way in These are still available, but Caution!, the manufacturers seem to be using thinner and thinner aluminum all the time and these tubes can now easily bend, often resulting in cracks with ragged edges that are sure to cause damage. Specially made anal electrodes are available from the Sandmutopia Supply Co, and are much safer than cigar tubes. For the orethra, the only thing I recommend is a urethral sound—a stainlesssteel medical device manufactured for just this purpose. An a ligator cup will attach easily to the flat "handle" area of most models.

Permanent or temporary piercings can be used as electrodes. But remember that the smaller the point of contact with the skin the higher the perception of the intensity of the charge. Thus the same dial setting that produces a mild ting e from a large pad on the thigh will produce a much sharper jo t when administered through a needle in the skin at the same place. Likewise, a Brillo pad around the head of the cock will feel much milder than the same lead attached to a Prince A bert

HOOKING IT ALL TOGETHER

The three most common terminals you will be dealing with are banana plugs (like those on a stereo), a ligator clips and bare wire. The banana plugs come on Relaxacisors and WalkMasters and are the best possible contact for the pads that come with these, but they are virtually impossible to connect to anything else Radio Shack, and other similar outlets, seliall gator clamps that will fit onto the banana plugs—but if you put them on and take them off frequently they get loose and don't make good contact. You can also buy patch cords that have an aligator clamp at either end. These are great for connecting to nearly everything, including banana plugs and bare wire and several should be a standard part of any electrical toy bag.

FOR FURTHER READING

TECHNICAL ARTICLES

"The Shocking Art of Electrical Torment," by Fledermaus, DungeonMaster 8, 1981.

"Electricity Letters," various authors, Dungeon Master 10,

"Building a Hand Crank Generator," by Lord Kelvin, DungeonMaster 10, 1981.

"The Relaxacisor," by T.A.Feldwebl, DungeonMaster 16,

"Telephone Magnetos," by Dean of Seattle, DungeonMaster

"Making Contact," by Dean of Seattle, DungeonMaster 23,

"Electrical Day Dreaming," by Dean of Seattle, Dungeon-Master 24, 1984

"The DungeonMaster's Magic Wand," by Fledermaus, DungeonMaster 25, 1984.

"Electrical Safety," by Dean of Seattle, DungeonMaster 25, 1984

"Starting at the Bottom." by Dean of Seattle, Dungeon-Master 26, 1984

"Working Up Front," by Dean of Seattle, DungeonMaster 28, 1985

TRUE TORTURE ACCOUNTS

Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number, by Jacobo Timmerman, 1981 (\$2.95).

Torture in the Eighties, by Amnesty International, 1984 (\$5.95)

Turkey, Testimony on Torture, by Amnesty International, 1985 (\$3.50)

Amnesty International Report 1986 (and previous years), 1986 (\$10), 1985 (\$8.95), 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984 (\$6.95).

FICTION

"Some Wounds Don't Heal," by Anthony Santos, illustrated by Cavelo, Mach 11 (\$6).

All of the above are available from the Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Back issues of DungeonMaster are \$4 each, postpaid. Add \$1 per volume shipping and handling for books. Make checks payable to Desmodus, Inc.

IT'S 2139 AND HELL ON EARTH IS A PLACE CALLED

SADD * 15LAND

Story by Mikal Bales, Illustrations by Matt

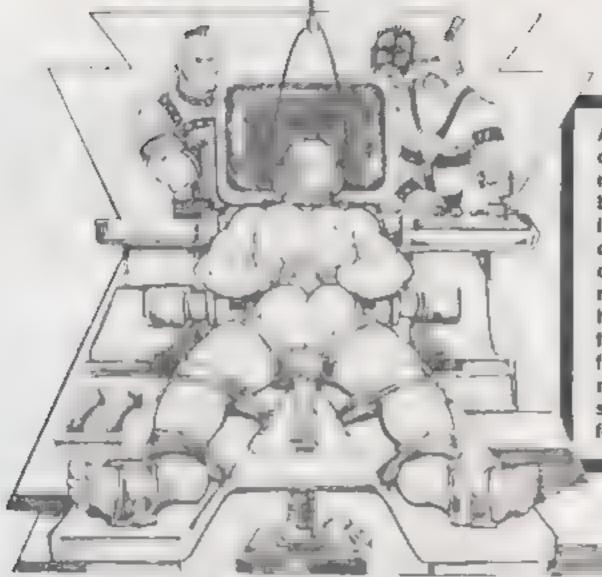


Von Sado was uniformed much like his men: kneehigh boots, experity tailored. Reich breeches and a bulging spiked codpiece. With a single arrowpierced nipple, his chest was bare except for a buckled leather armor strap traversing his heavily sculpted torso. His head was totally shaved, onehalf of his face a molded metal countenance. But it was the intensity of his scrutiny that caused Joe Buck to sweat. The instant Von Sado's hands began to roam and appraise the chiseled musculature of his captive, Joe Buck's reaction was an involuntarity swelling cock—a response that did not go unnoticed by Von Sado.

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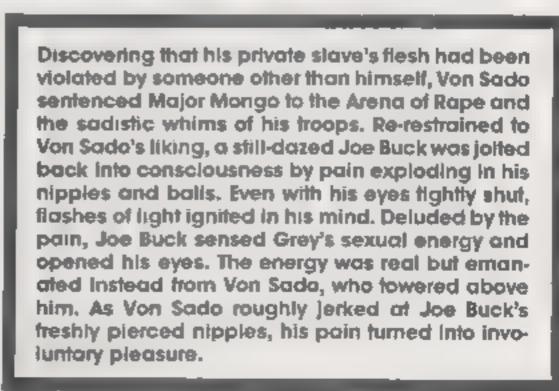
When Von Sado's one quiet question to Joe Buck went resolutely unanswered, he returned to his throne and growled a curt order that the cadet be taken to the Interrogation chambers. The word "Interrogation" generated a flood of recollection within Joe Buck. Not only was his cock rock hard from Von Sado's thorough inspection, but the thought of the punishment his captor was about to inflict added to his sexual arousal. As he was dragged from the throne room he unconsciously gave Von Sado the same mackingly defiant do-your-worst countenance he'd given his Academy trainers. Von Sado smiled silent acceptance to Cadet Golden's challenge.





As he was marched through the black marble halls of Von Sado's war fortress, Joe Buck entered the meditation necessary to separate his mind from his body and make him impervious to the pain of the impending torture. Von Sado's interrogation chamber was an enormous operating room. In design, the gleaming chromium instruments resembled ancient torture devices, in application, however, the sophistication of their advanced electronics was unsurpassed. The vast area was surfaced with glowing white phosphorescent tiles made from the cavern's luminous stalactites and stalagmites. Joe Buck was horizontally shackled face-down onto a large, white tiled "X."

Led by Mongo, Von Sado's sadistic Major and leader of Joe Buck's original jungle captors, the inquisitors wasted no time applying their interrogation talents to the captive cadet. At Mongo's silent command the assistants suddenly left the chamber, leaving him alone with Joe Buck. Approaching him with a stainless-steel needle, Mongo surprised Joe Buck by falling to his knees and taking the cadet's cock in his mouth. The sensation of pleasure after so much pain was abruptly interrupted as, without notice, Mongo drove the gleaming needle through Joe Buck's scrotum, sending the cadet to the floor in agony. As he lay semiconscious, Mongo pierced and ringed his nipples and left the chamber, laughing.



Almost as if hoping Joe Buck would refuse to answer, Von Sado repeated the question he'd asked him in the throne room: Why was he here? Joe Buck's silent defiant grimace didn't disappoint him. At Von Sado's hand signal, four surgically gowned assistants released Joe Buck, flipped him onto his knees and reshackled him in dog position. Now Von Sado's massive hands concentrated their attention on the melon-like ass which, up to now, only Grey had ever penetrated. This would soon change. Stifling a scream, Joe Buck writhed in silent ageny as the smiling Von Sado's gnarted, calloused tist slowly, steadily forced its way into and up Joe Buck's resisting asshole.

Through his shackles, from up through the tiled surface on which he knell, currents of electricity were shot into Joe Buck's body at Von Sado's silent command. The joits caused his body to spasm, and with each spasm Von Sado's massive fist rammed deeper into his gut. When he lost consciousness he didn't know whether he would die of the pain or of the brutal eastasy of it. He awake in Von Sado's private clinic, restrained in a crucifixion-like enema apparatus. A burning mixture of unknown drugs and chemicals was slowly invading his ravaged ass and weakening reality.

How many hours or days Joe Buck spent being brainwashed, he didn't know. All he did know was that his will and clority of thought became weaker with each new programming cassette and disciplinary device inserted into his computerized conditioning units. Soon his only thoughts were of Yon Sado's fist and his willingness to comply with his Master's every question or order. When Yon Sado finally ordered his release, Joe Buck's pleadings sounded to himself as if coming from a stranger: begging his Master to fist him, beat him, use him. He now existed only to be sexually abused by Heinrich Yon Sado. All else faded in importance.

to be continued...

ER BULLETIN BOARD

DRI MMER BULLETIN BOARD PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314



LEATHER CONTEST

As a lead-up to the IMsL contest, to be held in San Francisco at the mu timill ondollar Club DV8 on March 21. the Ms San Francisco Leather

contest was held in January. A resounding turnout of over 400 women watched as Shadow Morton, a twenty-fiveyear-old vivacious leather biker overwhelmed both the audience and judges with her intelligent answers and provocative physical appeal to take the coveted title. Shadow will represent the San Francisco community at the international contest and will host other contestants from around the world

SIGMA

The Washington, DC-based SigMa organization make a particu ar point of welcoming newcomers—recognizing that all of us are ignorant or rank amateurs in some aspect or the other of the full range of activities covered by their umbrella. They have close nesand considerable overlap in membership with other local organizations such as FFA and GSA and a variety of leather clubs as well as GMSMA and Chicago Helatire Club. On the whole, however, SigMa members tend to be highly individuaistic and to resist unnecessary reg mentation and regulation. Some of them are very specialized in their erotic interests and seldom play outside their narrow area. of expertise. Most are more wide ranging and versatilebut it is highly unlikely that any single member is into althe activities covered by SigMa. They expect little conformity among the membership-and a lot of tolerance for diversity. While the overwhelming majority of members are gay males, they do not discriminate on the basis of sexual orientation or gender.

Sigma is realistic in recognizing that a great many, if not most, of their members in the Washington area are involved either directly or indirectly with the U.S. government and have to be concerned with such matters as security clear-

ances and the attitude of an administration that is hardly sympathetic to either gays or kink. SigMa respects their need for anonymity or discretion.

for more information on SigMa and an update of their coming events in the Washington, DC area, write to them at PO Box 30651, Bothesda, MD 20814-0651

DO A FOOL "16"

The Tribe MC of Detroit will again hold their annual indoor run the weekend of April 3-5, a live musical version of Midnight Cowboy, along with games, plenty of lood and lots of drinks, Send inquiries to PO Box 32798, Detroit, MI 48232

THUNDERBOLTS MC

T Bolts Night at the Brook Cale in Westport, CT will leature Mr. New York Leather Martin Burke as guest of honor. The affair will also be an AIDS fund raiser

The weekend of June 12-14. the T-Bolts run at Fire Island will be cohosted by the LT Spuds. Housing meas, parties and all the sun and boys you can catch are included. Write to Jacques Carle, President, T-Bolts, 49 Bartlett Ave , Norwalk, CT 06850

WE'RE NOT GOING BACK!

The slogan for the National Gay Rights March, to be held in Washington, DC October 11, says it all for Love and For Life-We're Not Going Back!

The national steering committee met in Los Angeles, several regional chairpeople have been chosen for the leather community and plans have begun for a national leather-5 M convention to occur in Washington on the Saturday before the march

Your help is needed! Please call the national office at (202). 783-1828, or write to National March on Washington, PO Box 7781, Washington, DC 20044

AVATAR

Avatar begins its fifth year by continuing its widely acclaimed series of S/M rap sessions, open to all interested parties. There is no charge nor any obligation incurred by attending the raps, but it is promised that you'll meet kinky men in an atmosphere free of the pressures and postures often found in bars.

The monthly raps take place on the fourth Wednesday of every month (except holidays) at the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS), 11513 Burbank Blvd , North Hollywood, beginning at 8 30 P.M.

On feb. 25, the first of this

year's rap series featured Drummer's own Fledermaus, a renowned expert in the field of electrotorture / electropleasure. Much of the information on electricity, including "antique" instruments, the violet wand, Relaxacisors, hand-crank generators and the Waskmaster, discussed and demonstrated at the session, are also covered on pages 51-58 of this issue

To receive a prerecorded message about other meetings and gatherings, call (818) A-IN-LINE, or write Avatar, 7869 Santa Monica Blvd., #316, Los Angeles, CA 90046

BACK TO SCHOOL

One of the reasons for GMSMA's existence is to provide easier access to representative members of the gay male S/M community for media, political organizations and researchers on human sexuality. It is only as the rest of the gay and nongay worlds get to know us better that the negative stereotypes and myths about 5/M will lose their power.

GMSMA Speakers Bureau will send experienced and knowledgeable representatives throughout the Northeast (travel reimbursement is requested for trips beyond the New York metropolitan area) Address requests to the Speakers Bureau, GMSMA, 132 West 24th St., New York NY 10011

Being rubbed the "wrong" way can be just the thing to get erotic sparks flying, Probably no other S/M scene offers the sheer range of sensations possible through abrasion, since virtually any part of the body can be abraded, and with virtually anything-from soft brushes to steel rasps. GM5MA's April 38 program, Different Strokes: Abrasion Scenes, will explore the many possib litres and examine the important safety considerations in a lecture/demonstration at 208 W 13th St. NYC at 8 30 PM

NATIONAL LEATHER ASSOCIATION

There has been an important change of dates for the Living In Leather (1 conference. Due to contacts with other functions, the event is now scheduled for the weekend of August 28-30 Exhibitor and registration packets should be out by March 15, and three registration leves will be available with respective offerings and costs, For further information, write to NLA, PO Box 17463, Seattle. WA 98107

IRON CROSS

Iron Cross of Montreal will celebrate its 15th anniversary May 15-17. The run fee is U.S. \$50, \$69 Canadian. Housing is possible. For information, write Iron Cross MC, Box 1721, Station A, Montreal, PQ, H3C 3A5, Canada or cail Marco at (514). 931-2202. Reservations must be made before May 4. This is one of those events that should prove to be exceptional.

ATLANTIC MOTORCYCLE COUNCIL

Our thanks to Al Santora of the Centaur Motorcycle Club, Washington, DC for continuing to contribute information on East Chast leather/MC events,

The Washington Eagle and Exit Bar will be no more as of May 3. This bastion of leather brotherhood will be torn down, but not to fear the bar will reopen later in the year at a new location. Until then, Dick's DC Eagle, soon to be expanded, will continue to serve the needs of the community.

The Lost Angels MC of Washington will be ebrate their 18th anniversary on March 28. Congratulations on your long and continued service to the leathermen of DC.

The Mr. Philade phia Leather Contest will take place April 25 and is a contest to watch Last year's winner, Scott Tucker, is the current International Mr. Leather,

For information on Centaur MC events, write PO Box 362, Arington, VA 22210

SPIRIT OF BROTHERHOOD

The Trademen, a leather/ Levis club in Charlotte, NC. are planning their first anniversary bash for the first weekand in May. The clasped arms in their colors are symbolic of heir brotherhood and common interests. Since Charlotte s and has been a trading cener from its beginning, they decided upon the name of The Tradesmen, May is a great ime of year to visit the warm Noutheast and sample the hoslally Also the 1987 Mr. Ca. of na Drummer contest will e heid May 16 in Charlotte see p. 29 for details)

CIGAR STUDS

At present, Cigar Studs is essentially a contact club. The club listings consist mainly of contact ads which are updated regularly. There is a \$12 annual membership, fee, which includes their newsletter and an infrequent, club, magazine containing information on cigar-related issues, clippings, drawings, erotic stories and fantasies,

for an application and information, write PO Box 15344, 5an Antonio, TX 78212-8544

ATTENTION, GENTLEMEN!

Reserve the weekend of April 24-26 for the Regiment of the Brack and Tans' 12th Annua and brand news Managers

finday evening, \pro 24 is slated for a acw and revise e call even that the members aren't talk really at him to usy A, a case where the train one formal contact marts. It so a him to the black and land formal alfates this is your change formal alfates this is your change. A specified city to gather a political mer and the lorn's sure of the black and the lorn's sure of the lorn's sure

Polish those boots! Shine that brass! Get those uniforms together and send for information to Regiment of the Black and Tans, PO Box 875616, Los Angeles, CA 90087-9716

THE ONE AND ONLY

It's got to come under the category of "only in San Francisco," but formation has started for a Precision Whip Drill Team which will march with the Bay Area S/M Contingent in the 1987 San francisco Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day Parade. The whip drill team will have two distinct segments -bullwhips and cats. If you wish to part c pate or wish more information call Jay, (415) 861-1093; Stacy, (415) 635-3925, or Bette, (415) 585-2262

CHICAGO HELLFIRE

Abraham Lincoln once said, "We must all hang together or we surely will all hang separately,"

The Chicago Helitire Club has taken Lincoln's statement to heart more than once in the past and continues to offer support for those of the leather community less fortunate than themselves.

In November 1984, the CHC established the McAdory Fund, the primary purpose of which is "to provide immediate direct financial aid on a temporary basis to patients who have been diagnosed with AIDS and who demonstrate a financial need."

Information about the McAdory Fund can be secured or contributions to the fund can be made by writing to Coordinator, McAdory Fund, CHC, PO Box 5426 Chicago, IL 60680.

MR. WASHINGTON STATE LEATHER

The leatherman representing Washington state at the International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago Memorial Day weekend will be chosen March 29 at the Seattle Eagle

SECOND TIME AROUND

asts will have another gala to show all their stuff at Tattoo and Piercing Celebration II, set for all night Saturday night, July 4, in Los Angeles. The party is a continuum of the soldout. first-of-a-kind San Francisco event of last July Invited participants for this event include master piercer Jim Ward, tattooists Mad Dog, Bruce Lee, Phil Payton and Cliff Raven.

Admission will be by advance registration only. No drop-ins will be admitted. Price is \$10 for reservations mailed before June 1 and \$15 for those accepted after that date. Further information may be attained by writing to PO Box 7091, Pasadena, CA 91510

TEXAS LEATHER SCENE

The Dallas leather community continues to grow in spirit and strength. A recent second anniversary dinner for Men of Dungeons, a Dallas leather-S/M organization, was a great success. MOD is an association of men who practice S/M and pursue S/M as a necessary expression of a satisfactory sexual relationship between consenting men. Safety and sanity are emphasized.

MOD holds monthly events and welcomes those who are definite practitioners of the art of S/M. Write MOD, PO Box 780242, Dal as, TX 75378

ROCKY MOUNTAINEERS

The Ricky Mountaineers MC of Columbia has a long and valed is of events for the year. Annually the more interesting to be the Shakedow Run or An infland the 19th Annual Poker Rull and Barbeque on May 17

For a simplete listing of their events and information write if PO Box 26. 1 Denver CO 80201-2629

PITTSBURGH MC

In celebration of their third anniversary the Pittsburgh MC will hold the from infamous Three Riversall run on Saturday, April 25. For registration fees and information, write to Gus Coledia, 5133 Saltsburg Rd, Verona, PA 15147

THE SAM BROWNE SOCIETY

Over the last two years the Sam Brown Society has built an impressive collection of historic and reproduction unitorm sources, including 19th Century military boots, saddles, leather items, etc. In lanuary, the Society pertioned the Steering Committee of the American Lincoln Association and Century Association and Century of ALA. The division was address uniform interests in the greater Southwest.

for mote information, write to Same Brown Society, PO 8293, Phoenix, AZ 85066-8293

AT HIS FEET

feet, shoes, boots, sneakers, thongs, clean sox, dirty sox, foot worship, boot licking, toot kissing, sox sme ling, to be a foot mat, slave, footstool, pleasure comes from all this, being at his feet or having someone worship our feet and footgear. This is the reason The Foot Fraternity was formed, and now it has over 1,700 members and is still growing.

For tree information, include a self-addressed, stamped envelope to The Fraternity, PO Box 24102, Cleveland OH 44124

DUNGEON!

The Dungeon is alive. As any living entity, it has its own colsection of memories, feelings, hopes and desires, its walls strain to tell stories of repeated scenes. They have witnessed untold episodes of absolute domination and limitless submission. The Dungeon waits in arrogant defrance for the accomplished hands of yet another master of the art of S/M to try to unleash the sensuous fury that many seek but few can master. It waits for the topman who has the ability to use its inspiration. to impose its will on yet another recarcitrant bottom

As the evening's subjects are led down the creaking wooden stairs into the darkened concrete basement. they gaze at the massive, roughhewn wooden support beams, eye-bolts conveniently placed, evenly spaced the entire length of the room, and their excited anticipation reaches fever patch, Their pulses quicken. Minds and loins stir with a thousand images of the Dungeon's possibrittes. A masculine musky odor assaults their senses, a dark sensual aroma provided by the Dungeon adds to the excitement of the scene to come. As the subjects take each step down into the bowels of the building, the Dungeon knows that it is once again coming closer to the expression of its ultimate desire complete dominion over all who enter

Once inside, the Dungeon provides dim candlelight for the subjects to survey the selection of whips and paddles. restraints, suspension devices, ropes and chains, slings, crosses and instruments of torture ranging from simple mandestations of the Dungeon's cruelty, to the exquisitely painful machine for electrotorture. Each device waits patiently for the man with knowledge of its use to bring it to life with his assured grasp Each tool hangs hungrily, awaiting its first touch of the subject's skin, the acrid aromaof his sweat, the salty taste of his gostening body, and the arousing sound of his cries and

moans, audible proof of his submission to the Dungeon's will, as well as that of his master.

The master and his subjects move, as in an erotic ballet, perched on the edge of excruciating pain and extraordinary pleasure. As they move from one of the Dungeon's offerings to another, the last vestiges of independent will are stripped away and they become as one, performing for the Dungeon's pleasure, doing its bidding as interpreted by the man who has become its voice and again brought life to the concrete walls

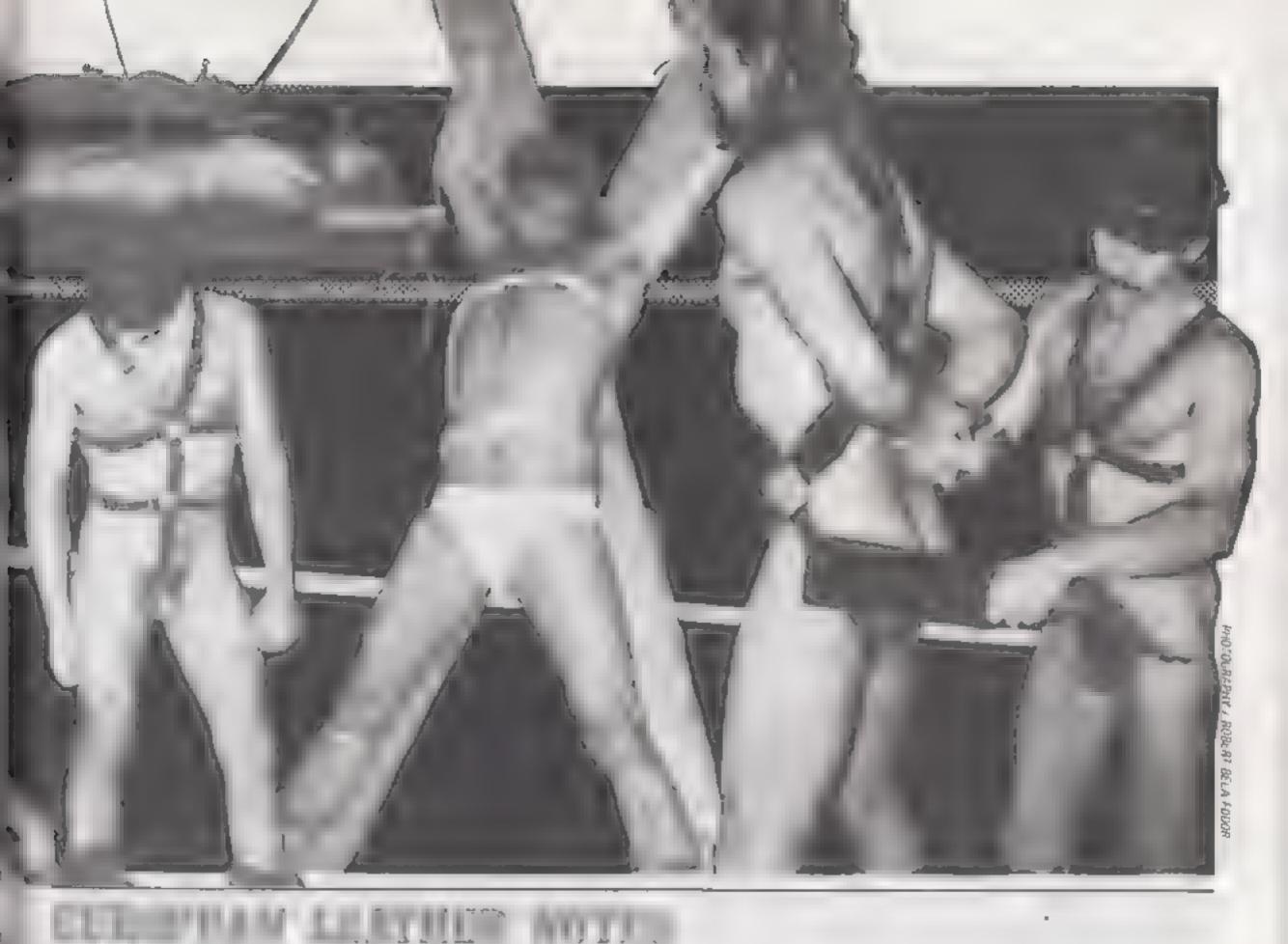
In a frenzied rush to satisfy the Dungeon's hunger, the subjects strain against their bonds, labor in suspension, cry out at the ecstatic sting of leather straps against their tender skin, writhe from the sensual pain of molten wax slowly dripping onto their erect nipples and tightly stretched balls. They feel their minds and bodies prodded to the absolute limits of endurance. When their subjugation is complete, the Dungeon ento ds them in cool darkness and rewards them with its tenderness. They are slaves not only to their master, but to the Dungeon as well, it will possess their bodies and their minds from this night forward

Deserted now, the Dungeon waits again to fulfill its purpose. The Dungeon will open its doors and share its secrets as part of the MAY DAY! celebration cosponsored by the Seattle Dungeon Guild and the National Leather Association over the weekend of May 1, 2 and 3. MAY DAY! will include many activities away from the Dungeon, but its hunger will be satisfied The Dungeon will be the proving ground upon which many men will test themselves and be tested by others

The Dungeon invites all who are able to descend its creaking stairs and join in the celebration. Information is available by writing MAY DAY!, PO Box 21911, Seattle, WA 98111, or call (206) 328-2518.

-Steve Maidhol





MSC FINLAND

Things were very different in 1986 for MSC Finland. The club lost their infamous cubhouse and harriedly but successfully found another before. August when they celebrated their tenth year.

The new Tom's Club is now open and welcomes all foreign leathermen. The club now has over 1200 members rom a lover finland, but due to the long distances seidom do all of the members show up for meetings.

Some of the active members in Tampere began during the live months the Helsinki club was nactive to arrange MSC club nights there. Tampere lies 170 kms northwest of Helsink.

MSC fin and simost well-known member. Tom of finand will be honored at a special party upon his return from California. The party, as with most special events, will be held at Tom's Club, Pihiajatie 26. Helsinki on May 30. Other important events for the club include Midsummer Camp the weekend of June 19-20 and their renowned Bondage Party at the clubhouse on June 27

ROB'S GALLERY AMSTERDAM

A must-see when visiting The Netherlands is the three-story emporium of leather and 5/M. Rob's Galtery. A frequent visitor to the U.5, Rob is well known for his creative and beautiful 5/M demonstrations at Chicago Hellfire Club's Infernos and welcomes visitors from all over the world. Rob's Amsterdam Gallery is located at Weteringschaws 273, 1017XJ Amsterdam, The Netherlands

GRUPPE LEDER, HAMBURG

A serious S/M oriented group of men in Hamburg, the GLSM (Gruppe Leder SM)

hold meetings each Wednesday at 9 P.M. and each Sunday at 4 P.M. at Eichholz 56. Write to them for information on their group and future functions at PO Box 323448 D-2000 Hamburg 13, West Germany

MSC ICELAND

Yes, leathermen are ever where In case you are taking a scenic trip to Iceland to see the volcanos, the glaciers, the men, contact MSC Iceland at PO Box 5521, 125 Reykjavík Iceland

MR. EUROPEAN DRUMMER

Regional contests will begin taking place throughout Europe during late 1987 and early 1988 to determine contestants for the finals to be held in early April at the Amsterdam Eagle If you, your club or bar wish to sponsor a contestant, hold a local or regional contest and have not yet been contacted

by Drummer or our representatives, write Mr. European Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101, USA or telephone (415) 864-3456

The winner of Mr. European Drummer will receive an allexpenses-paid vacation to San Francisco. Cat fornia, USA to participate in the Mr. International Drummer 1988 finals.

GAY AMSTERDAM

Peter Glencross of Eden Cross' Best Guide, is oftening a complete list of gay events, functions and parties in Amsterdam. It runs two pages and covers nearly a I that will take prace in and around the Dutch mecca. To get your copy of this indispensable listing, send one dollar to cover postage and photocopying costs, along with a self-addressed, but unstamped enveloped to Peter Glencross, PO Box 22643, NL-1100 AS Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

Centaur MC Leather Weekend

and the

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leatherman Contest



THE BIG MOMENT: Alienet Russe Mr. Mid Atlantic Learner 1987 will represent mid At onto teathermer, in Chicago for IML 87

by JimEd Thompson

Washington, DC was cold and drab when my plane arrived, but the warm and friendly attitude of my host, Dan Dutcher, Leather Weekend Chairman, when we met set the mood for an extraordinary experience

After a hurried change into my leathers, we arrived at the Washington Eagle and Exit bar, unfortunately to be torn down in May, for the registration and presentation of judges and contestants final count was over five hundred leathermen mostly from the East Coast, but the entire country was represented. The Atlantic Motorcycle Coordinating Counci, was holding their elections during the weekend, with officials from over forty clubs

The judges were picked for their reputations within the leather community and experience; Louis Bothwell (Mr. Mid Atlantic Teatherman 1986), Scott Tucker (International Mr. Leather 1986) Steve Maidhof (Mr. Washington State Leather 1986 and founder of the National Leather Association), Vern Stewart (columnist and writer) and myself, JimEd Thompson (Mr. S.F. Leather and Associate Editor of Drummer/DungeonMaster). Al Santora, contest chairman, wanted to insure that not only was the udging fair, using judges from other parts of the country, but that a feeling of brotherhood be extended beyond their

own realm of membership. Truly a formidable task, but one that was accompished with style and dignity

Each function and event of the weekend came off without a hitch and on time, a rare and unique statement for functions of this nature. Saturday started with brunch at the Exit. An excellent fare, varied and tasty—if you have ever tried to provide food for several hundred people or even if you haven't, you can imagine what a massive coordinating effort this took, Later, while the AMCC was voting and the other leathermen enjoyed the friendly bars and normal tourist attractions in the nation's capital, the judges and contestants spent the atternoon at Dick's DC Eagle for prejudging, fourteen men, covering the ages from twenty to forty-five, all different types, looks and attitudes, told us why they wanted to represent the Centaur MC and the Mid-Atlantic leathermen. An impressive and varied group of

Saturday evening the Centaurs continued a tradition by having "Forma Leather Cocktarls" sashes, medals, buttons, club colors and every possible variation was represented. The buffet was a feast to the eyes as well as the palate. Men from all segments of the leather-5/M world forgot their differences for an evening of dignitied communication and mutual admiration. At least until we had all had a few drinks and the contest.

began...then all hell broke loose. In a fun way. The contestants during the competition brought cheers

Sunday brunch, a bit hung over, was enjoyed at Louis' Rogue. (I don't remember having attended a run or function of this nature when the tood was consistently good and plentiful as with this one.) Afterward the contest resumed with each of the contestants giving a short and sometimes moving talk followed by the jockstrap category, which was followed closely by the audience as well as the judges

The parade of coors from visiting clubs was impressive, as was the introduction of visiting notable. Artie Haber from Interchain and others, and supporting titleholders Mr. NY Leather and Mr. Baltimore Leather

The big moment arrived, the announcement of Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather 1987—Michel Rousse—a big hairy motorcycle cop from Canada, An exceptional man and a true leatherman Rusty Simm, with a pleasing personal ty and incredible body took second and Phlip, a very hot and humorous young man third

My congratulations to the men of Centaur MC and their new president, Hugh Gage, all the contestants and especially the winners. I'm Taylor and the other bactenders at the Washington Eagle and DC Eagle and the rest of the leather family—a great bunch of guys!



THE WINNERS: Firs raminiship Rusts Samms. Afr. Al. J. Atlantic Lead or 1987. Michel Rousse, and second runner, up. Phtip.



MANY MOONS: It has been a long time since this many hot men were together in one contest



BEHIND THE SCENES: (-- to the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather contest pose for an informal photo



VISITING TITLES: Air Sunfra scales her 1986 limbel Thomp. Air tran i president 11 to a large to ancia. The Mr. International Leather 1986 Scott Tocker, and Mr. Leather New York 1986 8" Main price is edited fan a lordeathericen

DRUMBEDIA

DOOMS

NEVER FORGOTTEN, NEVER REPEATED

The Pink Triangle The Nazi War Against Homosexuals, by Richard Plante Henry Holt and Company, \$19.95

The most important book on the homosexual experience since John Boswell's Christianity, Social Tolerance and Homosexuality, Richard Plante's The Pink Triangle, quite possibly the best single volume published in 1986, makes for shattering, numbing, overwhelming reading The tragic story of the destruction of German homosexuals by the Third Reich (those not murdered in the concentration camps or in the war were. forced into airtight, sunless closets; many gays simply vanshed into the night and log, nto, in Hannah Arendt's famous phrase, "holes of oblivion") is told here with a passionate, this ling intensity. Richard Plante lets us hear the death cries of our slaughtered brothers, he parts the mists of time to show us the part homosexuals were condemned to play in the supreme tragedy of Western civilization.

Written in a clear, crisp, shimmening style with not a single wasted word, The Pink Iriangle generates so much tension that you may find yourse f, as I d.d. viscerally responding to it as you've racely. it ever, responded to a book before I can't even imagine the incredible stress Plante. must have been under while writing The Pink Triangle Plante wants to be a good histor an (and he most definitely is); he wants to look at all the facts and tell us exactly what happened. But the documentary evidence can't help but astound, in one particularly stirring passage, Pante writes of his research in the archives. of the International Tracing Service.

Over the main entrance to the three-story building complex was a stone tablet in German, French and English: 'This

THE POINT TRIANGLE

building has been erectionse the archives of the which testify to the externition, torture and slavery inched by the National Social dictatorship. These archives whelp to furnish relief for their victims and their families. May these serve as a warning to future generations that never again must such horror afflict humanity.

I spent long weeks in these archives, which did more than testify to the extermination, torture and slavery" intlicted by the Third Reach, but preserved. sifted, and organized the testimony so it could never be denied. A though Eric Henschet and his assistant guided me gently through the various mazes. I never lost my sense of trauma. Here in a central index the fate of roughly 39 million people was put on record. Here the certificates of incarceration hiled all the tolders on one side of the room housing Buchenwald, while on the other side stretched endless rows of other Buchenwald files—inmate registry entries, work assignment rosters, personal effects cards plain prisoner lists, usually by numbers, sometimes by names, transfer and location sheets medical work abdities records. and ast, but most revealing the death books.

The Nazi extermination program for "contragenics," "a term the linguist Richard J Deppe has coined to encompass all those groups the Nazi regime resolved to eliminate, Jews, antifascists, gays, Jehovah's Witnesses, nonconform-

 vie gymen, gypsies, etc., a monstrous to contemme fully. To Plante's credit, he never pretends to be a disinterested historian; he sees at the horrors of Hitler and his henchmen are not buried in the past, but live on—as brutally real today as they were when Dachau, the first camp, was constructed in 1933. Plante realizes that the demons of fascism can never be totally exorcised, but must be ever remembered while we yell "Never again! Never agam'

Born in Germany, Richard Plante left that country on February 27, 1933, the day the Reichstag burned, first for Switzerland, then for the United States, where today he teaches at New York City's New School for Social Research. On one level (this is an amazingly rich book) The Pink friangle is the story of the author's search for his boyhood Frend Eric Langer; the book is dedicated "to Eric and all those who did not get away " Plante seeks to discover Eric's late, a fate he knows might, but for the quirks of fortune, have been his: he has written The Pink Triangle, in part, to expiate his "survivor guilt, the touching malady people often feel when they are spared from a catastrophe in which so many others perish, leaving those left behind wondering, "Why me?" (Many gays today feel this

"guit" when they remain healthy while their friends die of AIDS.) But to learn what betell Eric—he was killed by the Gestapo; where and when remains unknown—is to learn about the Nazi program of genocide against gays. The personal has become poignantly politica..

Framed by a personal prologue and epilogue, The Pink Triangle looks at Hitter's extermination of gays from five chief angles. Plante brings us into the camps, into the homophobic mind of Himmler, into "The Night of the Long Knives" (June 28, 1934-when the \$5 wiped out the \$A and two days later killed the SA's homosexual head, Ernst Roehm), into the endless documents in which the Nazis spelled out, in hornfying detail their hatred of homosexuals, into the entire history of Germany. The full horror of the Third Reich can never be fully grasped. Plante recognizes his limitations, knows that the complete picture—infinite in its sheer terror—can never be seen (our minds are incapable of grasping (t) Evil is as essentially unknowable as the complex mind of God), so he gives us portions of the picture, short takes from the endless move of infinite madness.

I don't see how The Pink Triangle could be a finer book than it is. There are passages in it as powerful as anything ever written. In light of recent history, I was particularly startled to learn that one of Hitler's first acts on being appointed chancellor was to simultaneously outlaw pornography and homosexual acts, (The Third Reich also grouped homosexuality with abortion; one of H mmler's pet projects was the "War to Combat Abortion and Homosexua rty") In the fascist mindset, sexuality exists only to serve the state. The pornographic imagination is inherently antifascist, in pornography, sex is punfied, made independent

of everything but itself, and, as such, is terrifying to the Nazi-(and neo-Nazi, i.e., Republican) way of thinking Homosexuality, likewise, is a threat to fascism; gay sex acts, because they are never procreative, can't be made to serve the state, whose only goal is producing more little Nazis, more attle Republicans, more little murderers. Homosexuality is its own raison d'etre, you don't have sex with another man for the sake of the future of Germany or the United States. You do it for pleasure, and pleasure, particularly sexual pleasure as expressed in porn and homosexuality and SM, is antithetical to fascist ideology Fascism denigrates the individual; in Nazi Germany there were no persons there was only the volk Homosexualty represents a very special triumph of the individual (and decidedly not a 'traumph of the wal') and so homosexuality is very disturbmg to fascists for whom the only ecstasy is blind, brutal conformity

In Hitler's speeches, as, for example, those recorded in

Leni Riefenstahl's film of the 1934 Nuremberg Rally Irrumph des Willens, there's an unmistakable erotic change. The leader makes the people come. (A similar erotic response can be seen in the crowds reacting to a Jimmy Swaggert.) Gays were murdered in Nazi Germany because they implicitly said no to the cockteasing of the fascists. It's an invaluable lesson. As Plante writes, "In many ways, the specters of the Third Reich still haunt us-not because a tew elderly Nazis may be hiding in South America and not because groups of younger neo-Nazis demand attention with recycled swastika ideologies and emblems. The specters begin to come to life whenever fanatical fundamentalists of any sect-religious or secular—take over a nation and call for a holy war against its most vulnerable and vilified minorities

What's remarkable, truly scary, almost unthinkable is that a regime which persecuted homosexuals has become a gay turn-on. I've seen personal add in this magazine from

people seeking "Nazi masters from men looking to act out "concentration camp fantasies," It's too facile to main tasi that Third Reich freaks are merely psychotic. Rather, the defication of the Nazis as an SM ideal is the acting out of gay self-hatred of a particular-ly virulent sort.

There persists the myth that the Third Reich was a holbed of homosexuality. Though homosexual acts, of course, did occur in Nazi Germany, as they occur in all societies, these acts were not officially sanctioned an estimated 60,000 gay men were killed because of their homosexuality And there persists the even sicker myth that the Reich, like the Roman Empire, Jell because of homosexuality (This bit of deranged manity is given its most finely tuned expression in the gay director Luchino Visconti's film The Damned, guite possibly the most morbidly immoral movie ever made.) The hatred of gay people is so ingrained into Western society that the nastiest, most vehement way to discredit an enemy in the

popular imagination is to label the enemy a queer, a faggot, a cocksucker. So the Nazis, who killed homosexuals, are cursed themselves for being gay. Gays who embrace the Nazi mystique vilify themselves; accepting the straight world's condemnation of homosexuals, Nazi-loving gays are wasking into the ovens of a new Auschwitz.

Finally, The Pink Triangle proves cathartic. You'd have to be emotionally dead to read this remarkable book without being deeply moved. But the tremb es felt and the tears shed over The Pink Triangle are redeeming; they bespeak hope, hope that we will never again permit the fascists to attempt to destroy us. Next to The Pink Triangle, everything else I've read in many years seems ephemeral, meaningess. Richard Pante is a topnotch writer, a superb historian, a courageous human being, and The Pink Triangle is unquestionably a masterpiece

—T R, Witomski Available from SSCo. The Pink Iriangle, \$19.95 +1.50 S&H

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THE MEN OF MEN

Beetcake and bromidethat's what you get in the newly released Male Entertainment Network (MEN) video of the 1986 Mr. Drummer Contest. The near-hourlong video documents the nine confestants, their sometimes fatuous pronounce ments about leather, and their sexual fantasies, as we las the performances of several guest performers. While not as successful an entertainment as previous video editions of the contest, this faithful recording of the event will be an apprecrable souvenir of the contest for those who were present, and a suitable document for those who couldn't attend the San Francisco-based attair which presents the nation's highest-ranking leather title

"I like the Drummer show because it gives us something as close to sexual as we can get chard Wright in 1982. Their goal was clear-cut. "We never had any doubt what our idea. was," Cyberski said, "We wanted to do non-X-rated gay video."

Perhaps it was the isolation of the company's origin in Dubugue, Iowa which fueled the partner's vision. "We wanted to bring gay entertainment to the gay people who could not come to these events, to give them a window on all those worlds," said Wright, Both men were well prepared, with many year's experience in the television industry, following their rapid relocation to San francisco, their videos have provided gay people windows to a wide variety of events across the country, including the San Francisco gay parade the New Orlean's March Gras. the Reno Gav Rodeo, the International Mr. Leather Contest, and the Miss Continental without being too sexual," Contest and show MEN has said Chuck Cyberski, who taped extravaganzas like the tounded MEN with partner Ri tamous "Men Behind Bars"

variety show, and celebraties like Sylvester and Jack Wrangler, Particularly popular are multiple tapes of the Gay Games, including opening and closing day ceremonies, and 90 minutes of the men's physique contest

Non-X-rated video didn't exist when MEN was founded, and although there have since been a few gay event videos from other sources, there is no other company producing as much or with the continuity of MEN. They currently have 30 titles in their catalog and are supplying 105 bars crosscountry with choice video sequences. To do so, the two-man outfit has frequently had to expand their staff to catch the widespread events. It took a crew of 20 to-capture the Gay Games, and for the Mr. Drummer contest, three extra people were needed

'The Drummer work is exciting," said the husky, doeeyed Wright, "and it rounds out our tapes."

"We've had easier jobs, though," added Cyberski. The 1986 contest was held in a smaller hall than in previous years, and posts posed viewing problems. The huge crowds who mobbed the stage further. impeded camera mobility. So most of the camera work was done with telephoto lenses from the rear of the hall. While the stage, too, was smaller, this helped focus the action so the camera had no trouble getting it all or zeroing in for closeups, for theatrical effect, the event was bathed in red light, which is very hard to film. Fortunately, MEN's advanced equipment allows compensation with the twirl of a knobMixed live from three cameras 'You only get one chance that way, but you get the best of each camera and eliminate the slack"), the resulting video has professional taping, benetited by post-event smooth editing and electronic enhancement

One might, however, quibble with the contents. Leathermen are not groomed as performers. It's sink or swim when they're thrown onto a stage. Although there is interest in the men's efforts to speak and perform, future years may see all but the posing left to professional entertainers

Throw in the compressed time span of video, and you get some painfully fascinating juxtapositions of word and deed. What are we to make, for instance, of attractive joe Nucatola? He says the Mr. Drummer title would enable him to represent the gay community in times of fear as a model of mental strength, and then during his sex fantasy sequence describes the thrill be receives from murder. And what about the statement of Russ Odom concerning our need to strike down the homophobia that exists within ourselves, which is it ustrated so well, if unintentionally, by the fantasy of Mike Muliis, who is cuffed by a cop, called a lag and punished for his gay identity.

These peripheral aspects were for me the most intriguing part of the video, which is more successful as a document than as entertainment The camera does gloat over the nine confestants—you can see the pubic hair crawling



over their leather jocks. Two thirds of the video are devoted to the enactment of their fantasies. These include some forceful head shaving, a wrestling/piss section, a flashy Las Vegas-style costumed fuck, a beautiful oiling-up, and Nucatola's unusual reading of a short story (he was properly booed for its content). There is no full nudity; all sex is simulated.

The "sweaty jocks" sequence mirrors a bathing-suit parade, but it was never this revealing, and never included spread cheeks. The video's best moments come from pros, including richly voiced Mario Simone delivering the disco anthem "Drummerman" and International Mr. Leather second runner-up JimEd Thompson delivering to Chris Burns a simulated fistfuck in a scorching strip/sex number. It's been "posterized" by the producers, and the visual effect adds to its imaginative strength and beauty This is capped by the announcement of the winners by the astoundingly handsome 1985 titleholder, Steve

Reiswig, As "Tara's Theme' booms over the loudspeakers, Mr Drummer 1986 Mike Murray promises encouragingly, "Forward together—bound by leather!"

Ed: Mr. Karr was asked to review this tape, and I believe in letting reviewers have their say However, I must include my strong disagreement with much of it. Above article says much more about the reviewer's lack of understanding of the "leather" scene, "leather" lantasy and "leather" lifestyle than it does about a videotape or a contest! We are going to be using a greater variety of media reviewers in the future. nien who are into the scene 1f you are interested, send us reviews of videos, books, etc. that would interest Drummer readers

-Fledermaus

FUCKIN' NASTY

My advocacy of videos by New York pornographer Christopher Rage is continued in full heat by his latest, My Masters. It's a jam-packed hour's serving from Rage's buffet of obsession. His cravings hypnotize and blur together with narcotic music to create an aura of sensation so continual that the idea of climax is replaced by an unceasing state of climax.

In his usual fashion, Rage intermingles recurring snippets with substantially longer sequences in My Masters, framing the whole with a never more demented Scott Taylor. Crazed with auto exhilaration, smeared with dirt, drooling lasciviously and talking filth, Taylor beats his bloated dick and shoves both his finger and his tongue up its gaping piss slit! He laps up his cum and lets it dribble from his mouth. He's disgusting. And you I get off on it

Several set pieces stand out among the many segments. One features multiple leather titleholder/Drummer associate editor Jimfd Thompson He's a big bruiser who uses bondage, belts, dildoes and tists upon slave Chris Burns. Strange how his bruial force should carry so much visible concern and care. This is a Master to emulate and desire

Another standout is a learly muscular and exotically beautiful brack man who is seen in multiple involvements, solo and otherwise. Clothespins, dildoes, throat-gagging cocksucking and stiff fucking are his specialties. And he and his partner don't just talk dirty they growl and shout, hiss and punch, scream and spit dirty.

Then there's a beefy body builder who presents his partner with one of the smoothest fistings I've seen Very little Crisco allows crisp close-ups as assip slides over foreasm.

There's a good deal more hooded men, tortured nipples and balls and huge didoes, presented in an atmosphere heightened by music both thythmic and melancholy. In My Masters, Christopher Rage continues to go beyond whatever bounds he went beyond previously. Let him do it to you

—John F. Karr MEN. One United Nations Plaza, San Francisco, CA 94102 Christopher Rage/Live Video, Inc., PO Box 1791, New

York, NY 10116

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LEATHER MOTEROOK

ILLUSTRATION by BILL WARD

by LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry,

I have been reading Drummer for eight years. I am black and want to get more into leather, besides just using Drummer fiction as the best 10 material I have read. How do I get more involved? Also, are there any precautions I should take when answering an ad in Drummer? Also why aren't there more blacks and other third-world gays in Drummer fiction?

Robert

Dear Robert,

Unfortunately, when the editors forwarded your letter to me they did not send the envelope, and since you did not indicate a return address. on the letter I don't know where you live. This makes it more difficult to answer your first question, If you live in a city with any sizable gay/ leather community, it is mostly a question of going to wherever they hang out and socializing. If there are clubs in your area, they will usually have "runs," or "beer busts". in local pubs, or open meetings when they install new oftreers, etc. Attending these can also put you in touch with active leather guys. As to precautions, you should make sure you are submitting-1 assume that as a novice you intend to start from the bottom—to a man who is neither drunk nor gone on drugs, and who expresses enough sense of responsibility that he assures you of his intention to play it safely. And safely applies both to health (safe sex) practices and sane SM behavtor. You can never be 100% sure, but if you make it clear that these comprise your limits, most Tops will respect your wishes. Your last question is very interesting, because I've never thought of American blacks as third-world people. In this sense you are actually asking two questions. I have read (and written) several stories concerning third-world characters — Vietnamese, Central American guerillas, Arabs, etc. Many of these have been printed in Drummer or Mach. As to blacks, per se, I have to admit that I don't recall a story where one of the main characters was black, but there have been several with blacks as secondary protagonists (as in my recently serialized "Court Martial").

Dear Larry,

This letter is in answer to the guy who was pissed at his parents for circumcising him (Drummer 100) and to all cut guys who are mad about it. I am uncut, and it has not been a great pleasure for me. Point one: The so-called pleasure of greater sensitivity is a myth. I have been so sensitive that I have been unable to be touched on the exposed cockhead until the past few years. () am 45) I could not enjoy getting sucked because one or two touches of the teeth would either abrade me or cause a very unpleasant jolt. I had to be very careful in seecting "fuckees," because a tight asshole caused pain when the skin was pulled back

Point two. I have a slight plimores, a nonelastic ring which clings too tightly when I skin back, so it is a constant problem. I should have had this taken care of when I had the time, but I was not willing to go through the pain and discomfort of adjusting to what might have turned out to be a mistake. As one doctor said: the result might have been to overtraumatize it. My uncut cock has not been a source of pleasure, and although my expersence is not a normal one. I want to say to all unhappy cut guys to get over it and enjoy the positive aspects of their equipment, not dwell on the things they think they're missing

Point three. Real sexual pleasure and cock sensitivity

are generated from the mond anyway. I know that landan is a other "uncuts" can't get a state the top just on pens scale to a solution. You need a good to be cut men. You really are as as well off as us uncuts

A NYC

Dear K.

I guess you've said it all I'm just glad that Michelangelo left the skin on David, it's so damned pretty.

Dear Larry,

Thave two cliestics is hope violation answer. I I mostly small and amount of the small of the sale in stores where it is cold to be sale in stores where it is a Ok.

Dear C.H.,

The dangers in getting fucked are difficult to assess, because they was viry so greatly from one person to another. It is not so much the size of the anal opening that determines this, as the length (depth) between the opening and the point at which the anal canal turns to connect with the colon. Most damage from ass-fucking occurs because the invading cock hits the top, so to speak, and stretches the lissues, somet mes tearing them. As a general rule, I would say that an average-size cock probably won t do any damage unless the guy gets too violent. Unfortunately, you probably won't find a doctor in your area who could take a look and advise you: although, if you could, this would give you a better answer.

As to the "shockers," I assume you mean cattle prods. These come in various strengths and are intended to be used on animals with hides considerably thicker than

yours. The power of the prod is usually determined by the number of batteries (C cells mostly) that it holds, if you're going to play with one, don't exceed three cells and don't use the nine-volt battery model, even though it is smaller than the others and looks less lethal, It isn't. Don't use it above the waist, and then only on large muscles (butt or upper thighs), It is much more tun to use one on someone else (or have him use if on you), but everyone to his own laste.

Dear Larry,

as of created is that a suppresses information which may save a life. As a specific crample, do a angle sus a or tidden subject it would replose to exceed the it sea in a term at the exceed the it sea in a term.

Ca go, n Argeles (A

Dear George,

Although I doubt that the Navy will ever publish this as a survival technique, it is certamly true that drinking pres is one (sometimes the only) way to obtain essential fluids in an emergency situation. Of course, we know that a person suffering from a serious viral intection can also pass this to the recipient via his urine, since the body uses this as one way to eliminate undesirable microorganisms. But you knew that all along, didn't you? [Ed. Re. the liteboat or a long-term prisoner scene. You can "recycle" piss up to three times, however, each time your body will concentrate it further. Atter three times, it will be too concentrated. ~AFD)

(II you would like Larry Townsend to address a particular problem or issue, write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101)

THE MALE S/M PUBLICATION



DUNGEONMASTER FOUR ISSUES

the incidental of motor like the processing officially a succession of the latest the la que magazine

TOTALLY UNCU FETISH AND **FANTASY!**



HOUR SSLES

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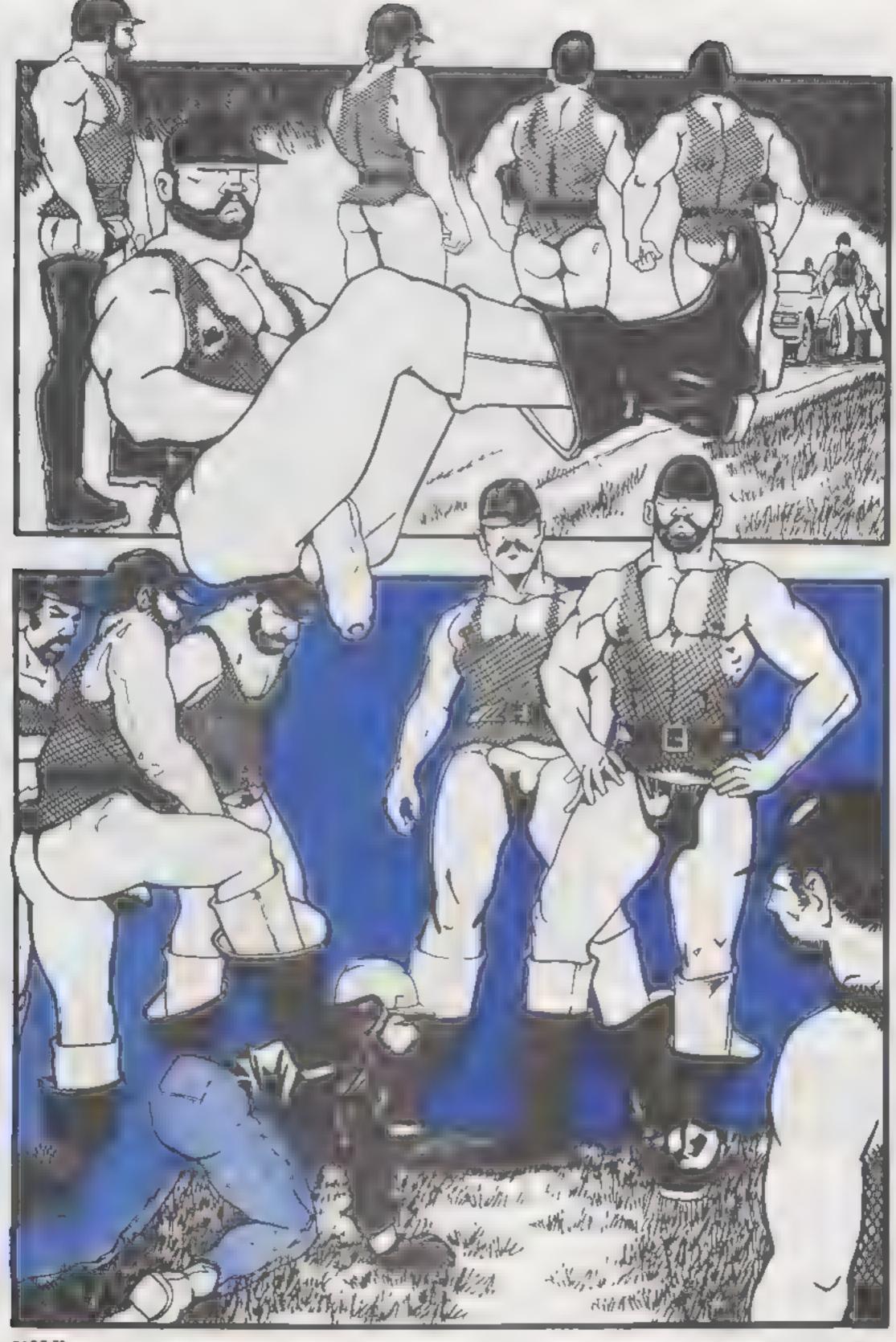
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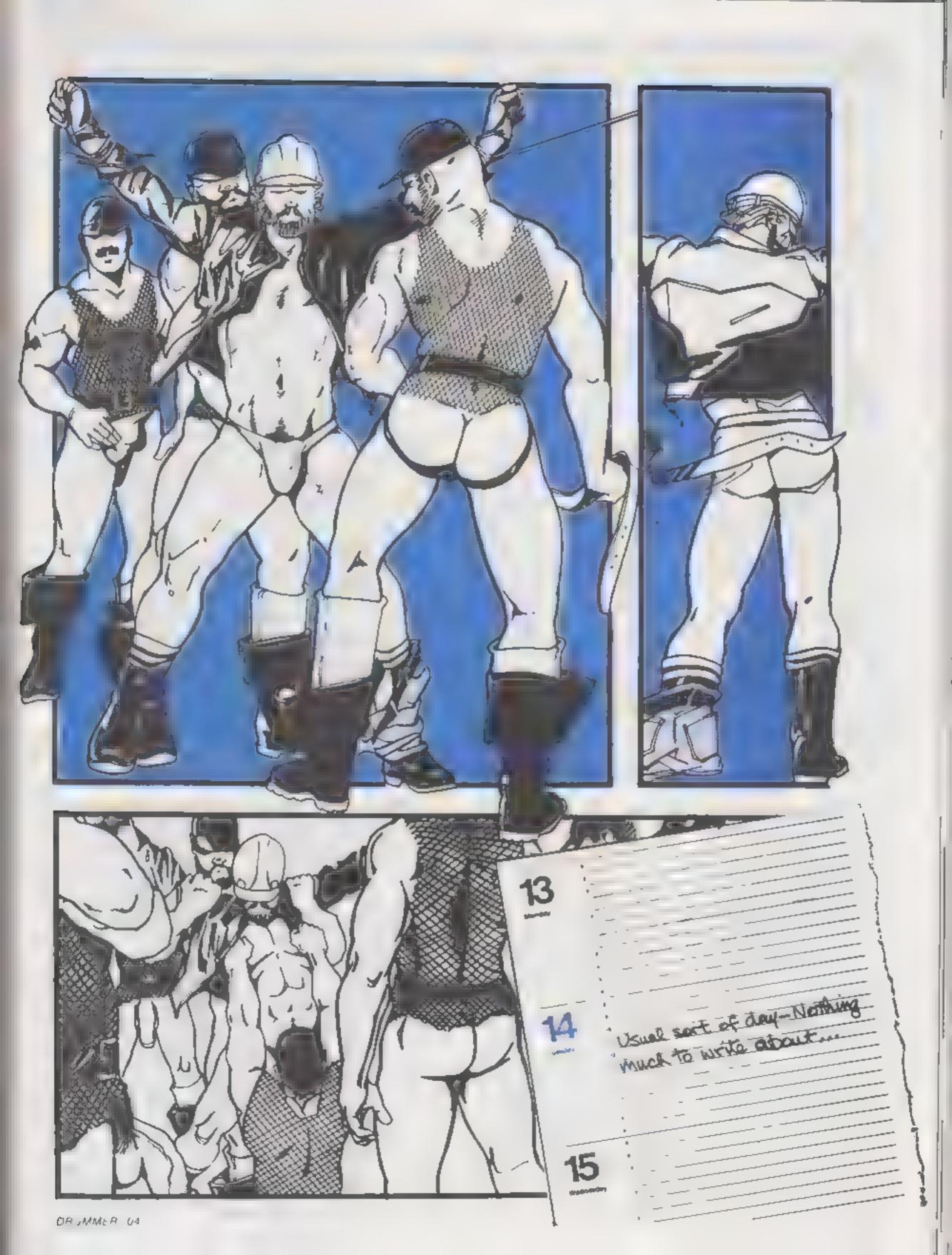
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How to reply to a DRUMMER box number: Answering a DRUMMER box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2) Fut your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3) PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPEdomestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. 4) Put the whole thing (sealed letter and for warding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314 LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED!

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be

The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leatherment By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as Drumbeats) we are doing just that. No deadlines, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50° a word!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without that it is a went a bigger bargain.

DEAD SID

DESMODUS INC. PO Box 11314 San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

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PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY

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Telephone Number in Ad Add \$100)

Total Enclosed S

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Card No ______ Exp. Date

Signature

NYC HOME FOR RAUNCH BOY

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

S ave must be slim, smooth and under 25. Domestic duties include cooking (or willingness to learn) and maintaining Iwo bedroom apartment in Chicago Extracurricular activities include hum liation, hard spankings and sekual duties. Must be wilting to serve 28year-oid 511° 170 lbs on ive-in basis over indel hits period Cal (312) 348-4263

LONG HAIR IS SEXY

NE sold er 32. 5'10" good-looking Instiman seeks hot men with long. flowing hair (facial and body hair is a plus). Come, put your mouth to a nice. ripe cock while I unloosen your tocks. Am a so into Greek active with the right partner Please send photo Box 5748LF

SLAVE/HOUSEBOY, SON

Professiona man 40 white 6' 1751bs. seeking Asian/Black Hispanic stavechauseboy/son You should be smaand boyish Almost all aspects of sex explored Limits will be respected but expanded Am seeking itetime son Send revealing photois) application address, phone Will answer all Box 5751LF

WM SUBMISSIVE SKS DOMINANT 6' 170 bs 36 y a 7" cut completely shaved (head to-loot) submissive seeks affectionate but demanding top Me Masculine, aggressive in career, lde, but Bubm ssive sexually enjoy Gr P. F. A giving body worsh p lite S M. TT, CBT VA. WS) Healthy afestyle You Commant affectionate firm body successful Un mportant Age height. cocksize race weight Write Rich Con-By Box 242 NY NY 10002 or ca 1 (212) 228 2169 7-9 AM or 11 30 PM 12:30 AM EST (LF5753)

HEY SLAVEBOY

Ready to offer commitment devotion to Lea herman? Possess passion for varied intense sexual gratification houding kink no less stronger than desire for intimacy affection have good physical presence proper all lude? Master considers all secious candidales submitting detailed lette phone number reformable photo for interview. Assisted relocation if chosen Box 5754_F

PUSSY BOY/SLAVE

Boy 25, 5'6" 125 lbs seeks Master/ daddy to be trained to serve in S.M. Letter with description or phone (716) 694 2805, anytime Box 5706

TIRED OF GAMES/PHONIES

Successful businessman-38 years old -5 11" trim Bottom into leather and boots, TT C&BT II you re and Top and human I'm interested. I can't relocate but can he p you if things click Drop a ine to Box 5705 or ca (206) 841 2675 after 9 PM) if you re interested

FF YIDEO WANTED VHS copy of intelligent Man's Guide to Handbail: Video Edition, advising how to obtain Box 5718

Will provide good home and spending allowance to son dedicated to meeting my needs. You should be somewhat raunch and shit oriented and must provide dirty tollet sex for me on regular basis. Also keep your ass and body dirty and smelly. Wanting permanent oving and affectionale relationship I m 41 with a dominant personality. You Should like being emotionally dependent and submissive to my will in our everyday lives. Besides much quiel I me al home, travel and good times will be part of relationship. Have been

polo and detailed letter about self Bex 5710 FANTASY BOTTOM WANTED GWM 35. 5'11", 235 lbs Are you man enough to be humiliated into sex with a round man, No S&M Musts Hairy

health conscious and have not been

exposed to virus, expect same. Send

body Photos help. Write Box 5708 SUBMISSION 1987

chest/body over 5'10" 28-45, muscled

New Year's resolution. Find Master? Mentor and give him my mind and body Blond hair/blue eyes, average Germanic looks add up to false image of dominance. My ble's duty is to serve a good MASTER Good career and life useless without an S/M leather relalionship. Age not important, just the desire to deal with my six-foot body and mind for a day or forever NYC based, alt considered. Box 5711

HEY BOY, WRITE YOUR DAD He's sitting here with a hard on, wart-49 to hear from his kid Dad's fockstick is hal for, his boy's deep throat-sleep all aight between your dad's hairy thighs Suck these dad bales into your hal boy mouth. Suckle on your dad's harry nipples. Come on. boy write me You can lick and kiss dad's lattoos, clean his dirty luckstick Box 5716

BARBERSHOP SCENES

Good looking GWM wants master barber for hol barbershop scenes. Submissive customer needs short tapered old-fash oned harrout. Box 5723.

ASS EATER

needs to eat your muscular during asshore fill it shines. Dirty shorts and 501s. with hole a plus (305) 756-1055

ASSISTANT DRIVER POSITION Seeking owner-operator or OTR driver that needs an assistnat driver/helper/ partner 40, 57°, 210 lbs., rugged responsible and willing to work long and hard. Am willing to invest with right person to purchase a tractor and we work it together as a team Box 5667LF

SPECIAL HOT MAN

wanted by special hot man, 40, 150 lbs. 5 10 2°, well-built handsome (black hair brown eyes, trim beard and moustache) very masculine, strong smart and successful If you're exceptional patient, mindlucking man, I'll knock your socks off Letter with photo gets mine. Mitch, PO Box 9395. Scottsdate. AZ 85252 (LF5077)

COCK ENLARGEMENT

Correspondence wanted with others interested in cock enlargement. Box 5694

TOTAL SADIST

seeks abuse-hungry WM masechist for heavy S/M pain trips. TT, paddled canes, CBT, organities Begin slow work up to heavy acl on. Masochist must have high or nonexistant pain limits. Good build required. Sadist is 43. 170, 6' blond, HOT! No fluid exchange or permanent damage/marks. Western J S Box 5278LF

YOU CAN SERVE 2 MASTERS Submit your subservient will brain and smooth, frim body to Daddy (52, 5.10) 170) and Brother (37 82", 165) both G/a F/p, for sex & servitude for once or forever. You will be owned, protected. controlled, trained, disciplined, pur-(shed, exhibited home ated, worked, bound used abused 6 know that you are loved. Mental surrender is 1 rst. the rest as easy. No phoneys, dopeys, or alkies Pol & poppers okay Submit & expose yourself by writing Oick & Bill 54 East Main, Fayetteville PA 17222 Near Ballimore & D.C. Photo returned

DELAWARE

Sta we to him

Proud while Virgo Belawarian nonracist Dad .50s, seeks +18 responsible si m consentasis. Box 5541

LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES WM 47 6'2" 170 seeks WM as a fr end and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I tike to ride dressed in leather from head. to loe I am a mature, well educated professional who likes to live a life we li above average Box 5028LF

BONDAGE PARTNER WANTED WM 5111, 180, seeks partners for bon dage sessions, light SM Can be lop or bottom. Stender, muscular preferred Age not important. Travel PA. OH & FL. Box 5071

FISTFUCK NG BUDDIES

wanted for heavy scenes by versalite hot horny GWM 31, 5'10" 160 hairy bearded A so into leather W S S&M VA and more Photo to Bridwe 1 PO 80x 7686 Atlanta, GA 30357

BURNING DESIRE

Cigar smokin policement full rigs 8ik ers. Paramilitary men Firemen/ firebugs Viet vets Fireworks demonstrators. Demonition experts share torture/violence stories, fantasies with pyroe olic manboy 27 with hard-on. Likes things that go bang or go boom Salesex DA AWS PO Box 20147 London Terrace Station NYC 10011 (718) 789-6147 (LF5652)

MANHANDLE BIG MEAT

Ever want to manhandle a guy s big uncut cock and low hanging globes? Use more for tight bondage, weights clamps, inserts, catheters wax hole stretching, etc. you name it! Pic & phone, PO Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734

SLAVE-DOG

36 5.11", 170 with good manners, obedient, stable healthy needs experienced mentally and physical strong and harsh owner to fulful Master's desires under his absolute control. No I'm Is free to relocate. Please, no bulsh I or phonies. Call 011 49-69-587249 or write UP., PO Box 101154 6000 Frankfurt, W. Germany

BB DAD/SON-HOT ACTION My Dad is 39 6' 200 lb., brown hair? stache 48" chest 31" waist and very forcefulf (im 28, 6'2" 228 bs. black harr/beard, dark eyes. 49" chest 32" waist, big halry pacs sensitive tits Will be Irave ing logether & sepa alely in U.S. during Mar -May 87 Looking for hotisale action with similar couples or singles. Photo/silde answered 1781 Agerlooks not as important as scene, but bridy builders & couples into groups scenes cansidered first I love to service 2 masters, dads and my Dad would like to find my lost brother to help me give him the attention he

DADDY SLAVE WANTED

deserves. Write soon! Box 5154

29 yr aid good-looking good bady. needs a daddy to abuse VA CP TT and more Daddy must worship his boy. My pits & leet need special after on Safe sane only wille with phone # Box 4973

LEXINGTON/CINCINATTI AREA 40 y a. GWM seeking 21+ GWM, little lamily Us Van Ila/heavy asswork many late piercings big nutsac a lurnon heavy pain & forture, safe sex leather electrolocture sharing monogamous (group a er) very hairy & desire same Trave, weekends Photos exchanged I have iftle family too Equality important Box 5654LF

FIT TO BE ABUSED slave seeks no-nonsense cop. master who knows what they want. Should be into cigaral molorcycles and abusing a slave in any way. Master is over 6' 150. lbs up Will answer all photo will get

mine Will relocate Box 5653LF WHITE ASS TOY

34 58" 155 lbs available for one or more BLACK MEN. Hore has recently moved up to stretching. Craves long sessions with fun substances Has some toys smal to huge Fists possible with proper training. Ass available nationwide especially SF and NYC Let ters with pictures get first reply. Box 5649.F

BEARDED DADDY MASTER

43. 6' 185 bs. aggressive insallable (almost) foul-mouthed and affectionale seeks an obedient nonsmoker slave son, over for a monogamous relationship. I you think you can handie my verbie abuse physical abuse mostly spanking, but some TT & C&BT) light bondage, have few if any sexual hangups and are ser ous, then write and tell me why I should choose you. Although attitude is more important than age or appearance (short is a plus). Send me a recent photo anyway. cocksucker with your application Write, Sir PO Box 1095 Richmond, VA 23208 (LF5501)

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine 39, base brond WM seeks a submissive, obedient affectionate son. You should expect to be disciplined when you fait to live up. to your potential or my expectations. Son should be younger but attillude and desire to serve are most important. 1 you have an attitude of submission and a need for discipline and love, the rest is easy. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchfu, eye of a caring strict daddy. Write or call (the number (5 isted) James T Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond, VA 23240 (LF5668

BOOTS—LEATHER—UNIFORMS
White male Master very experienced, ooking for boot slave who can relate thoroughly to Master through boot service, whipping and discipline. Training will be structured to satisfy both Master and slave. Send photo with leter. Box 5726

HOT, HUNG AND READY
Big-dicked, 27-year-old fun-loving
dude with hot ass seeks other well
hung men for long asspray sessions
I m 6' 165 lbs, moustache, harry chest
and very sexy. Leather is my biggest
turn-on while also enjoying cockrings
didoes, be stretchers, 1.1 forture,
poppers, ght to heavy bondage and
heavy asspray. Equally experienced at
top and bottom scenes. My body is
solid, my digit is hard, my health is
excellent celters with photos get first
reply but I promise to answer all PO
Box 5454. Louisville KY 40205

MASTER

Mandsome muscular frim, we -buill 48. 5'94", 145 -bs., seeks slave-masoch st-lover permanent temporary or weekend who is frim under 45. well-built A scenes into being lace-tucked to el trained whipped heavy togging FF WS scat C&BT hot wax electroforture placeng, 8&D, branding, stretching etc. Well designed and equipped dungeon available Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240, F

WM SON WANTS BLACK DADDY 40-year-old Master black daddy for fur-lime service. Total submissive, expand my I mits Novice in WS bondage. C&BT and servilude, I can relocate and be self-supporting for the Black daddy that wants me. Prefer 50-male. Bisexual action enjoyed or whatever the diamater and wants of me. I want to serve for the I am 5.11", 180 this chunky hairy build 8" cut. large balls larlooed. While me. please. Daddy — am eager and walling to serve. 80x 5093_F.

ASIANS FOR FANTASY

Do you have a kinky side? Borderline fetish? Let's explore each other's lantasies. The time is how. Relationship is possible. I am 25. GWM attractive. 6-145. Ibs. Send detailed etter/photo/phone to G.H. 495 Ell's St. Suite 204. San Francisco. CA 94102.

WESTERN NY ONTARIO

32 you sim WM, looking to make I lends with a man who wants to work, play with me, mulually exploring/expanding our world of SM BD and eather all in a safe & sensual context. A relationship is certainly a possibility Please write to me with your thoughts and how I can get back to you Box 5392...

FAT DADDY-MASTER 46

wants stender young-looking sonslave. PO Box 33336 Coon Rap ds MN 55433 Write today **BOOTS AND BONDAGE**

Bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Bituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and foot service for your pleasure and amusement. Will clean your heavy duty boots down to tread/cleat soles. Outdoor workouts greater with constant attention to your needs. Travel USA and overseas, 52. 6° 180 lbs. Box 4411LF.

TIRED OF THE CITY

Country "boy" wants to come back home to self-employed country man or country-based trucker who is hairy big-dicked, bearded, naturally top funtovin Dad who needs a boy-minded young man as follower/boy/partner not slave. You support us I keep you happy or you whip me into smoke, beer Photos answered first. Box 6043LF.

In all the wrong places—spread-eagled and red-cheeked by SM aces—condom strapped tongue inside stude who dig silling on face—harnessed and hot-waxed for slave scenes and kinky embraces—hog-tied for the sleaze needs of raunch groups and drenched with the traces of everyone tooking for ove. While only Bob, 20s. husky uncut Hot photo, descriptive letter to Box 5497LF

Professional in shape GWM interested in prolonged sessions of hipple and genital stimulation and ass exploration as either to or bottom. Am extremely healthy financially secure and travel often. Most any scene considered. Box 1274, Petersburg, AK 99833. All ans-

wered (LF5576.

DAD SKS RESPCTFL SON/LOVER Good-looking GWM 37,55° grey (balding), moustache, muscular You Responsible, hardworking, spiritual in-shape, into leather boots, Levis, VA WS being dominated etc. No drugs This dad is tired of bullshit boys. If ready to respect, serve, work hard and be loved, respond with photo, letter phone to Box 5610LF.

LOOKING FOR LEATHER PUNK
Dominant Master, 38, 160, well built
tooking for leather punk, 21-30, with
goody body and decent looks. Applicant should toxe leather, discipline
imental and physical) bondage shavng, torture, pubic exhibition. See the
ter outlining sexual and lifes yie
desires with pic to 80x 5598LF.

ARE YOU MY DADDY?

tive been tooking everywhere for so ong for my daddy. My daddy is handsome hairy muscular and he has a bigdick, and his name is Sir. Though I've never met him. I know helf want to pinch my lits and put his hand in my built. I m sure hell spank me often and occasionally whip me, and he probably has a lot of other interesting ideas about how to treat his boy that I haven't even thought at. But he for sure knows. how to treat his boy with that beaut lutbiending of discipline and affection that If make his boy just want to please his daddy. Boy is 37, 5'9", 140 brn/hzl. smooth and lightly muscled It you're my daddy it sure hope you thealt soon. I want my daddy (415) 465-9767 (LF5607)

STOMACH PUNCHING

How much can you take in the gut? Punches knees, the ultimate workover in your flat, muscled beily till you fold over in pain. Light line of dark han down your stomach, (212) 675-3615

COCK TORTURE

Looking for depraved C/T scenes. Into piercing, mutilation fantasies, pissibile stretching, electricity I have a cock with a PA and pierced tits that also enjoy weights and clamps. Also enjoy long tisting sessions am 53° 150 lbs. 40 and into leather. Planning a trip to SF and want to stay and play? Thave sleeping, accommodations, available. Mitch. PO Box 5276. San Francisco. CA. 94101. (415) 861-7898. (LF5646)

WANTED ON-CALL SLAVE
Looking for GWM slave. 19-40 slim, for
on-call stave. Must be able to report
when called. Most limits respected.
Send recent photo & limits & telephone.
No drinkers or drug users. Am WM
374 fbs. 6:3" I will answer all with
photo & phone. Just a letter takes
longer. Address letter to Sire. Box
5660LF.

PESKY COLT SEEKS MASC. TOP Country boy 30, 5'9' 160, blue eyes and brown hair/moustache, tooking for dominant/muscular big brother untained colt seeks long-term relationship with physically and mentally till topman/coach. Into teather/un form, and western realities. The right man could tame this boy Moustaches a plus Photo and phone with detailed letter will return same. Scamp, 80x 5627

BOOTS B KES BLUECOLLAR WORKERS

Full-time bluecol at worker by day & occasional part-time cycle slut has letish for high boots, black motorcycles, bluecollar men Maybe we can practice sate sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hald work, not pumping from in a gym. No drugs paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers rock videos opera & high-tech prepites & clones. Stat is 35. 6.1° 220 bs. bluebrik Box 27021.6

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

YOUNG SADISTS

attractive forties St. Louis Daddy Equipped dungeon including whips available Must have sane vivid sadistical techniques. Travelers accommodated Send detailed demands photo Box 568.

sadist, doctor, lover needed by masochist 42 bearded harry chest. 6: 175 big hippies, we have experience big tals, heat cigarettes bullwhips sharp implements the color red having sex on the brink are some turn-bis/obsessions. You should be experienced, intelligent seeking a life and one-on-one commitment, willing to play, salery for keeps. Affection caring, holding should be a mulual need. Southwest or Western U.S. pre-levred. Box 5666.

KENNEL MASTER WANTED by partially trained, healthy white passive, self-supporting, stray dog 5 11", 155, 40s. Taught its destiny is to exist at an OWNERS teet in complete submission and worsh p. Seek KENNEL MASTER(\$) interested and knowledgeable in completing training and mindfucking this human male into the obedient slave dog it was intended to be SR(S) il possible alpholo you real frim leatherman, otherwise age/ appearance aren't important. What is important is that you have the determination to achieve the total melamor. phosis for your gral tication Nationwide/foreign KENNEL MASTERS inquiries appreciated can resocate 1 selected Box 5/24

HAIRY BLOND

Top bottom seeks correspondence and contacts. Travels extensively. Box 5731

LOOKING FOR LEATHER

WM 29 5.11" 160 looking long eather top who is into having a good time interests include bondage. TT FFA, diddes and leather Please respond with a photo of you in leather. You race we the same. Traver frequently. Box 5730

CIGARS

Hot man 28, seeks machoic gar studs Leather uniforms lattoos, attitude a turn-ons. Get the service you deserve Box 5736

SLAVE SEEKING MASTER
White boy 28 6', 170, seeks Master
ary race to serve as full time stave.
This boy needs the guidance and contror of a Master in his life and is willing
to give up control of his mind and body
in exchange. With relocate anywhere
you require. Sir Box 5735

PROPERTY FOR SALE

Master with stable career good Flor da home and lives in the brothe hood of eather" has pinterest in slave for sale. Price, sincer by dedication and desire to share ownership of slave. Novices as well as experienced Masters are accepted will help relocate and establish a Master/Top writing to pay above price. Also interested in meeting other Masters, slaves in Tampa area for compatible it and the companion-ship. Box 5734

Avid interest in bijecol ar men and their work crothes, particularly commercial industrial and service-station uniforms. Also, police uniforms and folloather. I you are a dedicated collector let scorrespond PO Box 1091. Wilming ton, DE 19899.

RENO SLAVES AND VISITORS
If you're will no to submit, serve, be used and taken to your limits. Then with PO Box 11402 Reno. NV 89510.

Anyone with interest know edge of court-ordered lashing sentences with the call of youths 18-20 in this century in Canada. England Australia New Zealand Also into gailey slaves interrogations is avery pur shments, prisons hard abor strappings Ryder PO 80x 394 Midtown Mail Worcester MA 01614

ILAZMSTRI

36-yr -o d white San Francisco BB 5.10" 165 bs healthy male needs IT Fistfucking punching makes this handsome face light up. Anxious to please dominant healthy power lister PO Box 410743. San Francisco, CA 94141-0743.

OR ENTAL BONDAGE
Experience the agony and ecstasy of
Oriental bondage, captivity and punshment on a short or ong termariangement. Open to attractive WM OM
21.35 y o , of slim but diparticularly
those from the East Coast. Call after 6
PM eastern time. (919) 756-5628

young Masochist Wanted by dominant in d-40s WM. Permanent position. Into CBT/T bondage discipline W.S. etc. At your needs provided for (912) 474-3442.

TRUCKERS WANTED

If you are a man of the road between 25-40 who enjoys hot sweaty jock-straps leather W. 5 and hot sale sex I m your good buddy I m 38 well built 5.9" 150 blue eyes brown hair Letters with photos get answered I rst PO Box 2108 New York NY 10008

BONDAGE BOTTOM

wants to meel safe-sex tops into boxes and bags. Uniforms too (213) 666-1191

HEAVY TORTURE

Your only purpose is to scream and writhe and suffer for my entertainment Hard, hairly bodies preferred but smooth ones accepted and soft ones considered if you are really into being tied down and TORTURED Electricity hot wax needles piercing flesh, whips truncheons, it sis probable. Jrethral probes a gar burns hot froms, razor blades, knives possible. Jrethral probes a gar burns hot froms, razor blades, knives possible. No permanent damage, no permanent marks furness you want them; but lots of contusions a abrasions." Interested? Tell my why trave, often a widely. Gene Hall. PO Box 11314. San Francisco. CA 94101.

TOTAL LOYAL SLAVE

38-year-oid masculine-looking slave wants to serve younger or older strong man. Need firm guidance and your physical and psychological controllesable sex drive to serve all your wants and needs. Cali (516) 868 1390

PUKE PIG

Stuff your gut with your favorate food then give it back—all over me Your photo-story gets mine SFX 3701 w Alabama. Suite 450-80x 357 Houston TX 77027

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Retired bottom searching for experienced top Prefer L type wish tive in with top who wants to own bottom Hopel, ly in time top would love bot tom. Slave has tried all scenes heavy into assplay at types, bondage hoods light discipline. WiS. safe sex Prefer East US but would consider other locale. Send photo and what you expect if really interested. Box 5186_F.

LOOKING FOR ACTION

and friendship. Traveling to NYC CA and FL one time a year and travel Ohio to Nebraska. Wisconsin to Texas and Tennessee all the time. I am submissive but can be top for right stud. 30s 5'10' am into Fr. Gr. FF, spanking light SM and recycled beer. Write with photo to Box 5296LF.

QUIET-MASTER/DADDY

41 year-old, good-tooking, easy going but firm very health conscious. together loving, looking for a special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. Dad. is that special type who treats his partner with the respect and TLC he needs but must get back the respect and submission a dad deserves. Dad is ooking for guys 21 35 who are in need of a father/master image, good friend or more I am dom nant in light S&M being Greek active, bondage, spanking snaving, and other lantasies depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well Son/slave should enjoy all that Dad likes be a nonsmoker, non er light drinker no drugs and nonlem. I am located in New York but travel around the country If interested, send photo and letter to Box 8711LF

ASSUME THE POSITION

Mature hung Master wants weekend masoch st sons under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff No wimps prepples, marrieds Prefer bluecol ar, in litary or construction lypes. One of the areas best-equipped size rooms. Request application. Box 5760LF

SLAVE OFFERED USE/TRASH Own/lease body 26 y o. WM Ditimate kink! (415) 685-5035 Small brother looking for big-dicked

nock/sleaze brother (under 30) who is no caring, diddes, bondage, also S&M, and your help financ ally 1 will relocate. Am 5'4" bin, hazi, independent and want to go to college Send phone # and photo Bondage a plus Box 5354LF

HEY BUDDY

know edgeable enough to give it like a man, confident enough to take it like a man. That is me 32 yrs. 5'9', 157 (bs. healthy, hunky, havry, baiding and moustached (at I mes bearded). Totally substance-free. Safe Fr. Gr. WS. FF verbat: "motivating." Send letter description, desires, photo, phone to PO Box 23035. Seattle. WA 98102-0335. Can travelihost. (LF4538.)

SLAVE WANTED

Surreneder to me your body mind and will Become my property to do with as I please. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine reserved. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Les. PO Box \$11265. Sall Lake City. UT 84151-1265.

CHAINED MUSCLES

Wanted an aggressive man who walks in boots, wears leathers rides bixes and sweats at manual labor a lough man especially when his hard muscled body is heavily loaded with uncomfortable irons a tender man especially when he okewise chains his prisoner buddy. Box 51901 F.

HAIRY UNCUT DAD

Good-looking hairy uncul dad wants hairless nonsmoker homebody for Call & Hawaii Sendipholo to 633 Post #366. San Francisco CA 94109

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

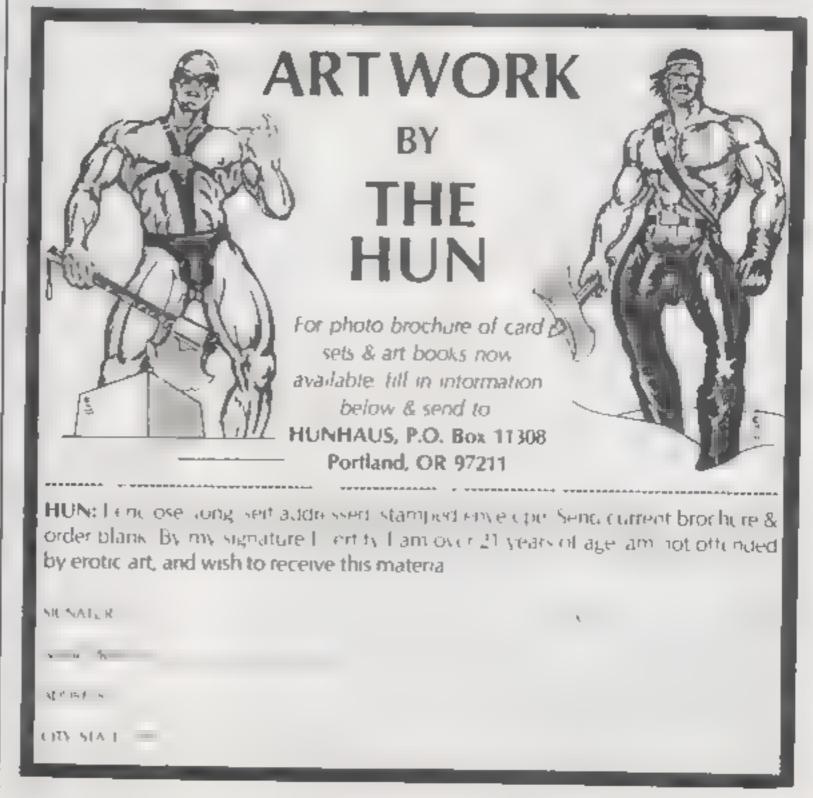
cooking for tall boots & brawny bike eathers on a farmer's hard-muscled body? cooking for the tough but lender preasures of protonged rigid bondage (top/bottom) in heavy frons, ropes, hoods? Possibly tooking for a permanent partner (sweaty outdoor work guaranteed)? Then write Box 33. Biner VA 24149 (LE5413)

REQUIRED A FEW GOOD SLAVES Som, attractive, pass onate/crue, affectionale, demanding Master (37 59", 140, brown/b ue, beard, thick 7" cut, fair skinned, amouth, health-orented, creative, high IQ masterful overlirequires broad-spectrum servi ces of small permanent team of or me quality, tobacco-free slavestock to create mulually benefic a city/is ands restyle in spectacular Pacific Northwest REQUIREMENTS Sall-know edge, openness 200% dedication sexual skill inter gence, health industripuspess, leamwork POTENTIAL PLUSES over 35 years; tall big build; foreskin bearded hairy heavy hung muscles employable Description recent photo SASE quarantee reply Box 5277LF

HOT, LEATHER TOPMAN

6WM 34 yrs, 5 11", 185 bs, brown, blue, moustache, hairy pecs with big rock-hard nippies. Looking for similar hot lops/bottoms to 40 I'm a stable well-educated, healthy, professional niterests include photography 88 his ing Enjoy mutual tilwork long, hot J. O sessions, tockstraps toys and safe hard workouts Cap be a hot Dad for the ight man Especially into uncuts cowboys. Astan men. No drugs or tems Send a hot photo and/or phone to 80x 4675£F





LEATHER, RUBBER, VIOLENCE Joilorms, Soots, rubber, leather, latex, military police, schili, Violence Miltary, police and other violent combat and adventure factasy involving sexy uniformed goys. Discreet. Fantasy only Photo and fantasy deas to Occupant, PO 80x 13542 Reading PA 19612

PUNISHED WITH ENEMAS? Remember the humil at on? Remember how much it hart? How did you get it? You're going to get it again! You're hot under 30 Photo, phone equals reply Box 7, Suite 1527 250 W 57th NYC 10019

WHITE MOTHERFUCKER 30, 62' slender seeks hang Black studs into fucking the brains out of a white-assed punk Beal and holwax a piece of white ass that will camp down, buck and freak. Bitch has a throat that worships Black meat Gar 3 rape and beat ngs. While boy is A DSneg. and insaliable. Take it' Box 5762

L.A. NIPPLES/LEATHER Handsome, muscular, maginalive GWM, 37, 6: 170 tbs. Brown blue Moustache. Seeks other well-built un phibited men for extended napple sessions, and more Let's safely and slowly explore our mutual fantasies expecially body and nipple worship. teather, uniforms and S&M (particular y verbal and mental). Your mascu-I ne good doks, moustache or march leather and unitorms and experiences S&M are pluses. But insat able nippies. a good body, and red-hot sexual imagihanch are more important to ther aid pio di Sulte 53, 712 Wilshi e Salia Mininga, CA 90401 | I rave extensively

MASTER SEEKS MUSC SLAVES Master 44 fall well-built construction. workers body successful educated. Boston based, seeks slaves, 18-30. s not hard well-delined bodies. swimmers, gymnasts, body but ders in need of a demand no man to guide your Itle I will use your body for my pleas ure You will submit to BD and SM as cominand I will train invester ennecwith proper attitutes no apiece obe-Greate and superior physicial You wii work or go bischool as ecc. e Relaca, or possible to top grany applicant Serfi rectoryskie, too a mette detaing big apical entonis con landas es, quio linacias and telephone no. to Master Box 451 89 Mass Ave. Boston, MA 02115 (LF5304)

ARE YOU OVER 60? White, "straight" appearing, clean. healthy, 34-year-old, considered good looking, prefer a man of your years. Sexually, enjoy being French active Attentive, turned on by B&D. Need affection if relationship develops Travel a lot. Meeting in the East (NYC Boston, Phila, DC). Florida or Midwest. a possibility. Relocation considered include recent pics. Will respond with photos Box 5105LF

YOUR AD FREE FOR 8 MONTHS n the new national classifieds. For aformational packet, write to National Classifieds Advertizer Dept. D. 4655 Hollywood Blvd. #117, Los Angeles CA 90L27

WANTED

We are looking for a boy who wants to service two daddies lotally. We are mid-30s, kinky and sleazy, but in great health. You're 30+, white and ready to begin. Write a lengthy, detailed letter and describe your experience and desires, totally Enclose phone number a nude photo (if possible). Willianswer al and arrange an interview. We reready, are you? Box 5603LF

OBEDIENT SLAVE WANTED

Opening for sincere, honest, devoted breakneck last, responsible, obedient stave. Must be withing to live with, be taken care of and obey two leathermen. together 16 yrs. We're into care feedng, domination, discipline Dungeon equipment idestyle orders provided Move your ass and write, enclosing recent photo, detailed description Masters Larry (6'2" 168 lbs., bl/bl muscular) Mike (5'6" 155 lbs bribt mean top) PO Box 1104. Sandy UT 84091 (LF4088)

SHIT PHOTOS

Cirty assed furd freak wants to exchange filthy raunch shots of your shit-crusted asshole and sewer dumps manure piles, and your hot seems least sessions. You will get misse return. Real pigs and piglets get matched in act on by good-tooking Dad Type, 48. husky build, huge turds. Tike em young but age no barrier Let's get down and dirty Box 5577

MASTER SEEKS SON Dominant, good-tooking GWM, 41, 175 6.2" needs son craving dominance and affection. When you are good, you will be rewarded. When you are bad displine spanking. TT 80 shaving Lets expand your limits and my fantasies Write with photo to Occupant, PO Box 61 Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

HOT VERSATILE BOTTOM 62", 195 bs , muscular healthy thick rad. 35 wants same or hunkler laggres. sive Top with large, fleshy massive hands Drill ass for depth punchluck through sphincler Goal masculine physical spiritual emotional relatiship! Photo required PD Box 8914. Minneapolis, MN 55408

MUDHOLES NEEDED Photographer needs secluded mudholes for warlow workouts with menthis spring in south Texas-Louisiana. Farmers? SFX 3701 W. Alabama, Suite 450-Box 357 Houston, TX 77027

BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUT!

I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot bulls stretched out on my massage table Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So a Typu haughty business types. laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone. or write to receive my hol, illustrated brochure John Rose, 235 E 26th St #38, New York, NY 10010 (212)

CIGARETTES AND WHIPS! Cigarettes and/or whip fetish? Learned young? Enjoy teach ag? Need give or take bareback med, to heavy flogging and/or smoke Lorture? More than one cigarette at a time? T/B C torture? A gio: pils forming Occupant Box 115 10) Valencia St. San Francisco CA 94103 No drugs!

HOT BULLWHIP STUD NEEDED Strip me! Rope me! Flog me! Animai. (9 8) 743-5219

EXPAND MY HORIZON GWM 30 57" 150 lbs. bottom seeks others into omming. FF Reply with interests, description, interested in good times, hot sex. Box 5727

30s Box 5643

BOOTS BREECHES BIKERS & BONDAGE

Looking for biker who wears layers of brack leather Black leather boots breeches jackels and gloves to gag with me il in waiting to be kildhaped and kept in bondage as your prisoner. Also good as a boot rest or forced to make love to your bools. I'm healthy goodtooking WM 34 5'9" 165 moustache C West 2529 Post San Francisco 94115 3312 Box 52921 F

BODY BUILDER SON WANTED Muscular daddy seeks son tor framing and service. Long-term one-to-one re ationship is desired. Son will pursue body-building career along with dad and under his direction. Should have strong desire to train and the body type necessary to excel Disciplined work outs, body worship leather sex all part of the package idea; chance to build a masculine relationship and mound a body. Photo Box 4944. F.

SF LEATHER DATE 62" 31 yrs , discriminating English SF resident), eatherman wants to meet similar fun-oving ocals and visitors Box 5251

HOT MUSCULAR STUD into rough sex of a kinds with other muscular men. Sweaty workouts heavy B&D, wrestling matches ropes and chains, tit forture, wax, floggings, Muscle vs. muscle. Write with photo to PO Box 162518 Sacramento CA 95816 (LF5222)

ROMANTIC TOPMAN Quiet spiritua. I seek a soud working relationship. Can become versable for the right man, WM 5.11" 190 bs, wellbuilt 43, moustache baid on top Into classical music landlent Egypt ac to and horror frims. No S&M. drugs, FFA. Hust tove PO Box 5233 San Francisco CA 94101 You taller frim 30+

HOT LEATHER BOTTOM GBM 31 6', 170 lbs hairy dof had gody, moustache hung uncut looking for older GWM Master with magination for bondage scenes, light SM, lit work assolay CBT No FF scal WS drugs Reply Box 5391LF

DILDOE FUCK MY hungry, muscular asshole Bearded CWM 35 510" 170 lbs BB insaliable tockhole needs studs with mice bodies. any age/race into long sleazy sale assfucking using huge diidoes. ass spreaders, small gloved 1 st. Arso, nioslings, poppers, exhib tionism, lite party treats. Reply with photo to Box. 200, 2261 Market St. S.F. CA 94114 (LF5390

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND executive in rurar town, 5'6", 135 (bs. 30 yrs copper beard furry 8" chaped oversexed, seeks to submit to bossman to horse around with for a night or a Metime Discipline, bondage both at home and in the Sierras Humil ation, body shaving, ass beating piss lit-torture, all available to MASTER who needs to dominate a together stud and turn him into his buildh son/s ave dog If you rope me you can hump me, if you cage me you can keep me. Age too. cock size unimportant however heaspace is (Hairy preferred but ...) Hot dirly phone calls can be arranged Mark PO Box 992 Clovis CA 93613 (209) 435-3378 Do get to the coast offen Box 5439LF

FUCK BUDDIES? Have lover need sloazy/safe friends for rough/careful fun. I'm 61" 33, 180 8'5" GWM Into A PF FFA WS spankng, belts and creative ways to enjoy same and stay healthy Write with photo get same. Box 5400LF

Let's not call ourselves "lovers" The term leaves too much space for possesmany ax lovers "Let's be brothers." and concentrate on caring, sharing making the whole greater than the sum of its parts. Sharing each other's burdens makes them lighter enjoyment more intense, optimizing mutual and self-respect. That way, we'll be able to rely on each other completely Not many ex-brothers" around Our divers I ed sex life will be kinky wild uninhibited, as is only possible with trust but it won the the central issue of our relationship We'll have our carsers community avoivement cultural activities home improvement, nights on the town, travel molorcyding workouts, dancing, and much more to experience together. We wan t

BROTHERS

AUSSIAN AIVER

have to worry about temper tantrums.

and we'll be support ve when either one

of us starts up an outside romance or

affai elle well even share some Wite Biother PO Box 31505 Dak and

CA 94604 or call (415) 465-9767

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship Son must be very much together aged 30 to 45 like home life Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer, has been into S. Miscene for years. Send picture and we can lalk Box 5461

TOP UNCUT BLACKS, LATINS wanted who are macho not fat and are nto heavy raunch sweat, headchaese scat, pss. Sacramento and San Francisco areas By WM boltom, 45 6 1", 150 lbs 80x 54 8

WANTED YOUNG LEATHER STUD WM 41 58" moustached in very good health. Looking for young WM 21 35, in ,ood health and turned on by smell eel and ook of black leather Desire son for permanent relationship with sale sex. Son must be together nonsmoker, and desire a permanent relationship with good sale eather sex Cal me and let's talk (415) 883-7384 Ask for Rick

KINK Kink is the name of the game if inter-

ested write. Letters containing photos with be answered first. Box 5307 **GWM 45**

64", slim novice slave looking for eventual full-time Master who rewards subservience and obedience with much love and affect on. You are also slim-25-55, any race in time anything goes that's safe. Like collars, chains, menial, abor symbols of submission and more I'm very Greak pass ve. Box 5308 F

BJZZ

Crewcut guy seeks other men turned on by short hairculs, clippers barbershops Box 5743

LONG HAIRED HARLEY BIKER into leather, wrenching and riding workouts and good eating, video and TV Seeking similar men into same Versat le and mutual sexual gralification a must. Your photo and letter gets. m re Box 5742

ALL AMERICAN BOY

33. 5'11", 145 lbs muscu ar/siender You: raunchy creative, affectionale. cerebral top into heavy bondage rubber prerding genital modification fantasies light scat, bugging kissing worship Also film 88, politics campng new age thought No FF brutaity whipping Pluses uncut collegiate yuppie. Italian, straight. Re at onship. possible Photo detailed letter Box 3- 2370 Market St. S.F., CA 94114

sought by tall not muscular man mid-



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We want to aquaint you with this powerhouse of a supplement. You already know the excellence of VITA-MEN. Men all over the country are passing up the grocery store, drugstore products to make sure of getting the VITA-MEN megaformula designed for you and your immune system

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AT NO EXTRA COST!

Got a cold or the flu? Feel run-down from too much stress or partying or catch-ascatch-can diets? Take two VITA-MEN morning, noon and night to keep them in your system. And knock off your bad habits. We want to keep you around

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Quick! Send me each, include a free 12	months supily o	of VITA MEN @ 24.95
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ADDRESS		
CITY, STATE, ZIP		
☐ Charge It to my ☐ VI	SA I MASTERCARD	
No		ExE
Sianature		



S.M BUDDY WANTED

By 39-yr -old 6'4" 230 lb., very muscutar, masculine, quiet, bright businessman/88 with 52" chest, pierced n pples. 19" arms, 33" waist, handsome coking for sharp, wel-built masculine man between 35-60 for mot-Lally satisfying S/M encounter or ongoing multifaceted sexual/mental S. M friendship/re at onship. Dominant mind set pas live att tude, aggressive nature important interests include hit work, balls pain/pleasure, J/O salesex codpiece pants, harnesses. hoods, gloves uniforms, mirrors. Fantasies wanting to be realized include. Tit Master Ball Master Pain Pleasure Master Contro Master , Master meaning "expert" and authoritative") Realty includes a hot, capable, aware, worthy partner for the right man. Iron. beard, hung sense of humor appreciation for the mual, bonding, pleasure and dynamics of S/M are pluses. San Francisco/Bay Area preferred other ocations considered Reply with phototo Box 486 584 Castro, S.F. CA 94114

HELP ME INTO SM

Self-torture sucks. WM 6'2" 170, cut 7 %", needs experienced Master or top for mpp e. ball, cock work, munching, electrotorture (mutual with shaft, balls fied together a reat turn-on). Bondage increase firm ts. Hot wax, shaving ciothespins, Box 5184_F.

NICE SURPRISES CUM IN SMALL PACKAGES

Shortre 5'4", GWM brown/blue 135 lbs. hterested in meeting versatile men over 6' interests no ude but not limited to leather bondage tattoos placeting motorcycles computers Usually bottom, but who knows? Object long-term relationship Reply to Lambda BBS address code ORAY or Box 4136.F

HELP US HELP YOU!

Sign I lovers seek persons who will rent their dungeon, playroom by the day/ eve Preferably in the city, will consider suburbs Reply with phone no. to: Occupant Suite 163 2261 Market St. San Francisco, CA 94114-1693

BACK TO BUTT PAIN

You thought you were smart getting away from panishment. You thought list would make you real bottom. Now even your shit head can think twice. Time to put your butt up again, for belt and cat. Time to slave again, forget about your greedy gut. This country udge will put you over the frame, take you out in the bills if you reshit enough You dibetter took like you respect your body, but I know what grud you are Me. 50, 577, 140, close-cropped hair and beard rubber boots, leather mountain dirt. Put yourself on the line at (916), 758-8874.

EXPLORATOR: UM

Demanding Master 6'2", 220 lbs., 35 yrs, old, competitive muscle man, seeks those into S/M reality, not just lantasy, trainer is ruggedly handsome. tattooed and esoteric with fullyequipped soundproof dungeon Raunch, spit. sweat, electrolorlure. needles knives pits beatings verbal abuse, brutal prison rape, hanging, branding and interrogation are a part of what you will endure when confined in my dungeon. The Master desires those with a firm commitment to please Call me but no builshit. This is the real thing, so don't waste my time if you can't cut if You will be taken to the im to of physical/mental failure and then the training begins Fee. (415) 282 8834

CWM 33. 57" 155 fbs brown hair

bearded, attractive, seeks hot, horny hairy men for anything-goes pig sex. At tunch, before work, after work, anything ...SF residents or visitors send photo/phone and your favorite turnous. Box 5151

SONGWA COUNTY

WM 44, 6' 190 lbs. SM TT, C&BT etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking even with a condom. Let's use our bodes and minds. If you've got the mind I ve got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all For last 4 years. I've been doing what the standards say is sale sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing any thing Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versal le and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that at lot the valley can hear! C'mon invest 22¢ in your happiness and write me a note I'm special and if you understand this ad. I'm sure you are too! I Box 5150

Do you own LEATHER pants jacket and boots? Do you like to be dominated? Live in the S.F. bay area? Like J/O scenes with a dominant guy? Like to worship a man's LEATHER? Are you intelligent and looking for someone to share yourself and fantasies with? I'm 40 238 lbs 61°, brown hair greenish blue eyes, moustache, big good-ooking guy If you can answer yes to ALL of the above reply with phone and photo to Jim. 1850 Union St. #69 San Francisco, CA 94123 (LF4807)

EXECUTIVE DADDY

41 200 lbs 6' BB, seeks smooth athletic boy for safe sex. Live in possible. Your photo gets thine. James Duke PO Box 640683. San Francisco, CA 94164 (LF5310)

HEY BOY!

Your daddy is looking for you Call (916) 391-9755

3-WAY PIG SEX

Two buddles, 32 5'8", 140 bs br/bl and 29.57" 138 bs , br bl one smooth one hairy, both muscular, we built seek horny tocks for hot long sessions of sucking fucking, rimming. W S Seek healthy masculine guys 25-40 trim bodies for sleaze sessions. Hung muscles a plus. Tell us what turns you on Photo-phone to PO Box 5921. San Francisco. CA 94101-5921.

TRA NEE

Rot healthy, muscled masculine WM bottom, 35, 5'10", nexperienced but eager to serve needs training from altractive, aggressive safe and sane SF top Boots, B&D VA, TT WS Take control, Sir and teach this boy to properly service and please you. Box 5691

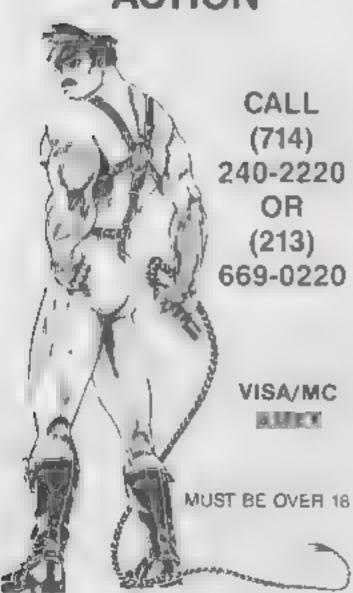
SEARCHING FOR A

Boot lickin stave late 30s wants experienced teathermaster for total submission, into bondage & discipline. Stave needs to be manhandled and sexually abused, heavy S&M. Paul A., PO 80x 421504. San Francisco. CA 94142.

SADISTIC SAMLRAI

Skilled in exploring clear ve and adventurous ways to expand him to and fantasies seeking Tail Bear Type GWM 45-50s reasonable shape who submits to discipline CBTT FF catheter inserts and more, but must also have the capacity and need to provide at ong arms to intimacy and affect on Maivery athletic, health conscious gikg Asian, 48, 58" sadistic but caring Replies with photos appreciated from SiF or Bay Area Box 5662.

PETER'S PHONE ACTION





30 pages filled with photos and details about nuclet life, how to locate raids I clubs, and where to send for in pressive videos books, and films. All in plain brown wrapper. Send \$1 with your name & address to. ESCO-DR, P.O. Box 2668, Los Angeles, CA 90028.



NO MATTER WHAT SIZE YOU ARE NOW...YOU WILL GAIN UP TO 4 INCHES, NOT IN 6 WEEKS... BUT WITHIN 48 HOURS...AND IT'S GUARANTEED!

That's right! If you are 6 inches when erect we guarantee to make your pents up to 4 inches langurals also the cher and litmer You no longer need pills drugs or weights. The TENSOR is the simple natural way to prosthetically increase your pents to its maximum dimensions. It will also help control premature ejaculation. The TENSOR does all this and we GUARANTEE IT! Now being sold exclusively by mail.

Special Customized Heavy Duty Model only \$95

Mair to: HOLMES & ASSOC, Dept. 6585 P.O. Box 64748, Los Angeles, CA 90064 SEND NINETEEN BUCKS
FOR TEN HOT
BLACK AND BLUE



PO BOX 30091
WALNUT CREEK. CA 94598

DELINQUENT DADDY

requires probation officer with a purposet Strict no-nonsense disciplinary top desperately needed for prolonged hum hat no sizzling woodshed sessions on a scheduled routine basis Your standards are high and burns burn when they are not met Take payment in hot buff service if desired. Box 5746

TEACH ME

Am looking for a top who is willing to teach me. This is a unique opportunity for a top from 30-40 to assert his own concepts of bondage and light discipline I am 31 56° and have a very writing and eager disposition. I want a sane and safe top, one who is willing to bring me along and thereby furth my needs as well as his own. Trust is the basis of any relationship and am not looking for a freak life is talk about it. Box 5737

GOOD DEAL FOR RIGHT SLAVE Two men 30s, private home with pool Seek permanent nye-in nude slava houseboy. You are into total submis-Bion Collared, shaved bondage discipune and much more. Smaller cocks welcomed, so don! be shy about your size Your looks are not as imporfant as your attitude Your imits respected but both your body and mind will be slowly and salely expanded as the relationship grows You will be totally kept and cared for in an environment that evolves into that Specia SLAVE MASTER love You will come to realize absolute trust and security in your submission. Good staves are hard to find. So are good Masters. Send detailed tetter about ypersell and how to contact you for Interview and in depth discussion. This could possibly be that once-in-a-life. time opportunity you ve always fantas. zed about Box 5188_F

MASTER HAS SLAVE TO SHARE My boy serves who I tell him to, in a way that pleases both you and I' I'm 29 6.4" 175 lbs My boy is 35.5" to", 175 lbs We re both good-rooking. I'm top and get off sharing my well-trained boy with other top men who like a fully trained slave into bondage, asswork cocksucking. SM and total pleasure to whom he serves. Let's get together Box 5752LF.

WANTED FIST BOTTOM

Let's open your hole! I want wer built enthusiastic fist-sitter for built stretching workbuits 1 m 5 11° handsome professional. 35 You 20-40 experienced hot & hungry! 41 Sutter Suite 1267 San Francisco CA 94104

WANT HANDSOME BUTT EXPERT Masculine, handsome hung WM, 38 with holibuit seeks a very special expert buddy/friend for regular erotic FF dildo and enema sessions. Must be cut discreet health conscious and stable. Am mostly bottom and will top the right guy. Hygiene a must! Box 5657LF

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM, SIR' Sir' I am here to serve you as your bondage stave I've been experienced in bondage, assplay, cocksucking, some SM and am willing to be trained to expand myself I am 35 5 10°, 175 bs good-looking and ready to please you Sir' Photo appreciated Sir' Box 5650LF

WANTED

Chubby chaser into total body worship tongue baths, massage expert cocksucker This 280-lbs, big be red uncut topman lives in N. Cantornia but gets around and might be visiting your area soon. Send photo and interests to TOP-GJT, PO Box, 11314. San Francisco, CA PAIN TRIPS

Do you need to suffer? The Man seeks experienced masechists for unusual explorations into pain trips and going past the point where the head and body say NO! This is not a lantasy or sensual S/M trip. Whips. Alligator clamps Cigarettes. Beatings w/%" hery rattan cane Bruises most likely But safe and sane No damage or permanent marks interested in torture for torture sake C/B forture, and intense bondage, ht torture a specialty. Bottom must be honest and able to take a gag. No safe words. Sincere letter w/photo to. The Man. POB 4622. S.F. CA 94101

WANTED BONDAGE TOP Hairy WM, 31, 61 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, blkers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy 80, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots gas masks and toys 1'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy Will correspond and exchange photos Box 3711LF

PADDY SEEKS BOY-St AVE
Your are clean-shaven boyish, lair
hairless and under 30-42 y.o. daddy
will use your ass for his pleasure
spankings diddes, enemas, anal training. Asians and novices welcome Pic
fore please. E.D., PO Box 1226. Menlo
Park, CA 94026.

BOTTOM DADDY WANTED Good looking, 30, Japanese daddy's bey but top, seeks white, 35-55, masculine bottom daddy into leather uniform hight SM W/S, 880 Must have respect to reversed daddy son relationship Reply with photo

YOUNG TR M SLAVEBOYS
Scared? Stiff? Call The Colonel. You have nothing to gain but your chains

FIND A REAL MAN IN DEAR SIR

415) 467-5128

S.F CROTCH CLEANER

Seeks position under dirty talkin tacesitters, 40 yrs, plus, Working conditions requested—ripe fartin assiste es, cheesy pissin cocks. Suds and rimseat furnished. Serious goly No jack-officalls, Pigmouth (415) 776-2844

S.F. FUCKBUDDY

You Lean-musc ed enthusiastic, ow on all tude and body hair, very physical. Me 5'5" together, easy-going hung. No role playing want a buddy not a husband. Box 5739

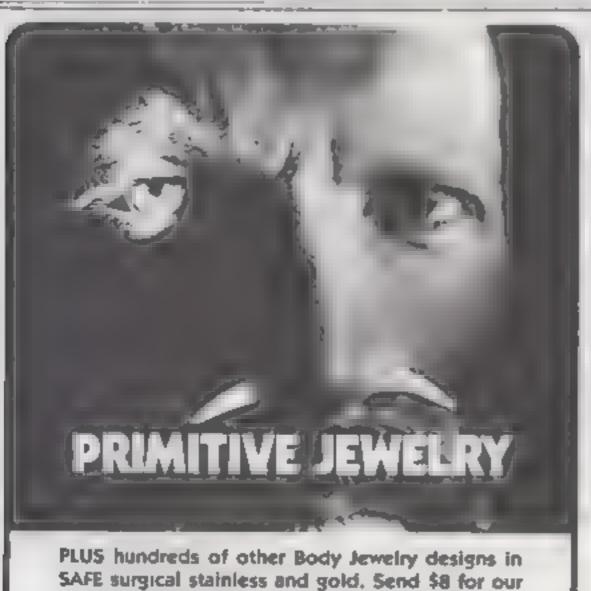
AGONY GOAL

Russian River safe and sane good looking 6'2", 185. 38 creative sadist seeks mascuine healthy masochist Light to heavy pain trips, breath control, torture bealings, Looks and age important, l'il judge, Drug alcoho tree Only serious Northern Ca formans Relationsh p? Resume plus Box 5669...

FULL SERVICE

Toilet to relieve dirty shithole and horse-hung pisser of handsome, we lidelined muscular black by clean-cut athletic white boy (415, 535-0867)

MUD-SPLATTERED 4X4 a Looking for guys in the Los Angeles area who like to take the r 4-4 s out into the hills and get down and dirty in the mudit m 31 WM 5'9", and 135 lbs Box



complete catalog and color piercing magazine.

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Phone (213) 657-6677

THE COMPLETE MANUAL OF TATTOOING TECHNIQUES FOR THE ARTIST

by Andrew Lemes, M.D.

This is a newly revised 1980 edition of 83 large print pages in an easily read format. This is an age of explicit detail and in this volume are the well-guarded secrets of the method, formulations, set-ups, equipment and pigments used by the best tottooists of today. It includes retailers and wholesalers of pigments, machines and other supplies. This is the most comprehensive book on the long hidden subject. It is now for the first time being released to the public. \$30.00 postpaid. Offer void where prohibited by law. California residents add 6.5% sales tax.

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This is a transitory link that is used like ordinary tottoo pigments in a standard tattooing machine. It iasts about four to seven days before fading away. During that time it is truly permanent. One may experience the tattooing process first hand or try on tattoo designs for a few days without the indekbie, permanent commitment of the real tattoo. Two sterile ampules of fac each — \$15.00 postpaid are sufficient for several large tattoos. Only blue is currently available. No warranties or guarantees are expressed or implied. Person ordering must be 21 years of page. Offer void where prohibited by laws.

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ASS-EATING ADDICT

wants to meet dean-shaven healthy teathermen in San Diego area for mutual rimming sessions in my sting is also into toys (bring your own) and shaving celling velocities a workout GWM 40, 165 lbs blond, halness Box 5647

SLAVE WANTED

That's a slave that's wanted, not an S&M bottom if you don't know the difference, bug off Master WM 46-145 bs. brown hair mustache somewhat hairy healthy experienced masculine Applicant must be Currently unowned and under 40. Irim young ooking and healthy completely bottom thoroughly submissive, quel obeident affect onate ready and able Box 4551. F

LET'S STOP TRAFFIC

I'm 28 6'2' 180 bs , and above average a l-around. Sound arrogant? So what want a Master not a mouse in teather drag it want commitment and trust and the envy of all who know us or see us together. I want the best things in life Does that mean you? If you re young strong healthy and find your leathersex life co der than I could be I need you. And having said so, I'll shut up Sand photo, phone and a piece of your soul to Mail Box 5, 29LF.

SLAVE SON/HOUSEBOY

is there alreal manithat can handle alrei the above? We are looking for that special person who can You should be under 35 looks hade build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property to do with as we see hi We will expect you to commit yourself lotally both mentally and physically, into our care. This is not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour seven-day. a-week lifestyle. You must have the right attitude. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 and 38 established professionals. You must be able to rise above your estab-I shed place in life when needed. The rast is up to you. Send an in-depth. detailed application stating your quanfications ab ities desires and a recent revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd #326 Encino CA 91436 (LF5202)

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony in Li Heather or Ivil C H i P gear and uniforms with tail holb ackboots, all to be serviced by hol, hung teather studs any race. Mike, waiting to service hol booted leather study. We are both holl well hung good-looking and into FF WS, 40 VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys sting mir rors and video. Mixe and/or Tony. (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552 Los Angeles. CA 90047. No JO or buils hit calls and no calls after 11.9 Mill.

LEATHERMAN READY

Experienced bollom 46, into senous bondage scenes (muminification immobilization (solation sensory deprivation) and S/M scenes (CB/T T/T Ass/T). Sale sex only Have fully equipped playroom waiting for that special top. No calls between 11 P.M. & 9 A.M. (818) 843-5428.

WHITE MASTER (TOP)

stil needed by white slave boltom 35. 5.11" 195 tbs., husky hairy for sex (toy) slave. Am into leather, Levis boots. Lin forms i G.p. Fa/p (frontinear) S.M. B.O. toys W. S. etc. Sincere only six Send orders & info tos. ave at PO Box 67E06 L.A., CA 90067 (LF5349).

LET US WATCH

Good-looking GWM couple. 37 & 34 seek other mascuine GWM partners into kink for voyeuristic encounters. We want to watch your long private intense sessions in CBT, TT, FF, WS B&D, hot wax, clothespins, SM. No scal. Your pleasure/pain trips are our turn-on. Letter/phone. Box 5608LF.

DIAPERED SON

WM baby is healthy youthton 35, needing infantile training, spankings and bondage from fully clothed, heavyweight Dad Box 5678

HEFTY

BB, CS wanted obedient and submissive Sendiphoto with letter of supplication to ETS Box 1201 San Diego CA 92078

MAID FOR BONDAGE

Roped and gagged True Detective's style bondage nightmare victim falls prey to wimp-hating allacker armed and dangerous Intended victim is experienced W/M 34 slender, long-legged, cellbate, good-looking and dressed in panties bra, garterball and hylons who craves sissboy/lag treatment from foolmoothed big guys Box 5684

CUTE HUNG BLOND BOY

Good-poking tan athletic trim jock boy 6'1" 160 lbs. 25 years old Enjoy wrestling, swimming cycling working out. My tight ass needs to be used With right guy(s), withing to submit to almost any scene, including 3-ways, gang bangs, and rape tilke guys muniforms (cops, in tilarly leather and sports) speedes and jocks. Want bondage, discipline, and training by good-looking hung stud(s). Really I ke to suck cocks and be lucked long and hard! Clean and healthy. Novice, but eager to learn and serve. L.A. and O.C. Box 5126...F.

NEED SPANKING MASTER

Nice-looking, hairy-chested well-defined bottom 35 531° 155 lbs, wants athletic, well-built top with firm hand and masculine persoas veness to demand and get what he wants. Also want to be trained in bondage and ball work. Desire long-term mutual fantasy fulfillment. Write with photo to Box 5732.

HUNKY TOPMAN—SAN DIEGO WM. 32 5 10" 180 brown blue great hairy pecs hung and together Wants hol masculine bottom 30-45 Fanlasy to hardcore. Send photo Box 5719

"Be careful with that hose. Art goes crazy if the water pressure's up too high!"

GOOD-LOOKING TOP

wants to meet frim, Ian, hot and horny guys into wine, weed, fantasies, sale sex 1 m 5'9" 150 lbs brue eyes, brown I air good shape. Write. Bill. Box 76. Sie 109, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd. West Hollywood. CA 90046. Send pix.

Well-defined, quite good looking crean-cut educated son with muscular image. Live out of state and am 24 5/11, 189 lbs. 15 arms, 30 waist. Seek guy that is a discerning trainer arthurhealthy, quite good-poking, educated 35-45 and wants a son for visits. I am ready to genuinely respect, a Daddy that has "imaginative," sane ideas about the power struggle and love in a Daddy son friendship. Write to Mark with 'Photo and detailed letter about how you would raise your son Serious only! Box 5707

WANT BIG BROTHER DAD

GWM 25 yrs., 6'2" 185 fbs straight acting looking, for big brother/Dad Factar/body hair a plus Tenjoy sports. C/W dancing music. Don't drink/smoke, looking for same Lifelong relationship desired. Photo a must. Box 5721

COCK TORTURE

GWM 37 years old 5 10° uncut, bin hair, blue eyes. Greek passive. French active Want cock torture Want to try electric forture on cock. Call (714) 774-6778 or write Doug. 1585 W. Ball Rd. #G. Anaheim. CA 9, etc.?

HARLEY TRASH

Looking for info about San Diego 100 mile radius 31 muscu ar bi fattooed kinky Seeks esoteric men for scoolers, grease, friendship before moving to \$0,6-87 Box 1842 Guerneville, CA

ENEMAS

Hot, leather BB. 35 needs jots of big enemas. Colon tubes, catheters of does & FF. Shove your rubber-gloved arm up my water-filled gut. Then I i. do the same to you. Box 173, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd. W. Hollywood, CA 90046.

ATTR DAD SEEKS CRUEL SON Trim silver fox. 50s 5'9" 140 Cauc smooth, uncut needs bondage, TT CBT, at hands of good-looking son (18-38) with cruet streak (not brutal crue to who has love/hate feetings about Dad Letter & pic to 'Dad' PO Box 69824 LA CA 90069 **GANGFUCK FRENZY**

I mean you spy this wow candyass stacking cans or whatever. Sweet face. Unreal Bod. Yeah. You get with the guys. Always hot. You target the dude. a spot and force a scene where paricked appeals get stifted by hot stuffed. dick into a pounding mouthful of mumbled whimpering grunts . Ain I nothing beat slapping fucktime into resistant bucking toyass to your buddies head bouncing facefucking rhythms. Kid (over 18) learns a thing or two or six or twelve . Man Oh Man hey Gangbanger does all of that incredible stuff waiking around pump up your cock to tw tching and dripping? Spot one now? Tell us how you can get into and better our action Limited Openings, Box 5342LF

HOT UNIFORMED PUSSY

Talk dirty to me while using melike a cunt. Phone jackoff after 6 PM (714) 530-7826. Rape me

SLAVE DANNY

will submit to bondage and fortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you Sirst (LF4091,

BUTCH BOTTOMS

Harry taken horndog, 6.2" 205, seeks butch bubblebutt possyboys for intense submission. Must have excellent body pump x-large assitight clean hole. Serious only—photo and resume to Box \$704.

HAIRY UNCUT DADDY

versatile havy uncut stud into mutual pleasuring through proughing and miking interested in training those who want to explore the world of mutuality with uricul 6.1" stud daddy havry from head to foot with 8" prough and deep furrow. Tit, ass and cock work guaranteed. Box 5472.

SLAVE/SON

under 30 sought by older experienced, toking health-conscious weatherman with fully equipped training room 5 ncere, hard-working non-drug or alcoholiabuser who wants to be something special and appreciates support in reaching educational physical career goals should call Mike (303, 692-8021 PO Box 18876. Denver CO 80218 (LF5506)

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 bs , hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-handed top who respects lim is to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped immobilized, ted up chained, spanked stead ly, but not bits taily fil my tight cound firm buns glow then use a condom to luck me Dome nate with ropes rack paddle, whip. chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or It shds. Toys, some fit work, but no heavy pain No WS. FF scat shaving drugs damage please. Submissive and respectful but not hum liated boltom GW PO Box 18005 Denver GO 80218

HEAVY BONDAGE

45, 185, 5'11", handsome, harry holmoustache. Ser ous bondage boltom needs prolonged sessions i enjoy being gagged hooded bound chained etc. Safe-sex only please i milations. No drugs, FF scat or asting marks. Box 4997

CHIESENDE .

JAMINU NAMUH

Expert cocker 5'11", 185, seeks hot men, (203, 289-5268

ESTORE

GIFTWRAPPED-BEEFCAKE MAGS FROM ZEUS PUBLICATIONS

TONY BRONTE Muscular street nustic Ryon Knight bondage humbled for pay BIG Jason Steel stripped down and strung tip.

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ZM-84.

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Shipping (\$1.50 for first, \$1.00 for TOT	AL ORDER 5	Signature am over	21 years of ager	





THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 1

The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son whois bass and gives him the punishment he deserves. It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksuck ng, armpits, piss and most of a i, hot, masculine attitude

THE KID'S FIRST TIME PART 2 WITH DAD

Dads been wating for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonights the night He knows he shou dn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep offer a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the toot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's havry chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene

KID VS DAD-WINNER TAKES ALL

Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot—too hot-ond he overpowered you? Even wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body. of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape?

RITES AND RAUNCH

There was definitely something evil about the guy maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself so masculine well I did them Warning Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff-devil worship, toilet sex in a fithy bothroom, Male bonding at its most extreme

BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

imagine it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true-mean, dirty, muscular-teaning against his big, black Harley You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike But back in your gorage his massive chest his big. hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick ... It turns out he's quite on exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body beffer than your Poaroid does

MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very homy young Marines meet in the barracks lattine. Richie has to take a piss .and Mike taxes things from there. If you re a real pig ...if you like your action tounchy—hot m litery scenes, uniforms, the fee of a cold file floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in Marines Overheard

HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert Bob has a kink in his neck ...Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather acket is the first thing to come off—then his dirty areasy teans. When they drop to the floor of the cab you'll find out haw this tape got its name Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig And you'll feel like you're right there to help him out



MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders after a sweaty workout ,, stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps...eyeing each other...their hands reaching out to feel their buddys' biceps, brushing against these solid hard DECS .. and down, down still further 'fil they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in. If you get off on pumped-up muscle. hot man-to-man action steamy lackerroom sex with no holds barred, then this tape is for you

DELIVERY BOY **COMES AGAIN**

Richie is the new driver on the route Hes a hot straight itai an guy who seems a little "curious when he finds himself deivering beer and soda to a gay bar The bartender umps at the opportunity soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show 1 off "I gotta piss" Richle announces so the barrender hands him an empty beet can. A hot session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking lots of dirty talk, more piss games and kinky exhib fion sm

AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

Pornistar A Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy whos wife isn't home Who dould resist A is enor mous cock? Sucking that mommoth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guy's begging for it up his ass. He gets it too plus Ails glant balis at the same time, in one of the hattest and kinklest scenes ever recorded



TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of Drummer magazine. Mode Brutusis a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physica and mental On side one he talks directly. to you, forcing you to suck. his big cock and worship that increable Moster body. On side two we hear an authentic session where he warks over a slave Plenty of humia tion, and heavy, heavy abuse

TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus ays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwringly to the abuse and hum liation of his training. Not even a lowed to beg he submits to the D's heavy hand and busy be til Breathtaking!

TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men sten as will you when he to is you how it is and how it is going to be. Whether, the punishment is its own reward, or the reward is merely more punishment only the lowly recruit can say. One hour of intense verbal abuse.

THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

"I am your big brother your daddy your commanding officer am every big man you ever saw in your whole fucking ufe and started beating off about a your tangue is going to be my shower. ... your mouth is doing to be my to et . you re gaing to make me fee ike the biggest man in the word list duse you got a throat Get your teeth down there on that zipper...get down That's tt-get your face in there Sme, what a man slike between his legs" This s just the start of the verbar abuse and humination



FATHER, SON A father becomes his son's lover

MARINE BRIG A Marine Di pun ishes an AWOL Marine in the Brig

PORN CALLS—Two horf-hour jack-off phone cars.

SAILING TO HELL—Frank O'Rourke relates an original story of rape and abuse

THE CONFESSIONAL—A young priest hears the confession of his first gay man and what happens in the booth would do much toward conversions.

THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN—He stops a speeder on the road and there are more ways for paying for speeding.

THE HITCHHIKER—An air corpsman is picked up by a trucker who is looking for more than a passenger to share his ride.

THE HUSTLER—He sets the price for a blow job but discovers that the price includes a good deal more.

THE WARDEN—The young convict learns that time was not a he is giving up when he enters the joint

TV REPAIRMAN — A straight married repairman quickly discovers that he gets more than he expected when he goes to a surfer's house

WHIP FIRE—A live, heavy SM scene between Frank O'Rourke and a stave

BRANDING, PIERCING AND TATTOOING - The hows and whys

MALE PROSTITUTE—A young more whore ters out

MASTER SLAVE INTERACTION— Follow up by Frank O'Rourke of earlier tapes, The Master and The Slave

SM AND LOVE?—Frank O Rourke tells whether love can develop from an SM relationship

THE ART OF HISTING: - Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fishing.

THE INFERNO: THE SM ANNUAL EXPERIENCE— Is values and what it is about

THE MASTER—Frank O Rourke discusses the rate of the Maste

THE SLAVE—Frank O Rourke gives an insight to the slave and/or masochist

TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS



GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

Iwo sweaty gatage mechanics rape a guy they find honging around the men's room the puts up a fight, at first, anyway Lots of axie grease, cocksucking, filthy talk

DADDY BREAKS

IN A NEW BOY

Patience and understanding go out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage "spare the rod and spoil the boy" It is heavy-duty training in an actual session Both the boy and you will be better for having been there

THE DI. STARRING MASTER MARIO

Authentic military discipline as a fough Dril instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D. proves who's in command

THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean poice officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute, perverted force CI-maxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass

COP WORSHIP

We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before but this one is so good we decided to make an exception, It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might hoppen if that super-hot cop he shad his eve on for months should bust him. force him to his knees to suck not only his cock but his partners too, as the two cops stare at each other in the eye Al the guy's pent-up desires come out slutping cop cum out of rubbers, swa lowing gailons of cop piss wallowing under dominant cop attitude f youre into cops, you'll isten to this tape again and again.

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HOT, HEALTHY LEATHERMAN
Attractive, built and intelligent This
GWM is looking for BUTCH BUDOLES
into full leather, uniforms, digars dildoes. WS movies attitude, group
scenes bik white OK Discretion
assured No tems need reply Fairfield,
CT Box 5729

DC-WEIRO

SLAVE?

BB Top. into eather and bondage. You slavement under 35, into same, plus CB&T, TT, shaving and boots. I'm 30 5'B', 165 ibs Send photo and letter testing me what you'll be doing with your hot mouth. Box 4883LF

BIKERS/LEATHERMEN

Seeking a leather biker jockstrap stud-A man to share the open road with, No. such thing as too much leather Am primar y top but will swing with the right stud. Boots and uniforms a plus CHIPS ESP LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO S HONEST WITH HIMSELF AND WITH ME to enjoy alone-on-one man-to-man safe-sex experience that can only come from the open road seaking out a buddy for Inendship inding partner Boot I exers esp. encouraged to apply East coast riders a plus but am reasonably free to travel. All will be answered. photos get mine. Am not looking for ust another bike rider (you know who you are) Send all replies to Box 5099uf

LEATHER STUD
Good-looking professional 40. 8' 155
bs., ean defined body very masculare, new to leather scene seeks holimuscular eather Master to train him, expand his firm to and show him the ropes. Travel widely Box 5064LF

WEEKEND SLAVE

Two professional men, one dark one blond, early 30s, seek healthy weekend slave. Looking for permanent houseboy—private country selling—close to Washington, Baltimore, Totally Paul : conscious Requirements Wir ingress to please 25-35 straight looks, decent body. Moderate bondage, cock, ball & tit work, yard & la m work. Attic playroom. Willing and experienced boys younger than 25 will be considered, but convince us. Also interested in meeting other leather buddles in Hagerstown/ Frederick Winchester, Eastern, Pan. handle area—were ready when you are Box 4596t F

KS.

Handball enthusiast experienced in wide variety other games (usually as TOP in SM) seeks others whose activities also affected by HIV virus. Am intelligent, balanced, self-combident flaxible, balanced are dark-haired bearded, 40s. Much more turned on by physical sensuality (either playful or intense) than to e-playing or head-trips. Have mild case. Kapos a Sarcoma, apparently controlled by AZT, but otherwise in excellent health and condition. Want a match? Ball's in your court. Box 5199_F.

Attract ve WM 33 5 11", 160 moustache, healthy, big cock and balls Looking for masculine tops (in shape) with manimeal to 45 to pray with my hot butthole and I ts. Want to expand my experiences FF, toys, sings wrestling feather and uniforms Photo/phone to Boxholder Suite 106, 6006 Gienbelt Rd. Greenbelt MD 20770.

LEATHER/RUBBER BONDAGE ANIMAL

Stender body available to be humiliated fortured subjected to bizarra experiments (202) 234-8382

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM 37 5'10", 155. Bir Bi moustache opatee. SM 80. CBT, TT, WS. FR. GR Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. We tel PO Box 2341, Manassas VA 22110 (LF4596)

ALONDA

CENTRAL FLORIDA

WM needs leather guidance and discrpine. Seeks Master/trainer in full leather to teach the "ropes." Also into locks, 501s, cockrings and toys. No FF WS, scat, fats or fems. Respond with photo and your qualifications. Box 5219LF

TAMPA NOVICE SLAVE

hovice stave (27, 5'10", 130 lbs., in shape) needs introduction to the SM/ leathersex scene by a stud Master who is willing to teach me how to be his stave. I need training in 80. SM, shaving enemas, and how to serve a Master a dhis friends?) to his completes a staction. If you're dominate 22 to 38 physically till don't have a beald and seek the challenge of training me to serve you please will be to his hage to please's aveilay with eturnable; hoto for speedy respectful reply John PO Box 290804. Tampa, FL 3368, Box 5051. F

NOVICE DESIRES TRAINING

Centra East Coast novice seeks infroduction and training in leathersex Totally inexperienced 39 WM 6, 180 ibs., needs basic training in S/M Would discuss limits. Am on filness program. Eager to learn and expand This is a sincere offer Please help met Safe sex also Box 5358

NO SHIT

This Master/daddy is 46. 5'6' wants boy who needs me for service & training. No drugs, atcoholics or fems. Total commitment, one on one Must relocate to West Coast. Fla. Want younger under 35 preferred, smaller man. But ast answered. Let's turn this ad into a success story. Box 4930LF

MACHO MASTERS WANTED

by free-to-travel slave who is well experienced and destrous of hot, sweaty, funky sex with straight, bi or butch pay men who are big rugged hairy. Any color or nationality, as long as they like their sex hot and funky in Levis leather or jocks. Write Box 5471

ADVENTURE IN PARADISE

Looking for hard-bodied, adventurous men into exploring mutual fantasies I in experienced altractive, early 40s 5 10", 150 lbs., responsible, into working out, bondage, CB and bit work and hot JO scenes. Most important a hot body and sense of adventure. Reply (with photo if possible) to PO Box 4911, Key West, Ft. 33041.

TAMPA BAY

White male 34. 5'11", 180 lbs., ex-Marine Jocks, leather, Levis, boots, JO. oil toys safe sex, 80. SM Mildor wild Give or take SASE & photo answered first. Peter Spielen, PO Box 3783. St. Pete. Ft. 33731

BEARDED MASTER TRAINS New young slaves, detailed application with photo, phone Box 1871, Miami, FL 33158.

ARE YOU A HAIRY BEAR? Handsome Ital an, 28, seeks bunky hairy, hung man for hot sex, possible relationship. I am professional, slim, smooth, hung thick Not into bars, heavy drugs (HTLV3-) Send photoreply to PO Box 4094, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338.

HOT, HORNY BOTTOM

26 5 10° 180 brn, orn, muscular B 2°, into BD. SM. G/p. F/a CB/T. FF. didoes. Looking for big ha ry hung topman to show me what I m worth 1813. 683-5621. PO Box 519. Eaton Park FL 33840.

RECHARAC

atlanta B D DADDY WANTED by cohege student 21, 5'6", 135 bs , dark hair, brown eyes, bearded and moderately hairy (but will shave if the right daddy wishes). Son wants relationship with bearded daddy under 50 with paternal instinct, who can dominate, punish and norture. Box 5560, F.

HOT COCKSUCKER

wm 36, 511", 175 lbs. masculine, athletic, in shape Seeks trim or hard-bodied wm only who gets off face-locking another man. Bondage OK. Travel some Box 5686.

to relocate share home Average looking very successful wealthy We're 5'9", hairly hung 35 Master husky 165, black thinning hair, moustache strict Son: 135, brown, moustache, trim. You young hung hairly (preferably) honest with needs for total domination, including heavy spankings hard fuckings VB No WS scat, blood, drups, heavy dripkers, blacks Only sincere young slaves need apply with photo. Contact information to Sir Po Box 3205. At ania. GA 30302

BOY SEEKS DAD

Shy WM 29, 64*, 205 lbs., hea thy masculine, ex-mit lary seeks WM for permanent monogamous relationship, occasionally need my ass whipped love my tits played with and need my ass fucked it hash t been facked since 1982. Dad should be 40-55 years old and healthy. Box 5738

FISTFUCKING A/P
WM 39, 5'6' 140, hungry needs regutar buddy for hot asshore sessions— FF, toys No Burds Box 8503 Atlanta GA 30306

(912) 474-3442

5 YEARS AND

We velucked sucked sweated pissed on stretched balls, stuffed, beaten asses, chewed pierced tits and shot oads of hot cum. Dad. 25 62", 210 lattoped pierced Rope leather whips and piss Boy 27 5 10" 155 great dick hungry hole, just right for stretching Looking for a butch uncle to pull tricks on Dad. Chicago Box 55691.

Little guy 30. boyish, mustache Saeking cigar scenes involving 40. boots, leather robber union suits work clothes, condoms hoods masks, ace bandages, CB&TT Controlled/forced smoking white tied Extreme/elaborate bondage. Forced to breathe cigar smoke through gas mask SAFE SEX ONLY! Busky verbal, beergut, bluecollar beard, mustache A+ Photo please. Box 53481 F.

NEED HUNG TOPS

Novice, 42 54" 130 lbs., seeks hung tops to use my hungry submiss we body. Want level-headed Top who respects limits. Strip me spank me fuck me deep, hard repeatedly with condoms Groups OK. Expanding limits in SM. Ass needs heavy workouts with the meds, pass me around Toys, titwork shaving B/D. No scal. FF, damage

Want exclusive Tops who know what they want and how to take it. Ages 25 45 Leather a turn-on. Reply to Box 1090H, 3952 N. Southport, Chicago, It. 80613, or call (312) 472-1871. Ask for DJ. (LF5215)

BOTTOM SEEKS TRAINING

Chicago bottom needs experienced mascu he top man to further my sexual education. I am WM 35, 5 10°, 170 lbs., blond/blue eyes. Needs further training in SM EF bondage tit torture diddes, W/S. Please, Sir use my hungry deep throat and hot eager ass. Will service one Master or groups Please write with description of how can please you. Box 5483...

GOOD-LOOKING SLENDER WM
27 dressed in full leather seeks other tops or bolloms into leather scene. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. I'm open-minded, willing to try anything once into everything from cudding and playing gentry all the way to SM. BD. whipping padding etc. We can work out your midest to wildest fantasies together Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Can trave, IL and surrounding states. Box 5582LF.

EXPERIENCED TOP CHICAGO SW AREA

Former He Ilire member Present member of GMSMA. I'm in 40s, white and prefer my bottomer slaves younger and into everything which would include an excellent cocksucker, WS tisting, TT CBT, electricity bondage and whipping. Sate sex first Have complete dungeon. Send photo letter and phone to Big Ed Box 5651...F

INDIANA

by attractive westerna e 32 6 170 lbs and ex, everted bottom for occasional or e and possible relationship I'm versable and enjoy receiving heavy cock, bail and tit forture. If you are: 21-45, sadistic and maginative —Great Photo & phone answered first two fats, fems, scal or FF Box 5367.

S M NEOPHYTE SEEKS MASTER
Bo on wM 40 58", 135 lbs brown;
a e noustache cut needs top who
will let me pleasure. Help me to
accept pain/pleasure. Help me to
accept subservience Expandimy lmits
to suit your needs through trust
respect, and worth. Box 5359

HOUSEBOY HANDYMAN Help take care of house, yard, vehicles plus other misc, duties. Exchange for room, board and very small salary, 20 Box 485. Mar on, 1N 46952

MOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

WM in 40s. Master, will give room and
board to young slave (nowice or just
starting out). Other rewards will be
given occasionally. All limits to be
respected. Slave will not be ocked in,
but will be a live-in slave with companignship style of living. Nice home nice
dungeon and compassionate Master
Health habits practiced Letter, phone
and picture will be plage required 1825. Send letter and full details of your
desires. Ill nois Indiana. area. Sam
Marks. Box 5/22

SERVILE SUBMISSIVE
Sirs, WM 510", 165 lbs. 40 years old, novice would like to provide MASTER with service service. Sirs, place your stave in strict bondage and make your stave prisoner or in tiale serve your needs Sirs, novice interested in scenes like described in "1990, The Long Night," (Drummer 65) and "Interrogation" (Drummer 68).

* VARIETY TO GET IT UP GET IT ON AND

HORNY GLY

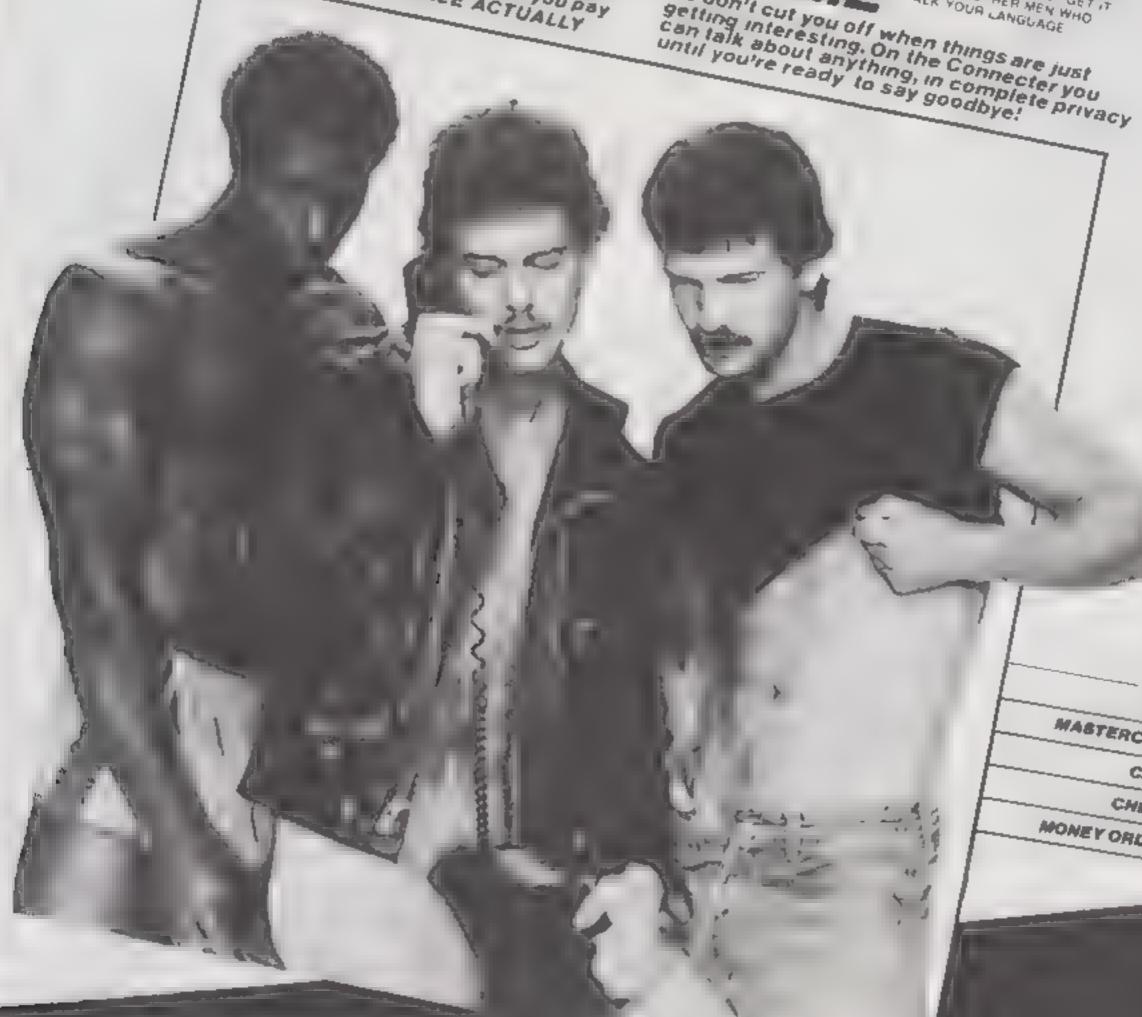
New services don't have the thousands of callers you will find

LOWER COST MORE TIME When you use the Connecter on a daily basis you pay less than .08 per minute - ONLY WHILE ACTUALLY

SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT ALOVE GET TOGETHER WITH BAY AREA MEN FOR MUTUAL ENJOYMENT . SEM LEATHER LINE TIRED OF FAXES AND PHONES? GET IT ON WITH OTHER MEN WHO

GET IT OFF WITH ANOTHER

We don't cut you off when things are just getting interesting. On the Connecter you



VIBA MASTERCARD

CABH

CHECK MONEY ORDER

UNINHIBITED! MAN-TO-MAN CONNECTIONS! You must be 18 and have a Touch tone phone.

☆ OUR 5TH YEAR



FORMER MASTER

Has-been PRO-wrest er type (big bearded balding 210 bs 6' 46) gang-banged nto submission now seeks rough use and abuse from dominant studs into 8/D VA TT, buttplugs discuss etc. Complete my degradation into total DILDOFUCKHOLE 8u. Twat prefers smaller, aggressive, authoritar an Masters, but any take-charge stud served Lise me hard, then throw me out. Will travel for hum hatton and degradation. Box 5249

PWA

BONDAGE FANTASIES

fulf-lad by slave, 23, 5'11", 165, into role-playing and extensive creative bondage. Need a son to discipline, a student to train or a hitchhiker to pick up and hold capt ve??? Write detailed telter to: Dave PO Box 1126, Des Moines, IA 503'1

XANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS BLAVE
Dominant Master/daddy, 35 5'10", 155, seeks a avoifor weekend/occasionaluse and abuse. Scenes from .ght to heavy, but will alop at your limits Prefer hot, young stude with good build The Master PO Box 1373. Manhattan KS 66502

KENTUCKY

KENTUCKY LEATMERMEN?
Leather bottom 35, 56°, 145, beard
force on to eather and cigars. Am Fr a
Gr. p. No need for artificial role-play
ing know what I am and what I ke to
do. Rep y with photo to Box 5515LF

SUBMISSIVE SLAVE
27 yrs. old, 6'2", 185 bs., 7" ex-Navy
nio bondage being gang raped suck
cock public/private hamiliation
(Would like to relocate in California)
Send photo and my orders. Key n
Marka PO Box 14814 Louisvihe, KY
40214. (LF5756)

LOUSSANA

LEVI/LEATHER RUBBER MASTER Marley ider wite me Soilla crose to New Origans & 8a on Rouge Are you a Mailey ider & bottom, It's a plus. WM 44 61, 200 bald, beard & very heiry into sale sex, SM, heavy bondage, eather & rubber, boots shaving, toys, rim & hot wax & more Seeking bottoms into same, also other tops welcome to write. Bottom must be very straight-acting no lem no scat, no FF or smokacting no lem no scat, no FF or sm

MUTUAL ACTION

Not into roles—interested in mutual action especially serious titwork and wrestling matches. Want to explore many aspects of the leather life. Would also like to carry on active correspondence with hot, verbal goys. I am 30, 5'9". 225. Write to PO Box 2364. Si de I. LA 70459.

MARYLAND

INFANTILISM

Seeking babies who need to wear wet dragers and nurse for hours on my huge in pales. Hot pussy to use. You should be very small, smooth (will shave) ungut a plus. Me 40 yrs. handsome harry, hung. Lincut, Any tit/ass kinks pass be Photo/phone only. Box 5681

TICKLISH?

Allow mel Hot tickle-slave desired immediately! Your tickling Master awaits³¹¹ Box 5726

MASSACHUSETTS

OH SHIT!

Stave, 34, 57°, 135 hot, into longue baths, to let service, shit worship forced feedings of all male body to the no exceptions bondage, enemas, diddes, whips, paddles, littramps, ballwork. Needs smelly briwashed, hot Master(s)—younger the cetter—for training and punishment (617) 661 4657 PO Box 1736 Cambridge MA 02238. Resocation possible (LF5468)

MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE Master in 60s, sexually 40s, and slave in 20s seek second slave around 6' 160 bs. with NO facial hair. We're HEAVY into rubber, leather S/M, bondage You'll relocate immediately to small town in New England, ranch house with extensive toy room. No DRLGS FEMS FF, SCAT, JO cails Call (413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST. Be prepared to give your phone no. In case of telephone fuck-up. We are ser ous, are you? (LF4247)

MASTER SEEKS MUSC SLAVES Master, 34 Tall, well-built, construction workers body, successful, educated. Boston based, seeks staves, 18-30 smooth, hard, well-delined bodies swimmers, gymnasts body builders in need of a demanding man to guide your ate. I will use your body for my pleas ure. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. I will train inexperienced with proper all ludes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. You will work or go to school as I require Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos and letter detailing biographical information, fantas es, qualifications and telephone no. to Master, Box 451 89 Mass Ave Boston, MA 02115 (LF5304

HAIRY-HUNG-UNCUT COUPLE Late 20s with equipment, seek others for light/heavy safe scenes. Reply with phone and photo to SIR, PO 8ox 3622, Boston, MA 02101 3622

YOU NEED IT

You 25 35 handsome huge prick, very submissive. Me handsome, intense small prick. 37, will torment your balls cock, lits. Serious, Degradation is necessary for you. I'll own you. Fred Pratori. 31 Church St., Boston, MA 02116.

WILD IMAGINATION

Looking for that extra something? GBM BB good-looking prof., 37, needing beety harry ex-wrest er BB, 55-70, for safe HOT sessions. Come on I know yer out there! Aggressive photo gets first priority. Nutl said! Box 5712

ASSWORK NEEDED

by 6'5", 215 bs 34-year-old Woold like my hot ass worked on with increasingly larger diddes. A virgin to FF but would like to give it a try Hot/horny and ready for action! Box 5709

MICHIGAN.

WM BOTTOM

WM 36 62' 198 bs., moustache, into 80, WS, tit torture. Some experience need to explore and expland limits. Box 5138LF

HOT MASTER

has openining for recurt. Send resume and photo to Rear Admiral Mark. PO Box 50014, Novi. Mi 48050 (LF5686) . SEDL

TWO VERY WELL-HUNG TOPS Both 5'10' 165/170 lbs., dark har blond have, smooth chest/havry chest. seek young masculine bottoms for very not scenes in well-equipped black light prayroom: (with sling)—SM BD, CBT TI, FF WS-you named or want Land we'll get into it (gentle to rough to 7). Limits discussed and respected prior to long extended session. Very verba. during sexual encounters and expect bottom likewise to be verba. Have "pig s ave" avaitable which we will share with other Masters who have a slave to share with us or we may make him available to select Masters, Special interest in jocks/USN/USMC Bils, Sincere beginners welcome. All letters with detailed experience and photo wibe answered. Travelers and weekend guests welcome. Apply to: Box 3931 Sprangheid MO 65808

Masculine GWM, 34, 5'9", 135 lbs. brown hair, green eyes moustache attractive Looking for available GWM who shares my love of toalers, boots and leather. Seek reasonably attractive, masculine man who enjoys mutual servicing or getting serviced. If you fantasize about an filing loafers or getting yours serviced or get hard seeing leathermen and wearing leather, you are my man. Ser ous, available men.

B G-DICKED AND LEVELHEADED Topman in St. Louis is looking for a versat te bottom/slave or other tops with similar ideas for give and take im white. 33. 6' 165 bs tolerests include B&D, foot service cock and ball work tits. WS. spanking and heavy assiplay Clean and safe. Missour, and surrounding states. Box 5745

only No games Box 5720

White mate 24 blond 6 155 into W S & anything. Wants Master under 30 only Send photo & into, PO Box 28827 Afflon, MO 63123 Can trave

APRABIA

OMAHA AREA

A sexual WM. bondage Masler, 36. 5.10° 185, wants part-time WM slaves 18-35. Light to moderate SM optiona Any experience level two scal WS drugs Address/phone number to Gary PO Box 733. Be revue NE 68005-0733 (LF5474).

BONDAGE SLAVE WANTED

I travel northern Nevada. Ca ifornia southern Oregon and five in Reno, Nevada. Not into bar/bath routine it nanand practice safe sex. This sem liet red white male is 48, 58", 170 lbs , and uncul. Enjoys videos, movies, good food, swimming, camping, other outdoor activities and quiet times etc. Serious bondage bottom slave wanting prolonged sessions bound and gagged in different positions to hitfill your sexual desires or fantasies. Any race cut. uncut, good build, under forty. Apply now slave with photo, phone number desires and or lantas es. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible Box 5163LF

e V JErsey

ROPED, RAPED, BOUND, GAGGED Hot handsome, tan-black, virile, mascurar athletic jock (5.10", 170, 33 yrs.) enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex, or no sex, but lots

of tying and gagging. Top most y but can be bottom. Additional turnions sweat sox jockstraps sweaty, lean hairy hard bodies, tight leans, boots, eather and plenty of rope. Discreet, sate, sane, san tary healthy Want to meet long-lasting, lean jock buddles with similar interests. PO Box 1368. Atlantic City, NJ 08404

NOVICE

Good-looking 35, 5'9", 160 bs. blond hair, blue eyes— slave/son in Ny metropolitan area—into bondage fucking hot wax, sweaty jockstraps, hand-cutts, sate sex— needs dominant, beety Italian type to 50 yrs. No drugs/alcohol All replies answered. Sir! Box 5665

RENA SSANCE MAN OF KINKS
Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s
leather sweatsocks are a few of my
favor to things GWM 32 B 1"
180—versat to, experienced heatthy—sks to low trave era in espteric
sex and more mundans pleasures—
movies opera, books, etc Smokers,
social dripkers, and recreat onat druggies preferred NO PHONECALLS Write
first with photo if possible (returnable;
TR Witcomsk., 41 Bonard Dr. Toms
River, NJ 08757

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

wonde how much you can take? Find out Experienced sad stiseeks young 18:30 we shout cap was manenough up errore man hat we and teavy bon dage pain and torlure in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon up to explored and expanded as maked and chained, you twist, sweat and moan

er slow forture and the whip More interested in classic torture scanes than leather sex. Weekend trips and of floors a specially 201, 874-6725 weekfalls after B P M EST, anytime weekends (LF4769)

ARE YOU MISTAKEN

for a top because of your big size and masculine behavior? If you prefer bottom, write this 36 BM Master at Box 5759

NEW MEACO

NORTHERN NEW MEXICO

WM, 27 150, 6' attractive, healthy and athletic is rooking for top/bottom men for friendship and exploration of SM BD Versatile and open-minded interest in teather boots, uniforms fanlasy scanes Salety and discretion assured All answered. Photo/letter to Box 5513LF

MEW YORK

ARIES, NOVICE

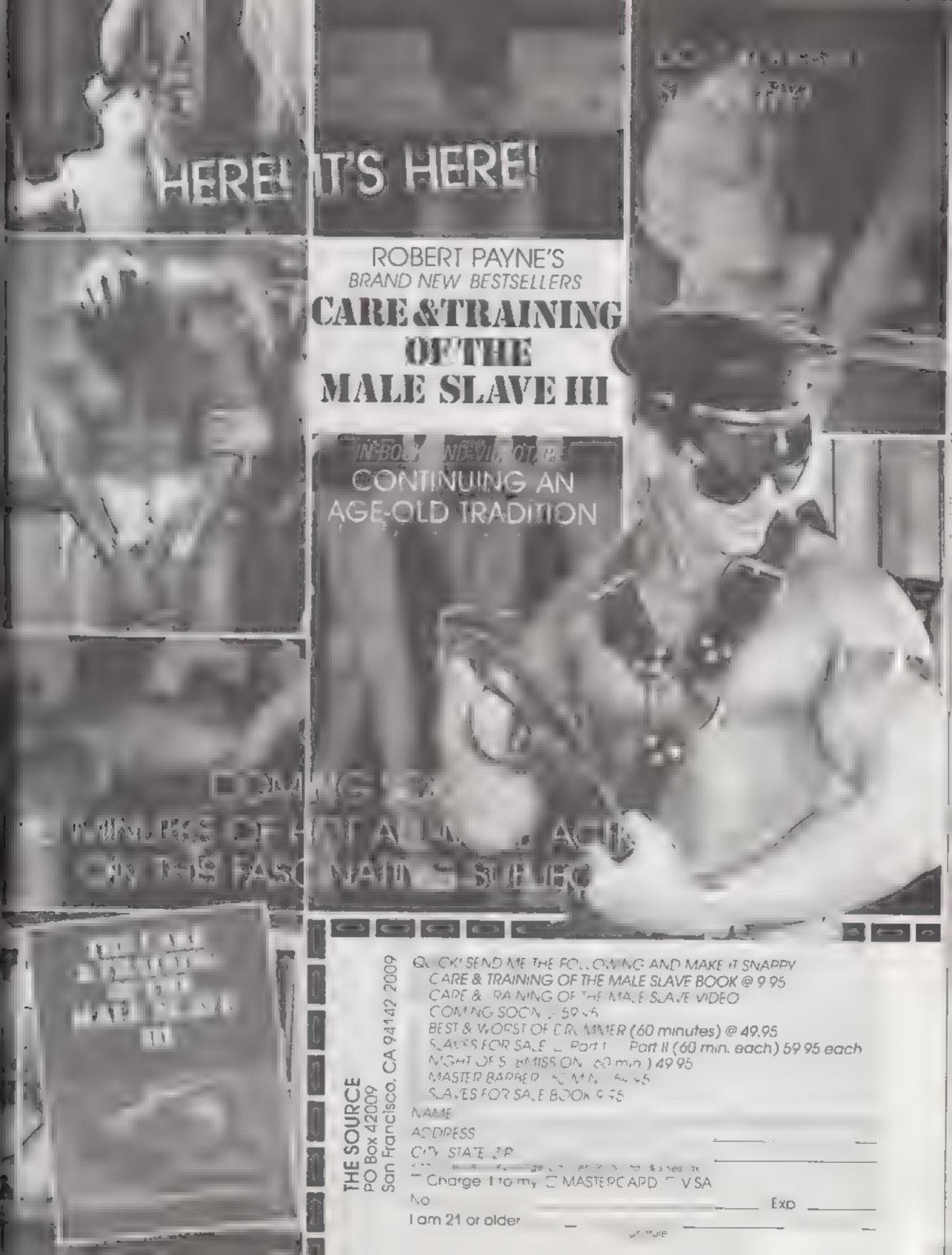
40. WM. 55", 145 ibs. Lincul needs he plearning joys of C&B bondage wine enemas calheters, hot wax assplay Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Have extensive leather, toy collection, boot holst, all ng. suspension harness Waiting for right teacher with hairy chest we I-built, to age 45. Your photo and phone gets mine. Box 5410.

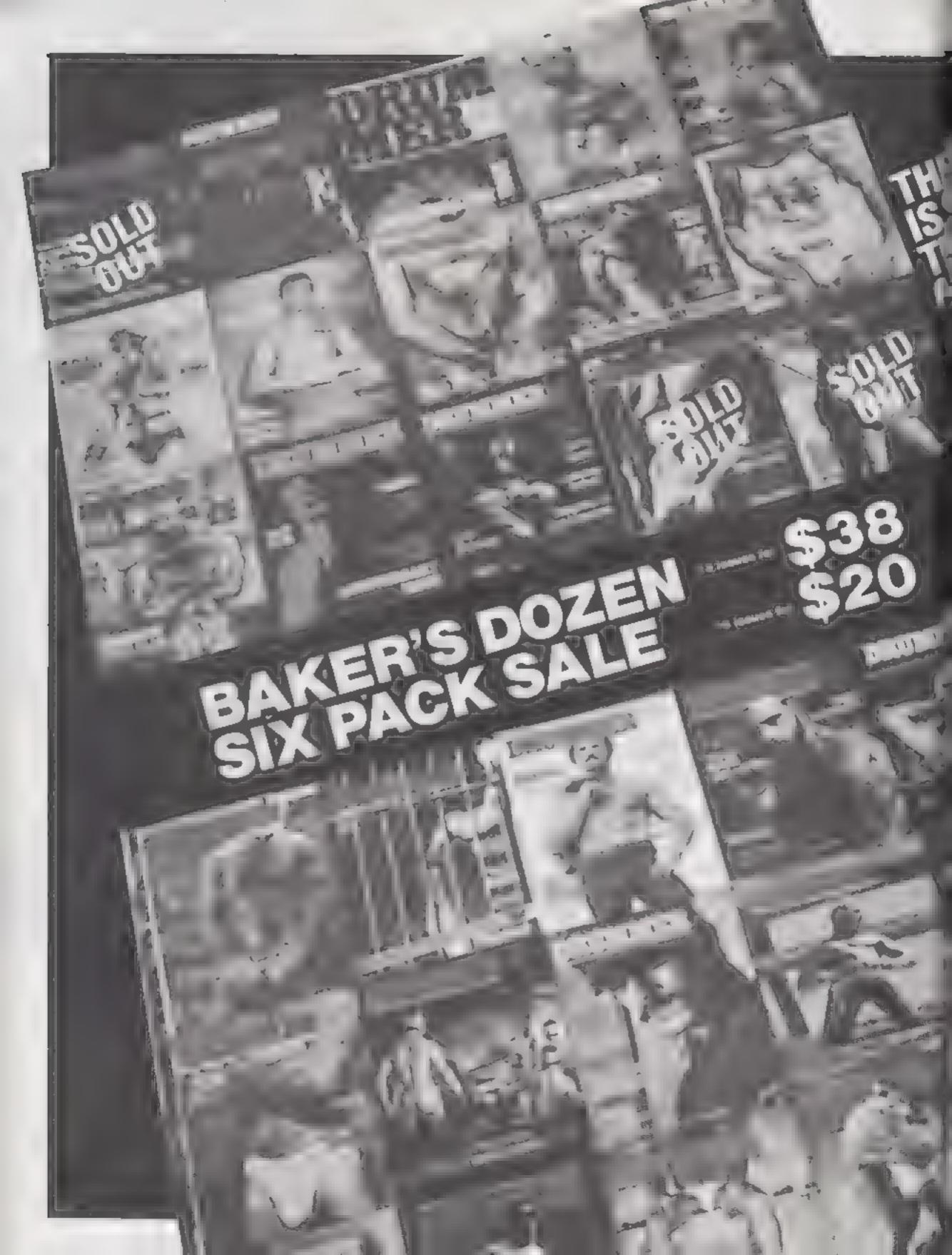
TOP COLLEGE JOCK

Handsome, dark hung lock-busting athlete, 23. East Side, health-conscious seeks towel boy to service me after heavy Nauti us workouts. All scenes, applicants and photos considered. Only one chosen! PO Box 20015, NYC, NY 10028.

UNIFORMED COP

or eatherman sought by 30' 58', 130 hot muscular defined stomach handsome for B D and other hot, safe action. Photo/phone. detailed reply PO Box 354, NY NY 10108 With travel discreet.







YES, I WANT TO COMPLETE MY COLLECTION!

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All prices subject to change without notice

_____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____ (You must be over 21)

Charge it to my □ VISA □ MASTERCARD □ AMEX

DESMODUS, INC. / PO BOX 11314 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314 LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

Trim 6'1" 51 clean shaven disciplinar an will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence lobedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recogn ze corpora. pun shment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior Box 47811.F

MUSCLEMAN/SLAVE WANTED by very good-looking, 39-year-old WM. Master, You must be mentally ready to give up control and ownership of your body and physically capable of hanall no forced workouts sono term bondage muscle beatings, discipline and pur shment. You will have to convince. me that you are ready to have your whits expanded to meet my needs. We will work together slowly to bring you to the point where you can take no no e. I will then decide whether to throw you out with the garbage or let you become my slave Serious 88 s aves may begin the process by callng (914) 356-0754

VERSATILE SLAVE SQUGHT

for training continement and discepline. You must be GWM is ender and muscular, 28 to 45 in need of domina-Lon and into all forms of S. M. Must be capable of honest affect on and ready. to make commitment. This Master is P ght stands or bar games" Seeking a slave to develop a compat ble relationship with A and out of the eather scene You must be profesionally employed and intelligent, heavy into eather and obedient but you must also be fully capable of stepping out of the sex scene and 18-ating in the world to your Master as a companion. You must fully respect yourself and wish to be cared for lemotonally as an individual and be able to return It Your reward wit be to have a of your sexual fantasies realized in your Master's dungeon where your position as als ave will be felt. Sale sex a observed by this Master Your Master is in 30s, tall, dark hair muscula-This ad applies to all of New York state as I travel. Respond with photo, phone and letter Box 5313LF

LEATHER, BONDAGE NYC WM 34 57" dark barr attractive seeks other leathermen up to 38 Am. nto bondage (hoods collars restraints, etc.) and some SM. Turned on especially by hot young stude in full eather. Am usually bottom, but sometimes switch Replies to Box 245. New York NY 10008 (LF5356.

NAKEO BOTTOM

Exhibit onist WM 37 G 180 needs too to keep me naked display me, have me perform for you, friends parties into bondage FT CBT shaving leather W 5 aroma toys Indoors or outdoors Let's hear your deas and make them. happen Just keep me bare ass and exposed Live obstate Box 5696LF

SERIOUS RAUNCH MASOCHIST craves for a serious sadist that needs and deserves a garbage-mouth, hith-Sucking boots oking to el pig to serve his most bizarre wishes WM 32 S to seseking a very special thead, that can lake me STR. You know who you are: New York City area R Rollins PO Box 6488 Jersey City NJ 07306

HEY SMART ASS! This WM 32 63" 200 will show you who's boss. Let's get physical as we. wrestle. I ght UR 2-30, clean shaven rock, punk 88 Lev dude You know you want I punk Box 5700

SON SLAVE SLIM SMOOTH

Body to 25, boyish rooking must be prepared to surrender your mind, will a body entirely ready to be trained into total complete slavery by your actu bung Daddy Master Send full-length eveating photo phone fetter of worth ness to serve to Master Don PO Box 243 S.F NY 10306 (LF56 4)

BONDAGE

31 175, 62" very bandsome brokbro Desires dominant bodybuilders and eathermen to show this submissive bottom the ropes. Into musc es. BE SM TT CBT hoods hot wax gags toys, smoke aroma condoms and SAFE SEX Torture me. 11: worship you and let's cum together Photo phone, etter to Box 5670LF

DAD NEEDS SADISTIC SON

61", in-shape late 30s attractive & ever-headed businessman needs creatively sad slic Master son preferably young, innocent-rooking parcissistic & very demanding! Into mind-games way out fantasies & living them out Possible live in arrangement & other benefits Box 5664

HOT MOUTH FOR UNCUTS Phimosed and leather encased cuts and preaf work on curved and multated cocks. Hot guys welcome Tony Collins PO Box 69tA FDR Stall New York NY 10022 (LF5347)

SM IS SAFE SEX

BUDDY/LOVER SOUGHT Gay white male 26 62" 220 blown. brown bearded have A DS masculine professional pierced lits. Prince A be trinto Jocks underwear Seeks various massume types 26-48 for bud dy tre at onship. Will travel New York. Beard uncut a plus. Phone J. D.OK. Box. 5744

BODYBUILDER TRA NEA Lipstate Bi WM 30 55" attractive in need of bodybus deretrainer to hespirie attain the look I desire. Good starting material. You must be young, beauthy. mascume altractive motivated and serious about your commitment as I am. You will have complete control. If you live in the Rochester vicinity please send photo (\$0 I can budge how serious you are about bodybuilding, and way to contact. Box 5740.

WANTED

18-35 from round assed masochist needing to be tortoled by this Italian Scorpio man, 32 5 10" dark brown eyes brown body hair and a 9" long uncut 5. Thick took No games role playing, only you suffering slowly without crists ander this longh, nononsense Sad st. One night stands OK but looking for right boy to own and torrare I have well-equipped playroom. Serrous only write with detailed bio latter, photos and phone number to #215 496 LaGuarida Place, NYC NY 10012

WESTERN NEW YORK

pig slave white 36 yrs old 6 165 lbs full beard and stach seeks hot master and or lover to expand my line is for lun and games on a regular basis. Safe. sand sek aware i'm into leather and robber gear uniforms verbal abuse bondage bool service watersports S&Mieto Sir i need hed up lick on Your boots, suck on Your used scom bag and have You use my pig slave hotes to please Your needs Regular phone buddy atso Box 5656LF

BURAL MAN TO MAN addking for rednecks country men-Luckers buildoors scenes Levis 31 5 11" 155 fbs mascume P0 Box 214 Owego NY 13827

HUSKY TOP BOTTOM

Seeks older man Dad for nont S.M. bondage T T domination and submission. You must be over forty and masculine Beards mustaches harry bodies, sall and peoper hair a plus Me 26 yrs, masculine 5 11" 260 lbs. Safe sex only Relationship possible (516) 731-6740. Anytime.

GOM WANTED

GWM 45 140 hs. 5 10" dark han moustache, hat y litish good looks. wants responsible. Gr/a GLM whold lové lo staff a versalife hole. Mixe. PO Box 751, NYC 10101-0751.

FAUNCHY SEX PARTIES

OK so we have to be careful but there. must be ut study to get together in couples or groups for smoke bee poppers in work J/O mutua di does videos and games, we can still donk our own piss. Send photo to this 6 1. 160 lbs. bland 7" handsome stud to tast reply Let's party! 8ox 5749LF

BOXER SEEKS PUNCHING BAG Bearded GWM seeks pussies who want to get beat up by my boxing played. tists. Any wimp 18 to 45 under 170 ibs. and under 5.11" gets my hungry lists. Am hot hally handsome, 170 35 My dick gets your beaten face. Need a sweaty punching bag bad. Send pic and stats. Will trade pic hot fight stolles too Box 5125

LEATHERMAN

cooking for those that need to be punched kicked and stomped. Age race unimpolitant but where your head. is is all important II you understand what this is all about and need to be worked over include your phone and photo. Other reuthermen of same mind. welcome to reply also Box 4840LF

PISS & RIM SLAVE AVAILABLE to serve hot topmen daddies & n as ters Clean-cut blond trim 35 yr bid aig will give your drotch & ass the affent an it deserves. Sall Write to Frank PO Box 1994, Ansonia Stallon, NYC NY 10023 Photo/phone il possiure LFob95)

> HUNGRY R: MMER SLAVE WANTS DOM NANT

GVM 31 good-looking wishes to serve masculine topis) as body servant and dog trainee. Do Witt receive harsh use fr heavy bondage humbabon paddling WS toys Willgive you great run and a tot of respect and oped ence. Come sil down on the gleatest pramassage you've ever had for an hour or a weekend. Also into kinky fantasy. tops boot-sneaker worship deep mile ming upon command, faunch holes molarcycle stave, houseboytse vito de mensal role uniforms enlo ced chastily confinement public humiliafrom long-term bondage and frai haz ing Want to try frequent Scat Regular meats or munching longue-to let paper service head stuck down the bowl. Am seeking mole If an a pure y sexual telationship. Am intelligent mature, masculine and good company. Ward to find similar in others, JBZ, c/o. Suite 325 80 E 11 SI New York NY 10003 (LF5201)

PISS BUDDY

Western NY (Bulla o Ene PA area ural inalure priented GWM 34 5B 170 uncut brown moustache seeks piss buddy (25-40) for safeseic edneck raunch scenes, into pissing, n and on raunchy Levis leafrer boots cigars pits unto ms some SM Top bottom or inclual - get horny in the backwoods. and need a duly sweary masculine man for piss and abuse Passing through ar friend or relationship possi-Die Box 5284LF

EXECUTIVE DADDY

41 200 lbs 6' BB seeks smooth athletic boy for sale sex. Live-in possbie. Your photo gets mine vaines Di ke PO Box 640683. San Francisco CA 94164 J. F53101

PRIME MEET

WM 63" 200, hairy handsome healthy hung 36 18 years experence as kinky expert sad slip top Now want to form versat le 1-1 re at onship with another imaginative, aware topbottom No One rights addicts brutality scal man putators you know who you are) Yes Leathe love workouts commitment. Photo exchange a must Box 5368. F

SM REALITY

Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 38, 5'10" 170 well developed seeks experienced same sadist for pushing of exceptional pain leve. Restrain my power it amp my 1/2" protituding life ist mulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences phone Travel Fequently to Calif and Illnois Box 5444

8B SON SLAVE WANTED by 200 (b. WM halfy muscular dad in NYC Professional securement looking for 198-in possibly compet frombgund body builder who needs love id so pline and guidance Must be ove 200 bs arge pecs. In ghs, arms and lough abs Dad can provide Letter photo/phone to Box 4717, E

NEW TO THE VILLAGE Cute GWM 23 61 150 ths bit griwants to meet fac harry-chested muscular tops not into kink but willing to explaig ten by going out thaying lub and meeting new people. All responses answered Pholo please, revealing car

FOR YOUR SM TOYS-SHOP SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO

a ways be fun. Box 5663

BIG SOFT NIPS ON **BIG HARD PECS**

Big Soft Lips on Big Hard Bull, Offered to lough I the muscled NYC area, hand, y man for shaping stroking regula wokeep by hot, bunky healthy horny hard cut ex top 45 6'1" 175 16" a n s. 45 chest 38 butt 22 m thighs, 16 m calves 7 ." d.ck. Cor espond with hot title lops need no big bottoms. Box 5.5h5. F

BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY 1 m 36 62" 220 lbs with shaved read and beard. Looking for intelligent affectionale Daddy who needs a domanant istorig man for interse kinky but healthy sexual relationship into shave of towork ball stretching bondage hot wax and more hot into pain or ife threatening a tuations. Write Box

UPSTATE LEATHER

Master Daddy WM 62" 1801bs masculine Master seeks slave and possibie permanent relationship. Must be submissive. Have own home in coun-Irv Box 4756LF

CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG

available to you. This sexy, bot Scorpiocould be your man, WM, 39, 57° beard. shaved chest ass bais perced but most important healthy Versat euninhibited not prg. nto mutual scenes. including Liu deep FF assitoys 8 D W S CB T bools spoks jocks (espedially those requiring washing and cleaning with my mouth/tongue). A sointo photos and videos. Turn ort to fatslove weights and men unable to live their antasies. Photo phone to Box 1440 Mad son Sq. Sta., NYC, NY 10011 Experience a real mant ,UF5575

DADDY/MASTERS NEFDED

GWM 35. 185 (bs 5 11", beard brown hair green eyes 7" cut A.Fr P.Gr submissive. Seeking hot, hung muscled hairy tops 25-45 for SM BD WS. TT C.BT, FF, shaving enemas Expand my lim is while I worship your body Sir and fulfil your leather fanta. sias, Daylon, Cincinnali OH Box 5514, F

HUNGRY HOT BUTTHOLE

Butch leather stud looking for you to conquer his hal fuck hale Only real men reed apply. Are you a real man or ust talk like so many that I have heard from? It is amazing how many of you is called butch tops are nothing but JSSY My fuck hole is so not that most real men are wiped out after round one So if you think that you can handle me. write Sir to Occupant PO Box 93204 Claverand OH 44101 Me 36 5 11" 175 br or moustache round ass Your pic are would be nice. Sir but not neces ary SR are you up to the challenge of 1 fea man's luck hole??

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE AM Master 39 5 11" 195 brit hair and ByBS SEEKS Slaves for SAM BAD TT leisports shay no train no and service Photo and phone to Box 4 37 LF

CIN/DAYTON AREA

60 lbs. 5'1" 52 yr old size 13 bool heavy bool service leather uniforms. ubservience No scat heavy pain Eves until 11 PM 513: 423-5159

CLEVELAND

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER S ave & stats avvM 30 years, 56 140 lbs Slave craves spanking S&M verbal abuse etc. Sala sax only. Get me at. Box 501 15 Severance Circle Dr. Cleveland OH 441 8

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect SBEKS J S buits for strap padd e cane . I self Experience the frauma of the British schoolboy GWM 39 excellent shape PO Box 146% Cleveland OH 44114

BALLS! BALLS! BALLS!

Munky ex-football player 6'2" 200 bs endowed, bearded 36 year-old Daddy looking for those low hangers Will perform special Heilf re technique to balls that make this man take notice PO Box 18441 Okrahoma City OK 73154 (LF5319)

MANHANDLER

Portland-area WM topman (5.11" 190 bs seeking steady loval partner will ing to be held loved and roughed up oned na white impidenough to know the topes and how to use them Young enough to four the back roads in full eather on my 850 and wave at their ds Want honest, bright kind healthy hunky men to trip with me now and for good Write Buck, Box 621 Gregon City OR 97045 (LF5505)

LET'S DISCOVER LEATHERSEX TOGETHER

Tybut hew at I so am i Let's nit ate. each other into being baited fucked sucked and pissed on Top bottom can be both pentle and strong Hand some 64", 210 29 nto working out and staying in shape and want someone alse who is too. Send photo letter to PO Box 40740 Portland, OR 97240-0740 (LF5747)

NEED TRAINING CONTROL?

Salem W.M. in diage physically article 6 180 bs cul 7 c - 4 - 12 - 4 harry body large nippers - - - - young male Let's spend - a together exploring the erotic espension SM including bondage a a shalk y or whipping discipline, shaving stimulation, and designing and using restrictive, binding -- 4 Clas 1 devices Your nie - . . . tan of your experence Des = 3 as and what turns you provide a include photo Box 5279LF

PORTLAND

40-year-old working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys I'm and bearded 56", 130 lbs Box 4- --

BASIC TRAIN NG

Recruits wanted for "Active Duly by military Orill Instructor Basic Irain 3 in a strictly-disciplined multary setting

will include a thorough preinduction. physical exam servicing spit-shined military jump bools and physical trainmg Discipline administered to recalcitrank recruits with infit SM and BD techniques in los # 14 hand mutually ed 5 . 10 Sess 1 L DOKING for A Fey. (c Men in need to be SI a el ako to he first time or A A TO THE THE BOOT CAMP Free Pet. He + , 1 second id te a se to Per Bux 242 Per P + 4 9047-0848 A Post of a room one had those

F ND DADOY IN DEAR SIR

WELL-STOCKED BLACK ROOM n Pitsburgh area, complete with compelent uncul WM. 180 bs. 46 seeks submissive young stod into SS SM BD TT CBT VA 3W JO Fr Gr A-ZI An lantas es considered most realized Ae a de la Cant der 1 B x 44 + +

WET PANTS

41 58" 140 ibs WM beard, ntopiss n n Levis, jockey shorts onto one another bed wetting, all W S scenes Your wet pictures get mine J.L.L. 2648 Harrisburg Pike, Eancaster PA, (717) 898-2627 (LF5494

BOOTS BIKES CIGARS SEX Hot butch raunchy northeastern Penn p g-boy grovels for hot horny c gar smoking tattooed Harley ridin top demanding no-limits, sleazy roughhouse mansex. Box 5733

BONDAGE BOTTOM WM. 30, 5'9", 150. Some experience seeks gentle and rough top for meet ngs. Enjoys strict rope bondage 1,1 CB T, forced safe sex Philade phil a-So persey Area Box 5714

BONDAGE SLAVE AVAILABLE Into prolonged sessions. Enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained and serving a strict Master Poss ble pe. manent life with right Master Limits set by Master No drugs Box 5394LF



BLOND, BLUE BOY, LITTLE BROTHER

Good catch! New kid is definitely attractive, cute boy sh innocent-lookng 28, 5'6", 150, super aggressive bot tom. Seeks to be broken in" by handsome body builder Dadi-8ig Brother 21-45 Your little guy begs to be in top condition via lotal domination. and forced body development, restrict gym workouts and whatever else Dad Big Brother demands. Needs to give absolute worship upending loyally complete servitude and uncondi-I onal love. Please teach me Loathersex? Pittsburgh area or willing able to relocate. Ser ous, descriptive letter/pholo, please? Sir can we get a puppy, too? Thank you. Sir! Bit Box

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control you set the I mits. 37 year-old bondage is ave needs natural Master capable of extended heavy bondage, sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO 80x 2091. Philade phia, PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel your domain. (LF4674)

LEATHER MASTER NEEDED
Stave, 29 5'9", 155, ha ry moustache seeks Daddy/Master into WS, Spill Leather, Uniforms, Toys BD, VA SM CBT/T Smoke Need man to dominate me and expand my limits/hor zons Moustache or beard a must Photo, phone preferred PO Box 53373, Philade phia, PA 19105, (LF5655)

PITTSBURGH AREA

X-co lege lootball player, 31, 64*, 225 abs., accepting applications for the position of my personal slave. Phone and photos are required of a Lapplicants. Beginners are welcome, but must demonstrate that they have the proper attitude ideal candidates would

be between 18 and 35. straight-looking and acting, work out and take pride in their physical appearance. Wimps, lats and fems need not waste the postage. Discretion, assured, and photos returned. Apply to, Master, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, PA 15116. (EF4484)

COPS/MILITARY/
CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

This bottom is. WM 5'9", 160, brown eyes/hair, 8" cut, hairy chest, and healthy, with an equally healthy imagination i'm into verbal abuse uniforms leather, toys, bondage, sale water sports, til forlure, hot wax, ass play spanking, boots and open to sugges tions. You're a verbal creative topman (men) into (lantasy) sex. A kick-ass fillhy-mouthed cop with a desire to rape a lone motorist. A hard, hotheaded Marine MP with a mean streak a mile wide. A sweaty faunchy construction worker who knows how to take what he wants. I'm not into scal or heavy pain. I travel New England and New York City It you're interested. sond a raunchy, descriptive letter (pholo gets a quicker response) lo Box 5079_F

SLAVE/SON SEEKS MASTER/DAD Not white male, good build, mid-30s submissive, seeks a hot Master to serve, please and learn by My cock assibalis and his are for your use and tantasy. Seek a Master who is him dominate, in control and yet is understanding and desires to leach me to be the perfect slave/son I am meant to be Bond me, spread-eagle me. I am hot and wild for a man in leather. Not into drugs, but into good times. Will traver hew England area. Please consider 51r. Box 5075...F.

GWM READY FOR ACTION

WM 40 5 11° 170, dark hair altractive bearded 8% uncut into jockstraps. J. O. W/S deep throat focking cock sucking, cock worship, 69, ass fucking, etc. If you have over 7% and under 40 and like hot sex and a great guy man-to-man, then let's get together. Black or white would like you to visit mehere in Tenn. I'm very near hashville, have large private place Ray Rt. 3, Box 730 Dickson, TN 37055 (615) 446-2613 (LF5287)

HUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA-WEAR A CONDOM!

MASCULINE AND HAIRY Wants versalile partner into all SM exploration and satisfact on Desires intelligent, imaginative man in Nash-ville area who is not atra-d of passion and is skilled in the arts of pain and pleasure 1 am 33, 5'9" 170 lbs. white and ready. Box 5362LF

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Bollom wishes to meet and become slave to experienced top. Bottom has been trained in all scenes except scat and heavy pain. Ready turn on to a top. who is dominant and wants his every kinky desire fulfitled, who loves control and will humiliate his stave in private and publicly. Bottom is heavy into Frf. a. Grip WS. FF toys Birmild D hoods. having ass made red and hot, but no blood or damage. Same with C.B and lits. Keep me naked and make me do my chores with large di do strapped in my ass. Age, race or looks of no impor-Tance (big uncul cock a ·). A detai ad letter with your desires will get quick reply Anxiously awarling, Sir Box

5.9" 160, brown hair, blue eyes moustache, submissive and obedient looking for Drummer Daddy, Master (30 to 45) to be pime expand my limits. Wit travel/possible relocation. Sir please reply to Box 5265i.F

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE
For weekend, occasional use and abuse Safe, sane, clean and can travel some Prefer hot, young study with good bond is am 35 5'11", 165 Sir PO Box 21561, Chattangoga, TN 37421

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about the respectences behind bars. No need to be a participent—ever watch or hear a "furn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a fish!" Drummer Box 3853.

MASTER/OAD

WM 50 6'2" 210. 7" uncut moustache and beard, masculine, educated expeienced and versatile with firm but gentie style seeks slave, son for training and permanent relationship into leather uniforms Levis boots BD. SM. CB&TT, ET and most scenes. Have prayroom with lots of equipment to tame the stave, son and leach him the meaning of total commitment to a lifestyle of domination and service. Are you ready to turn lantasy into reality with a real man for a lesting, monogamous relationship of permanent life of servicede and security? Send detailed letter phone number and pholo to Box 4986_F

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HOUSTON AREA

Winte top. 43. 5"t" 190 bs., Houston area. Porno wrestling, dominance Leather Fraternly member Wolhing else needs to be said. Box 4949LF

WHIPPING BOY

Biond, moustache, 37 yrs., 6 21, 175 bs., we i-buot, raunchy stud, offers training/position to playful, som sane and healthy boy/slave (20-33 years) who is eagerly willing to submit his body and soul to empyative rubber/ ieather/un form Master Explicit application to Box 5453LF Houston area

DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT DADDY Cut and clean-cut. You must be too. with smooth blond ass craving leving allention, gentle and rough i ma vigorous youthlul 46, good looks and build 58" 165 bs , handle good-looking boys. of all sizes. If you value intelligence and affection, spiced with slinging inter udes, send honest photo and etter Box 5340

PAIN

For deserving built stude on yt From this 6'4" ball crusher Bondage whipping torture. You will soffer Photophone & letter of experience to Box 5635.

BLACK STUD WANTED DFW

by submissive Widaddy, Reeds young ath elic black man with big dick. Will ing to be used for his pleasure. No pain or shill, but I li drink my studis gum and beer piss while taking his verbal abuse. will compensale him if necessary

Please send raunchy letter and nude photo, I can travel Box 5631

HOUSTON NOVICE

Nov ce slave 28, 55" 140 seeks introduction to B&D/leathersex scene by white male Master, 32 or over, Discuss mits but eager to learn and expand Send eller phone i possible Box 5715 CIGAR SMOKING BADDY

wanted by south Texas bottom thandsome, horny but inexperienced, 5'8' 145 lbs., sale, sane and intelligent Seeks Daddy to break me in right. Show me what I've been missing! Box 5717

DALLAS SUBMISSIVE

GWM, 33, 6'2", 180 hairy intelligent Seeking dominant, demanding men into bondage, leather body punching wrestling CBT, VA. Do you want a man you can abuse tie up punch out humilate ultimately break down? Please cal or write. Sir! (214) 528-7531.

IN NEED OF

m 25, 5'8" 160 lbs turned on by chaps, harnesses, leather gear of all kinds uniforms and I'm new to leather (safe) sex Seeking an attractive while, drug free leather top/daddy runder 40) to teach/frain me. Wearing leather and light bondage is a beginning but being firm a so requires being gentle. Please. Sir, teach me these things so I can please you, Sir Call (214) 823-2276, S ·

VERSATILE TOP BOTTOM

Purpose to lind man who is independent, interigent, and comfortable with al roles. Sexually hard driving creative and dynamic

Myse I 39, professional 5 91 150 lbs moustache good body and confident Partner, Man in his 30s or 40s, cares for his body as much as his mind extremely versable (from vanilla to 'aunch) and as comfortable with the city as the country

Please respond with letter and photo graph open for mutual exchange John/Seattle Box 5081

DEAF BONDAGE MASTER GWM 21 57" 120 bs deaf full-time

employee. Seeks permanent bondage master. I like to be fied by rope, feather belt and chain. My goal is to be a tough leatherman. You must be willing to ret ocale in Dallas from where you live now Please send me a photo of you wearing leather clothing, and send response to Deaf Leatherboy, 3321 Crestview Apt #301 Dallas, TX 75235 Also want to have a weightlidting training white you're training me

SERIOUS FF PARTNERS GWM 52 5'9'2", 161 wants FF partners (top-hottom) Member M A F I A Chicago. Sale play practices. Also other interests. Bob (214) 526-7354

NOVICE SEEKS INSTRUCTION

Tall, attractive, 34, 6.2°, 170 lbs., creative, seeks Master who is experienced and gentle for training. Limitations, no drugs scal fems or lats. Sir Please taply with photo and phone no. to P E P , PO Box 683, Ogden, UT 84402

F 45 0 25

CONTINUOUSLY AROUSED You can get worked over in a session. wherein you are kept continuously aroused. If you are in the 20-30 year range. Smooth body with well-defined chest. Whereabouls doesn't mattewe'll meet. I am in the forlies, average looking, experienced and intelligent Send photo address (and phone if you care to 1 m discreet) It may lead some where Box 5058LF

HOT FF BOTTOM

Looking for a man's man to enjoy great times. Forget slave or to let just one man look no for another one if you're into intense sex and a personable fet a let's meet N. Virginia area. 8gx 5477LF

TITS AND ASS DAD

Sealtle area CWM 39 stender smooth body needs virile aggress ve domnant, endowed Gr/A Dad for permanent involvement. My large plerced suppes and hungry hole need frequent attention and punishment. Not into attilude, games tricks or bars. Leather atex, bondage preferred, im profes sional, sincere discreet and affectionate boy Travel possible Box 4249LF

CIGAR-SMOKING BLACKS needed to asswhip and fuck goodlooking white boy, 30, hairy Cops. especially welcome I like big dicks verba abuse, W.S uniforms, long cigars and watching guys shit, Prefer Seattle area but can travel. My assiswaiting for your belt! Box 565?

SCAT

Totally un phibited scat scenes wanted by this bottom-mutual raugehing. Am 32 6' 200 bs GWM med um hung Seeks same to 45. harrier the better Also into WS FF Salanism drink smoke aroma. Send revea ng photo and phone to Boxho der PO Box 07461 Milwaukee WI 53207 for immediate reply (LF5286)

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

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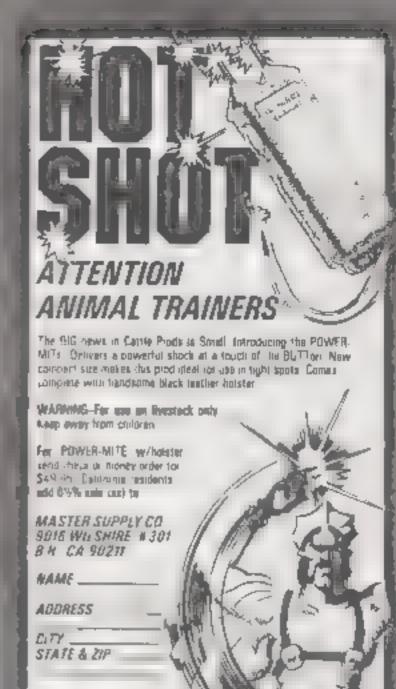
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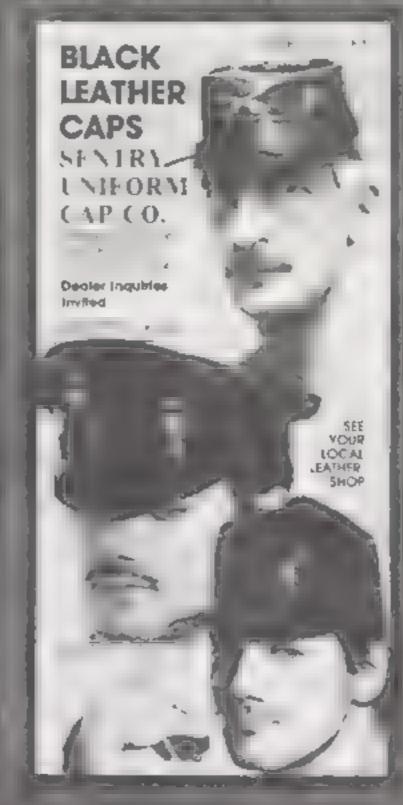




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PISS PIG SUMMER 1987

WM 38, 6' 160 attractive visiting Ber I ne. Hamburg, Stockholm, Amster dam London, needs tops and groups to recycle Information on raunchy bars, W S clubs, leather runs appreciated Photo, delai's to PO Box 28381 Washington, DC 20005

BONDAGE TRIPS

See ad under Models Northern Cal I

WANTED USA TOPMAN 50+ Dedicated subservient English houseman young 50. 6' 170 lbs., offers his services to considerate but strict leather Master who respects limits Please, Sir, I need to serve and sat 5fy - try me. Visits or hopefully more Box 5713

A "BOOTS" IN HOTELS

or Leather Bars, Want work as a Bool. black, Bool cleaner Boot, ack Boot-Stool in busy hotels or leather bars. Will service boots on male feet for customers and staff acke without pay. Am. lascinated by spurred cowboy boots and English riding boots. Will lick shine book eather with my tongue Will clean boots first. Then lick them all over and shine them. Could also work as "Boots" in the bunkhouse of call e ranch servicing the books of severacowboys who wear sported cowboy boots alt day Roger, PO Box 383 Lachine Quel Canada H8S 4C2

BOSS MASTER WANTED Fairly altractive, 33 6'3" 210 dark

hair/beard seeks position as weekend houseboy/slave, Need naked humi ia-Lon. VA. spanking CBT shaving asswork to keep me in line. Please cal-'604) 683-1845 to give me your orders Sir or write, #337 1215 Davie St., Vancouver BC, V6E 1N4, or Box 5658LF.

BONDAGE TRIPS See ad under Models Northern Cant

VISITING LONDON?

Manhole needs a holl list am CWM 28 6'2", 175 bs clean shaven, hot and horny with a big piece of meal into SM-re ated sex and good scenes. Also able to give. Am looking for a man who wants to list leather a pius Photo and hol and hard letter to Box 5565.

1 1 1831

LEATHER CONTACTS

riterested in contacting people with the same earher interests to increase our proup in this country itm Guatemalan Please contact to 061-8644 or Box 535th.

17 de 220

DADDY SERVANT

Japanese, healthy intel gent clean daddy 50 5'5" 143, wants young son Master aged 20-30, who is healthy good-looking and well-built I am a worsh per of your feet and want sale. sex. If you visit uapan, you can be my guest Box 6419LF

o Mil Blo Dalle

COMING TO SWITZERLAND? Visit this muscular bearded topleather

man 50 5'11" 160, who is in good. Shape and perfect health (HTLV neg) You may join him for his regular workout at the gym and/or enjoy his wellequipped playroom if you are approx-28-50 good boking masculine prefer abiy muscular and hairy with a welltrained receptive rear for extensive

assplay including deep-plowing, titwork, optional FF duty talk and mainly tols of mutual raunchy asslicking Perlect health essential. Also Europeans (esp. Germans) corresponding to above requirements most welcome. Write with photo to B. Rahm. Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basel, Switzerland, (LF5048)

VEST & EA

LEATHER & SM

Leather and SM turn me on German 41, 6'3", 190, knowledgeable, into experimental and new things, wants to get in fouch and possibly meet with interesting men into most forms of the leather world I am often in the states Let me hear from you and tell and show me more at yourself Box 5755LF

> ----RODELLS 1.60112

> > SM

Cop ex Marine, 43, white, and we ldefined body builder available for heavy-duty discipline Confinement facilities available (long and short term) Military scenes Some travel possible Absolute discretion required—no games (205) 595-0500 evenings

> , hot to a 10 1 + at le Clot o

SAFE EAST BAY MASSAGE Oakland-SF masseur Fr-a/o, Gr-a Phaloc lovers, J/O \$65 in Photos phone sex. Marc (415) 444-3204

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Expert heavy bondage, bull-beating and hole-stretching scenes conducted by young, bland body builder 5'9" 170 bs 43" chest 29" warst, 15" arms, 26 years old with golden smooth skin You will be secured in a well equipped. in frored playroom for light to heavy pun shment or discipline to your unprotected, naked budy. You may scream in e ther pain or ecstasy, but scream you wil. I am capable of bloodying your built with my whips or paddles then safely expanding your hole I receive total pleasure from your sexual forfure. For those like myself, who are young and hot I will consider special discounts. Go ahead, fulfill your ultimate. January (415) 621-0297

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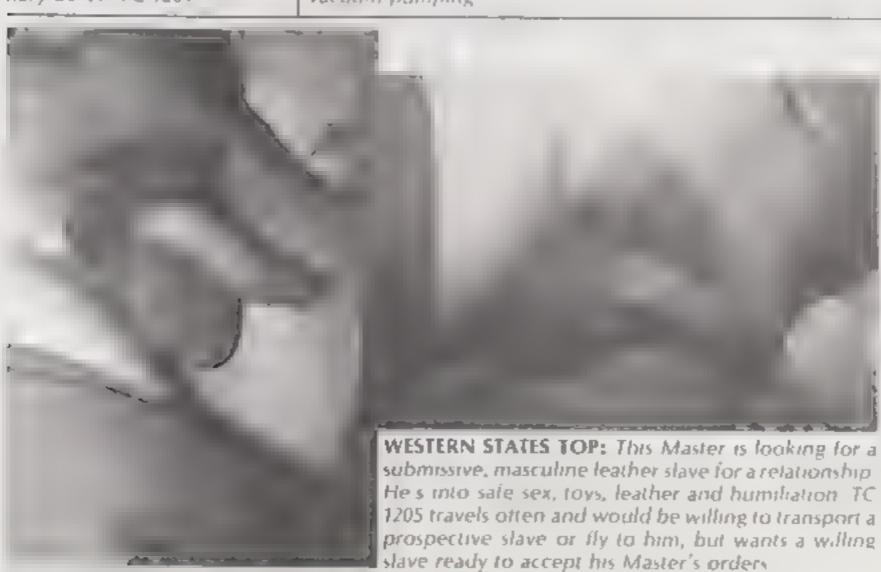
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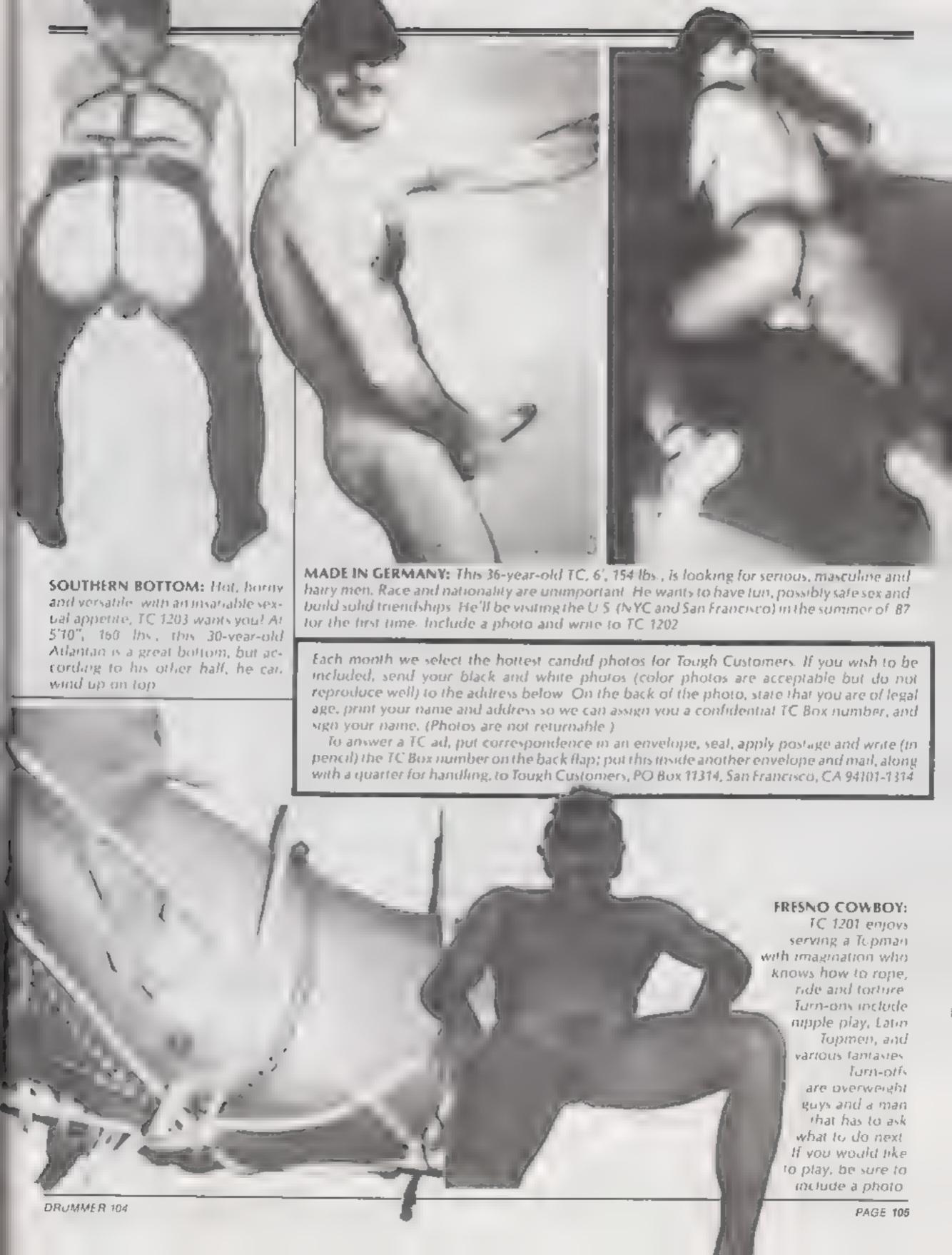
FASHION ERROR: This Georgia reader is turned on by the smell of socks, feet and sweat the says that heavy leather boots are a special turn-on, as is hylon Spandex. Someone should tell him, however, that high-heels don't go with a military beret! TC 1204



BELIEVE IT OR NOT: This is a real Tough Customer. The photo is of his scrotum which has been filled with sterile saline. The ball sac measures filteen inches around in this photo. He is a hot Oklahoman, 31, 65", 195 lbs. (a big boy), blond hair, blue eyes and a cock that is 8"4" long by 6"4" around with a Prince Albert piercing. Other things of interest include 1it work, golden showers porn, J. O, oral action, etc. TC 1207 would like to hear from other guys who are interested in any or all of the above, but especially those into enlargement techniques, such as scrotum filling and vacuum pumping.







Press Release

by Cavelo

(KW:LC-TORTURE) (ON-LINE WIRE T12 RTO126 IRBX) (WB) TORTURE-Attn: Foreign Editors 30-FEB-1487 LONDON, England-More than 98 percent of the world's kingdoms, duchies, city-states, etc. were guilty of human rights abuses last year, in the judgment of a London-based human rights organization. In its annual report, released today, the organization charged that most governments in some way violated the rights of their citizens in 1486. The organization charged that the Kingdom of Spain has ignored more than a year of appeals to investigate the torture allegations and to publish the results of its inquiry. The report provided testimony from a prisoner who claimed he was tortured in a Toledo. Spain prison by authorities "under Office of the Holy Inquisition supervision. It detailed allegations of torture made by a 32 year

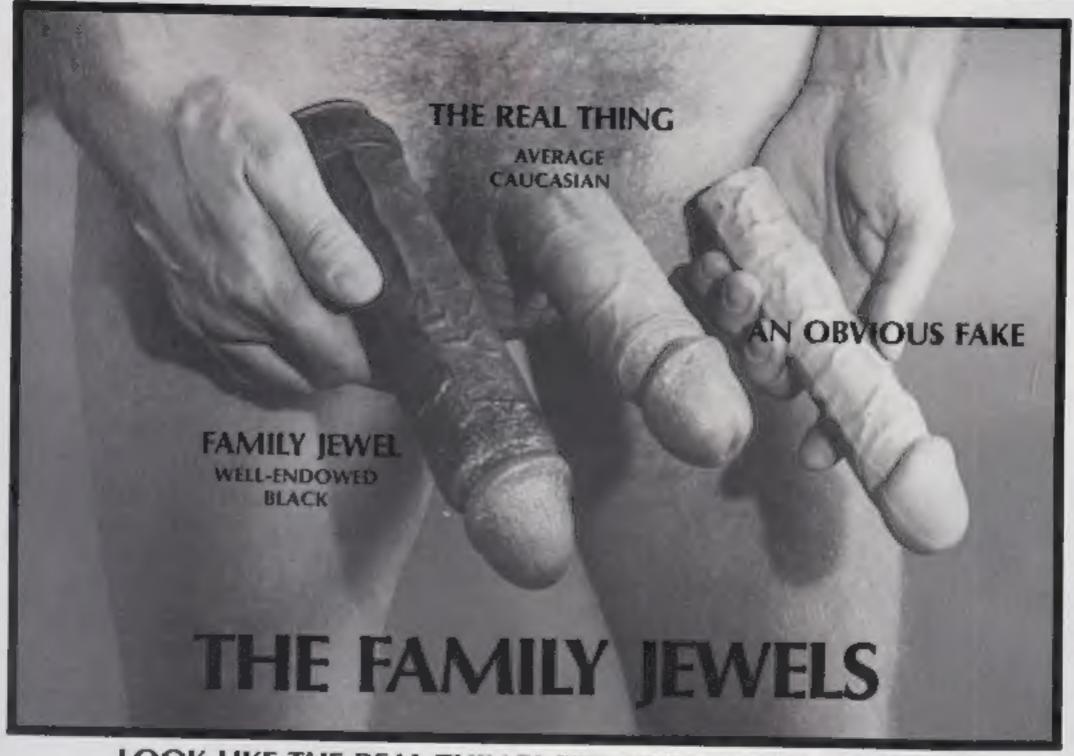


32 year-old Jorge Manuel Cardozo. The report printed a grim account of his allegation of torture during a week of interrogation. "He was hooded with a thick black canvas bag and his hands were tied behind his back," the report said. "He was kicked all over his body and beaten with fists and clubs. On a number of occasions he was taken from his cell and stripped strung up by his wrists and whipped all over his body. The hairs on his chest and arms were pulled out, his nipples and testicles squeezed and his skin burned with red-hot irons. Although he was not put on the rack himself, he was forced to watch his comrade, 27-year-old Juan Alberto Rivero, being racked on one occasion. Cardozo alleged that Rivero was lashed with a variety of leather and metal-tipped whips while stretched on the rack, and, additionally, spiked rollers were inserted under his back to increase suffering. Cardozo also alleged that due to the severity of the ordeal. Rivero apparently suffered the dislocation and extrusion of every joint in the arms and legs, dismemberment of the spinal column and the ripping and detachment of the muscles of limbs, thorax and abdomen."

Cardozo was released without confessing to being a heretic, highly irregular but due possibly through the intercession of his high ranking family. However, Cardozo claims to have no further knowledge of his comrade.

In the past, the Kingdom of Spain had denied allegations of torture being used against religious or political prisoners, sometimes calling such charges a "blood libel." /L
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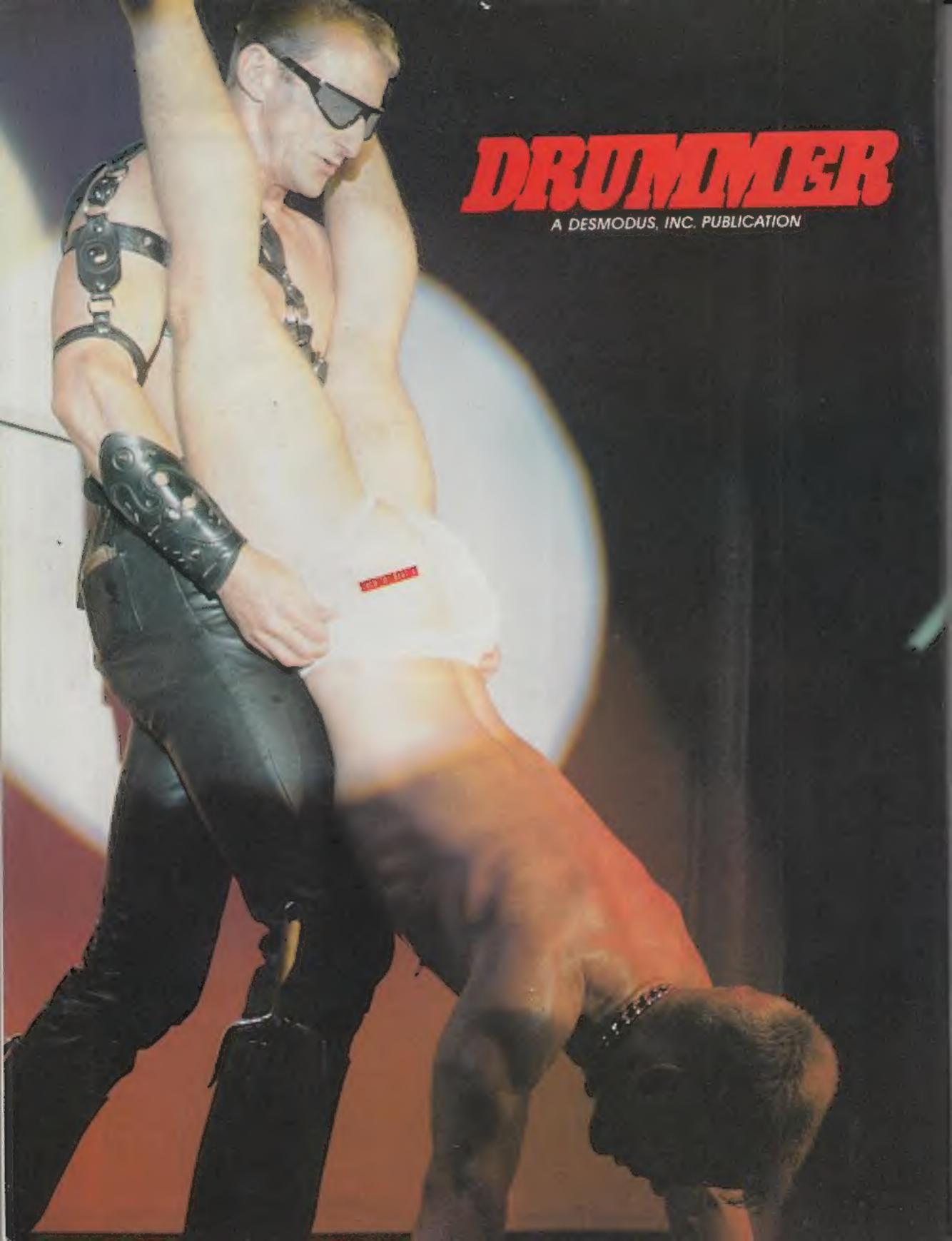
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THE DRUMMER WEEKEND JUNE 25-28, 1987

The 1987 Mr Drummer Contest will be the most elaborate ever produced. Eight winners of regional Mr Drummer contests, Mr. Southwest Drummer, Mr. Southeast Drummer, Mr. Northeast Drummer, Mr. Midwest Drummer, Mr. Carolina Drummer, Mr. Southern California Drummer, Mr. Northern California Drummer, and invitational Mr. European Drummer will compete for the honored title of MR. DRUMMER 1987.

This year's contest will take place at the spectacular CLUB DV8, San Francisco's multimillion-dollar dance bar and performance club. The specially built stage, closed-circuit video system, state-of-the-art sound system and top-quality, professional lighting will give leathermen in the audience an unforgettable multimedia sensory experience.

Among the entertainment surprises this year will be a new show-stopping performance by the Fantasy Masters team of JimEd Thompson and Chris Burns. The possibility of a demonstration by the San Francisco

Precision Whip Drill Team is in the works also.

The hottest leathermen in the country on stage and in the audience wearing their most outrageous leathers, a panel of well-known and respected leatherman as judges, the uniquely DRUMMER fantasy segment of competition and the Leather Dance Party following the contest all combined will make this year's event the most unusual and exciting Mr. Drummer Contest ever held.

SAN FRANCISCO GAY PRIDE WEEKEND 1987 SCHEDULE - PROUD/STRONG/UNITED

THURSDAY, June 25, 10 PM — Bare Chest Contest and special appearance by Mr. Drummer contestants at the San Francisco Eagle, 398 12th St., San Francisco.

FRIDAY, June 26, 9 PM — Mr. Drummer Contest and Leather Dance Party, Club DV8, 540 Howard St., San Francisco.

SATURDAY, June 27 — 37 Classics Bodybuilding Championships. Gay bodybuilding competition to benefit the Gay Games.

SUNDAY, June 28, 11 AM — San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration Mr. Drummer 1987 and regional winners will ride on the San Francisco Eagle's "South of Market" float down Market Street in San Francisco.

(This is only a partial list of the activities and parties to be held Gay Pride Weekend)

MR. DRUMMER 1987 CONTEST TICKETS

Due to the size of Club DV8, ticket sales are limited, so we suggest you order tickets well in advance. We cannot guarantee that they will be available at the door the evening of the contest. Tickets are \$15 if purchased before June 25 and \$20 the day of the contest (if any are left) and include admission to both the Mr. Drummer Contest and the Leather Dance Party afterward. Send your check or money order made payable to Desmodus, Inc. Mail to: Mr. Drummer Tickets, PO Box 11314. San Francisco, CA 94101. Visa, Mastercard and American Express cardholders may order by phone — (415) 864-3456.

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

For the convenience of leathermen around the country, DRUMMER has encouraged a local travel agent to put together an economical package for Gay Pride Weekend in San Francisco. It includes three days and two nights at this year's host hotel, The San Franciscan, conveniently located two blocks from where the parade ends and the celebration begins, a hosted dinner before the Mr. Drummer Contest on Friday and admission to the contest and Leather Dance Party plus much more for only \$17900 (plane fare not included). Contact Navigator Travel, 2047 Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114, or call 864-0401 for arrangements.

DRUMMERBOYS WANTED

DRUMMER needs good-looking, well-built young men to participate in the fantasy sequences of the Mr. Drummer Contest. If you've always wanted to strut your stuff on stage and possibly see yourself on the pages of DRUMMER, here's your chance. You must plan to be in San Francisco by Thursday, June 25, be willing to take direction while assisting the hottest leathermen in the country with their fantasies and have a good time. For futher information, send a photo along with your name, address and phone number to Drummerboys, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101, or call JimEd at (415) 864-3456. Do it now, boy. We need your body!

JOIN DRUMMER MAGAZINE, THE SOUTH OF MARKET LEATHERMEN AND THE MEN AND WOMEN OF SAN FRANCISCO'S GAY COMMUNITY FOR THE WEEKEND 1987!